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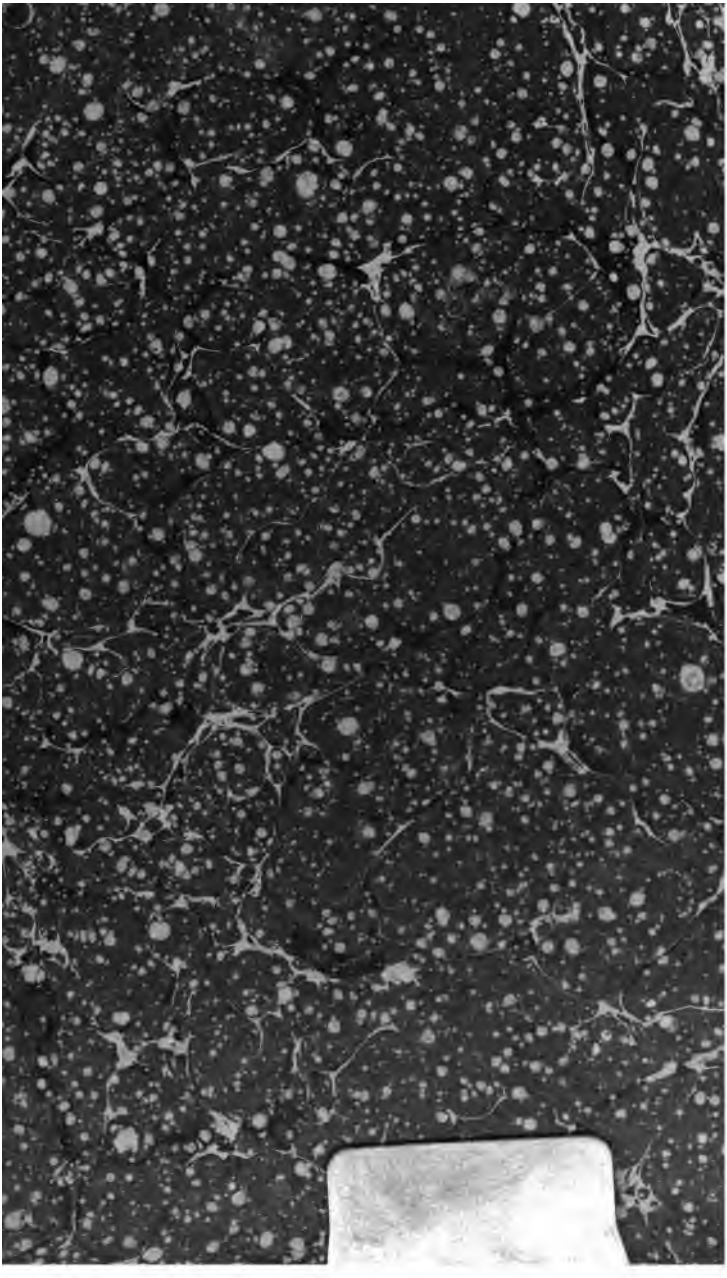

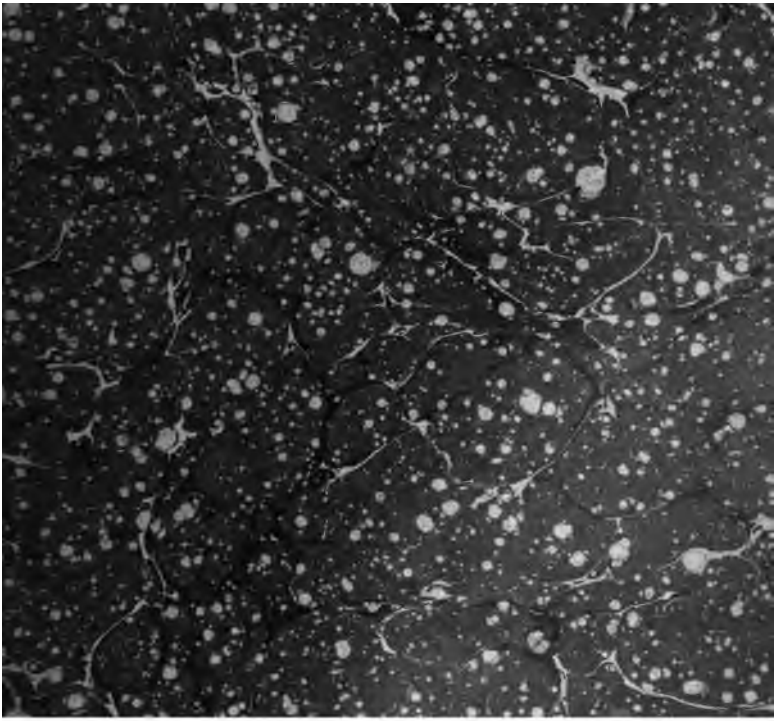

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AT HOME AND ABROAD:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS:

WITH

A JOURNAL IN EUROPE IN 1867-8.

BY

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS.
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CHRONICLES.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JOHN SMITH.

NOTES ON THE SWALLOW BARN CHRONICLE OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURE OF CAPT. JOHN SMITH, BY MARK LITTLETON.

THE SWALLOW BARN CHRONICLE.

THE readers of "Swallow Barn" will not fail to remember that in the Library of the Mansion, an old book reposes upon one of the shelves, which professes to be "A Chronicle of the Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith." This quaint old volume is brought to our notice by the labors of our friend Mark Littleton, who has wrought for us a faithful sketch of its contents in the following pages. These are worth preserving for the sake of the rare virtue of the hero.

Mr. Littleton has made a preliminary note as to the origin of The Chronicle which may add some interest to the perusal, and which I prefix in his own words.

"The authorship of this memoir," says he "is left in mystery. I rather incline to ascribe it to George Piercie, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who was Smith's Lieutenant in Virginia, and, like himself, richly tinctured with the spirit of the age. It is certain that Piercie furnished some portion

of Smith's "History of Virginia," and was a gallant partaker in some of the scenes described in that book.

I think there is something in the nameless author that shows the hand of one fond of the wars, and it is most likely that Smith, in their long intercourse, had often relieved the tedium of their weary watches by these narratives so grateful to the ear of a soldier.

These are thrown together in such loose manner as might beseem a warrior who was better skilled with his sword than his pen. A part of the narrative is avowedly furnished by Francisco Ferneza, a learned Italian, who was Secretary to Sigismund, and who, probably, was personally acquainted with Smith. This person wrote an account of the Wars of Transylvania, and corroborates the facts which led the unfortunate Sigismund to confer the order of Knighthood upon our brave Captain."

Mr. Littleton adds to this note a short explanation of his own labor, in calling it "a cursory compilation of Smith's adventures made from the gay and chivalric Legend of the Libray of "Swallow Barn," as a pleasant memorial of my visit there."

JOHN SMITH.

WHEN John Smith began the world, your soldier was your only gentleman. Henry the Fourth had set France on fire with his gallant fancies, and "win and wear" was the true practice of the day. The Low Countries furnished a fair harvest to the English reapers; and the glories of "brave Lord Willoughby" and of Captains Norris and Turner, on the fields of Flanders, formed the theme of household ballads, that had been sung in Smith's ear until he grew frantic with ambition. So, like a young Varlet of chivalry, with the heart of a lion, a stalwart arm, a good sword, and withal a slender purse, in the year of grace 1594, with scant fifteen years upon his poll, he took his leave of the town of Lynn, in Norfolk,—where he had been bound apprentice to a merchant,—to seek his fortune wherever honor, throughout the wide world, was most surely to be won. He first went to France; but as that nation had just made a truce to take breath, he was not long in finding his way to that fruitful land of sieges, the Low Countries, whither he went under the banner of Captain Joseph Duxbury.

His education was none of the best, for youths of his temperament do not take very kindly to book and candle; but his disposition was cheery and venturous, and fit to make the best of whatever might fall out; his person graceful, his manners modest; and his face, if the "portraictuer" tell truth, was not unhandsome. At least, so I figure him to my mind from what I glean of his history.

The Low Countries were overstocked with gallants. And therefore, after a brief service in the field, our Varlet, having studied what he might of the art of war, began to look further about him. If it were only his "cue to fight," there was no lack of the trade for such a cockerel. But he was tender of conscience, and did not like to abet the quarrel between Christian nations, especially while there was a Turk to be hacked upon the Danube. In fact, he was a lover of the picturesque, and yearned for outlandish adventures.

The Sultan had gained great renown by his recent wars, and he was then in the field with that most gorgeous of all creations, a Moslem army. Smith, therefore, proposed to himself some fortune with the Archduke Ferdinand. He travelled slowly, and looked about him as he went; and, being of a trusting temper, soon slipped into one of those pit-falls which this world always contrives for the unwary. It chanced that he fell into the company of four worthies of a stamp very common in unquiet times, "for all of them were knaves." They had the address to persuade him that one was a Lord, and the others his retainers. Like many before them, they had just

> Come forth of the Low Countree,
> With never a penny of money—

and having embarked with him in Flanders to sail to St. Vallery in Picardy, they contrived, on landing, to rob him of his trunks, and with them, of all his worldly gear. So entirely did they strip him, that he was obliged to sell his cloak, though it was in deep winter, to pay his passage. So much for the first lesson of experience to the "Admiral of New England."

It is, doubtless, a hard thing to be set down in a strange country without money. But this was a common mishap in those days, among soldiers; and one of that profession might wisely trust to fortune. She did not now abandon Smith, but threw him in the way of a fellow-soldier who was bound to Caen in Normandy. This good man, seeing that he had a blithe lad beside him, was touched with pity for his poverty,

and not only supplied his present wants, but gave him convoy and welcome to a goodly circle of friends. Among the rest, the Lady Columber, at Caen, took a fancy to him, and brought him among many persons of worship, who amply reimbursed his losses, and tempted him with so much fair entertainment, that he had well nigh forgotten his purpose against the Turk. From all which I conclude that he was a comely youth, of pleasant demeanor.

Here, lest his noble ardor should evaporate among the blandishments of a life of idleness, he took up the resolution expressed in the ballad ;—

> "When he had rested him awhile
> In play and game and sportt,
> He said he would goe prove himself,
> In some adventurous sort."

And, accordingly, after a short delay, he set out again upon his travels. In this second wandering he visited many cities in France, being principally led to the seaports, in the hope of finding a ship of war bound up the Mediterranean. This circuit was not without some rough adventures ; for he again felt the pinch of poverty, from which he was relieved by charity ; and he also did a deed of some note, in punishing Cursell, one of the four thieves who had robbed him of his trunks. He met this freebooter in a wood, alone ; and, as a Varlet of chivalry was an extremely pugnacious animal, he did not fail to bring his spoiler to his weapon : the result was, that Cursell, as my Legend says, "no more, from that time forward, cozened honest men ;" from whence we derive a significant conclusion. This feat happened in the neighborhood of the residence of a nobleman with whom Smith had enjoyed a former acquaintance, the Lord Ployer, to whom he immediately betook himself and received from him prompt and needful aid ; which favors were long and gratefully remembered by our hero, as I find by "The History of Virginia," where Anas Todkil writes,—"this place (Acomack) we called Point Ployer, in honor of that most

honourable house of Mounsey in Britaine, that, in an extream extremitie, once relieved our Captayne."

From Brittany, the young adventurer went to Marseilles, where he took shipping for Italy. The ship in which he embarked was filled with pilgrims, under vows to St. Peter's at Rome. There were many misadventures attending their sailing: first, they were driven by foul weather into Toulon; and then, they were compelled to come to anchor under the little Isle of St. Marguerite, on the coast of Savoy. The winds increased in violence, the waves tossed more angrily, and the heavens grew blacker, the longer Smith remained on board. A vote was accordingly taken by the passengers, who, gravely judging him to be a Huguenot, readily discovered the cause of impediment to the voyage. So they made a Jonah of him, and flung him into the sea,—not so far from shore, however, but that he was able to reach St. Marguerite's kindly beach.

The next day, a Captain Laroche, with a French ship from Brittany, a near friend of Lord Ployer, took him off the island; and, being set upon a cruise, found in the bachelor Smith a ready comrade. The Captain Laroche was a gallant sailor, and as full of adventure as our hero could wish. Moreover, he drew kindly to his recruit, as well for the love he bore their common friend, as for the congeniality of their tempers. They stood across to Cape Bona, thence to the isle of Lambidosa, and, shortly afterwards, they made Alexandria in Egypt, where they staid long enough to deliver a cargo. Thence, cruising round Candia, Rhodes, and through the Archipelago, and back again, doubling Cape Matapan, and occasionally touching where their necessities or convenience required, they reached the island of Corfu.

Every thing that walked, in these quarrelsome days, and every thing that swam, went armed in proof; and Laroche, like a true knight, "wooed danger as a bride." He and Smith both longed for work in the way of their trade. It was near at hand. They left Corfu, bound for Otranto,—

"And days they scant had sayled three,
Upon the voyage they took in hand,
But there they met with a noble shipp,
And stoutly made it stay and stand."

A Venetian argosy, richly freighted, was homeward bound. The two belligerents were well manned, but the advantage in size was greatly in favor of the enemy. It was a fine sight to look upon! There was no idle parade, in those days, between merchantmen of different nations, speaking each other out of courtesy, to bear the news, or get the longitude, or a supply of pork and biscuit. He that wanted a fight could not go wrong; for the world was made up of war, and "play or pay" was the rule of the game. They both stood to quarters, and a fierce engagement ensued, in which victory long hung hovering over either banner. At last, the Venetian vailed his top, and gave up to the conquerors as much of his store of "piled velvets, cloth of gold, piastres, sequins and sultanies" as they thought fit to take. After this, each prosecuted his voyage; the vanquished home, and the victor to Antibes in Piedmont, whither he went to repair. Here, Smith, having taken his first degree in nautical life, by which he became afterwards so famous, and having won a thousand sequins in honorable battle, went ashore to woo dame Fortune on another strand.

He now accounted himself a proper man, and thereupon, cocking his beaver, and trolling the old stave—"St. George he was for England—St. Denis was for France," he took to the road, like a free companion, and travelled all the way Naples, having seen some strange sights at Rome on his journey. Thence, he came back, by another route, to Florence, to Mantua, to Padua, and to Venice; visiting gay cities; consorting with cavaliers and choice spirits; romping with rustic lasses; outfacing bluff bandits; and tuning himself up to the key of that wayward, disorderly time, in the best humor of a bon-camarado who wore silken doublet and trusty Toledo. Right joyously, I ween, did he look upon the delightful fields of sunny Italy! And, since the days of the admirable Creichton, never strode

across them a more elastic foot. For he was now about twenty years of age, with a plentiful pocket, a thirst for fame, and a robust constitution,—all three conducing to the hey-day current of his blood.

Boundless as was his love of travel, it was inferior to his love of feats of arms. The Emperor, Rodolph the Second, was at that time in the height of his quarrel with the Sultan Mahomet the Third, whe had just commenced his reign by strangling his nineteen brothers and drowning ten of his father's wives; and all Europe was armed to the teeth. Smith looked with an affectionate interest to these broils; and hither tended his steps. But resolving, before he took service, to see something of the Turk in his own strongholds, he crossed from Venice to Dalmatia, and forthwith set out for Albania. Here, defying Mussulman and mountain, private treachery and open challenge, he threaded the defiles of these tangled regions alone; became a renegade for the nonce; put on the capote and turban; walked into their camp; ate pillau and drank sherbet; lodged in their fastnesses and towers of strength; and surveyed every thing with a practised and wily judgment. Then, turning north, he crossed Mount Hæmus, and traversing Bosnia and Sclavonia, he reached Gratz in Styria, where the Archduke held his head-quarters.

A man of mettle was not to be lost in a crowd where blows fell thicker than there were heads to bear them; and Smith, accordingly, soon won favor with Lord Ebersbaught, and Baron Kisell, and, through them, with Voldo, Earl of Meldritch; all three of them officers of note in the Austrian army.

The Turks had just taken Caniza, and were now besieging Olimpach. Ebersbaught commanded in the place, and Kisell, at the head of the Archduke's artillery, vexed the besiegers from without. Smith entered with the latter as a volunteer, and did good service. He invented a night telegraph, by which the two armies were enabled to communicate, and thus to concert a scheme which, "in a most cunninglie devised stratageme," by our young volunteer, drove the Turk from his lines,

and compelled him to raise the siege. He was immediately complimented for this exploit with a company of two hundred and fifty men, in the regiment of Count Meldritch.

Thus ended Smith's first campaign. The Emperor now began to make himself ready for further operations. He raised three armies, of which the first was put under the command of his, brother, the Archduke Mathias, and the duke Mercury,—who took the principal charge in the field. This army was directed to the defence of Lower Hungary; and with a part of it, amounting to thirty thousand men, Duke Mercury marched to the leaguer of Stuhl-Weissemburg. The regiment of Meldritch was with this detachment; and, with his gallant colonel, Smith shared, says the chronicle, "in many a bloudy sallie, strange stratageme, and valiant exploit;"—but, chiefly, was he commended for the invention of a hand-grenade, that "wrought wondrous detriment to the enemie."

After much trouble and many blows, Stuhl-Weissemburg was taken by the Duke. But the Turks, having reinforced their army, marched forward with a purpose to regain their city. They met the Duke on the plains of Girke, where a most desperate battle ensued, in which Meldritch performed prodigies of valor, and where Smith had his horse shot, and was himself badly wounded. The Duke, however, won the day, and put an end to the campaign in that quarter.

This occasioned a separation of the forces. There was now a triangular war going on in Transylvania. The native Prince, Sigismund Bathor, was contending for his crown against the Emperor; and of the three armies above mentioned, one was sent by the Emperor, under the famous George Basta, against Sigismund. The Turk, on the other hand, was vexing the same prince from the Wallachian frontier; and both Basta and Sigismund had abundance of ill-will against the Turk. Here was a pretty Gordian knot to be cut by the sword!

After the defeat of the Turks at Girke, Meldritch was ordered to join his troops with Basta's. Now, Meldritch was himself a Transylvanian, and much beloved. Whereupon he

resolved,—having nothing more to his liking,—rather to help the Prince against the Turk, than Basta against the Prince. A soldier of fortune might in this age, without prejudice to the honor of his calling, change his colors as often as he pleased, —only preserving good faith in his contracts. Besides, the Emperor was somewhat of a sluggish paymaster; and as to booty,—there was not so much of that as there was buffets! For all which reasons, Count Meldritch, and his follower Smith, found no great difficulty in taking their soldiers into the Transylvanian service. Sigismund received them, as all men in straits are apt to receive a friend,—with open arms and fair promises. "And straitway they were despatched to trie conclusions against their old enemy the Turkes."

Transylvania was diversely mastered. The Prince kept his footing in some parts of the territory, the Emperor had possession of others, and the Turks had garrisons in some of the southern mountainous defiles. It was in this latter district that the estates of the father of Count Meldritch lay, and he hoped to rescue them from the enemy. Here he accordingly, with Sigismund's permission, carried on a desultory war.

When the spring opened, Meldritch sat down before Regall, a strong fortification and town in the Zarkam country of Wallachia, encompassed with mountains, and well garrisoned with a motley band of Turks, Tartars, Robbers and Renegades. His army was eight thousand strong; the Turks greatly exceeded that force; but the Zekler Prince Moyses, with an army of nine thousand soldiers, came and added his forces to those of Meldritch, and assumed command of the whole.

This city of Regall was hitherto deemed an impregnable spot, and the Turks were vainglorious in their boasts of defence. The siege was long and obstinate, and some bloody skirmishes ensued between the outposts. Several months were spent; till, at last, matters began to grow tedious to the impatient besiegers. The country around them was rich in picturesque beauty; the season delicious; and all things contributed to warm the blood into a mettlesome gallop. Our

gallants were high in heart; but none so high as the young Captain Smith. And the Turks were proud and scornful, as in those days, when the Sultan's banner floated in Buda, they had good right to be.

There was within the walls a belted knight, of a laudable ambition to do some thing worthy of his spurs; the Lord Turbashaw by name. This warrior was the very pink of Eastern chivalry, and burned to signalize himself in presence of his mistress. So, merely to amuse the gentle dames of Regall, he caused a defiance to be carried to the Christian host, to any Captain of their army to meet him in single fight, at such time and place as should be agreed on. The Christian cavaliers were overjoyed at this proposal. Their answer was prompt and courteous; "they were right glad to certifie to the Lord Turbashaw how well they approved his challenge."

The champion was yet unnamed, and many sought the honor. It was resolved, therefore, to choose him by lot. On whom might it fall but upon our bachelor.

The day for the encounter was appointed; the lists were prepared, and all the ordinances of chivalry were duly observed. A truce of twelve days for the enjoyment of the pastime was proclaimed, and every thing in either camp assumed the cheerful bustle that of yore belonged to a passage at arms. It was strange to see hostile men, whom no purpose of charity nor thought of good could seduce from the fell pursuit of war, suddenly pile their arms, and meet in brotherhood and amity, to revel in the sight of private carnage, and to look upon the flowing of the blood of their best companions. Yet such was the delight of chivalry.

When the day arrived, the lists were surrounded with whatever beauty dwelt in Regall. Idlers crowded up to the palisades; and the motley rabble of the country, beggars, ballad-singers and bandits, Gypsies, Greeks and Jews, thronged to see the sport. Nobles and knights took their seats of worship; and the promiscuous soldiery mingled in the crowd without fear of treachery or thought of feud. "The men at

arms were drawn up in battalia at each extremity of the lists; pennons flaunted in the breeze; and bold and sturdie warriors rode to and fro in the menie with joyous looks." The Cross and the Crescent fluttered from opposite ends of the barriers; and one or two knights stood in full armor, the supporters and guardians of each.

After the heralds had proclaimed the defiance and the answer, the trumpet sounded for the onset. "And thereupon the Lord Turbashaw, all bedecked in bright and dazzling armoure, such as that wont to be borne by Infidels, shining with gold and silver and precious stones, and on his shoulders the semblance of rich and glittering winges, came stately forth upon the field; the voice of hoboyes and other martial musicke governed the order of his step; and beside him two Janisaries, whereof one bore his lance, and the other led his horse. And now, on the other side, Smith, clad all in mail, with but a single page bearing his lance, and no other musicke but a flourish of trumpets, and with his horse led behind him, advanced to the centre of the lists. And here the two combatants exchanged salutes, with knightly courtesy,—such as beseemeth gallant cavaliers:—and, being readie dight, each did mount in saddle." At the sound of the charge, the lances were thrown, and the Turk was wounded; but this so enraged his valor, that they speedily closed in more desperate battle, and, as a verse of an ancient date says—

> "Then tooke they out their two good swordes,
> And layden on full faste,
> Till helm and hauberk, mail and sheelde
> They all were well nye brast."

"Then," saith the Legend, "did ill success betide the Pagan Lord; for Smith, making his vantage good, pierced him thorow the bars of his helmet, with such a mortal thrust that he fell dead to the ground; whereupon, the conqueror quicklie got down from his horse, and took off his adversarie's head from his body; and presented it to the Lord Moyses, who received it with great joy in the presence of the whole armie."

The death of Turbashaw so wrought upon his friend Grualgo, that, in a paroxysm of rage, he defied the conqueror to do battle with him; and, as Smith was now pledged, by the laws of the duello, to stand against all comers, he did not delay to answer the challenge; and accordingly, the next day, before the same goodly company, with all the pomp of this sad pastime, they met in the same lists. The rash Grualgo had a ready swordsman to deal with; and his head, too, soon became a victor's prize, with forfeiture of his horse and costly armor.

Smith, no longer a Varlet, had now won his rank, according to the ancient laws of chivalry, as a Chevalier tres hardie; and was looked upon, in all men's eyes, as a warrior tried. He was loth to let his courage sleep. The siege waxed dull; the place was strong, and the beleaguered enemy, taught by experience, had grown wary. The flame of glory blazed brighter than ever in our young soldier's heart; and he employed his time in martial sports, relieving the unprofitable hours of his delay by practice with the sword and lance.

At length, coveting some new adventure, "By my troth!" said he, "I will teach the saucie Turke to amuse his dame with somewhat beside his sabre and falcon!" "And straightway, he hied him to the Prince Moyses, to whom, with much winning speech, and reasons well set forth in soldierly termes, he urged the delight he might afford if his behest should be granted; which was no other than that, for relief of the tediousness of the leaguer, he should be permitted to dispatch to the citie a trusty messenger, to pay back the presumptuous challenge of the Turke, by telling him that there were yet some Christian heads to be won, if the fayre ladies of Regall would deign to send out some warrior of ranke to undertake the hazard."

The Lord Moyses consenting to this reasonable request, an envoy was sent to bear the message. The Turks were not to be frightened by bravado; for they had abundance of valiant men; and this insolent taunt brought forth a chosen and

sturdy champion, one Bony Molgro. The appointments were all made with the same ceremonies as before, and a bloody conflict ensued, which brought our springald into extreme peril. They fought first with pistols, then with battle axes, with which some lusty blows were given, that had nearly unhorsed the challenger. In the course of the fight, Smith was wounded; and a shout of triumph rent the air from the Turkish army. The chances were against his life; but his consummate skill as a horseman "stood him in excellent stead; for, fetching a circuit round his antagonist, and so featly bending his body as thereby to avoid the blows aimed at him, he presentlie found his advantage so open, that, with one quicke leap, he skilfully struck down his foe with his sword, piercing him clean through to the back." This brought Bony Molgro from his horse; and, in little time, his head was added to the spoils of our notable warrior. Truly, the ladies of Regall had a dainty entertainment in these broils!

After these victories, Smith was received by the army with great pomp; and, as an acknowledgment of his valor and knightly bearing, Moyses conferred upon him some presents of great price; a richly-caparisoned steed, namely, and a scimetar and baldrick worth three hundred ducats: and Count Meldritch promoted him to rank of honorable trust in his regiment.

Regall at length capitulated; and Smith's name was trumpeted abroad with worthy praise. The report of his valor reaching Sigismund, our hero received from the prince's hand the honors of knighthood, with a permission to wear three Turks' heads in his shield and on his colors. To this boon the prince added a yearly pension of three hundred ducats, and presented the young knight, also, his picture set in gold. These honors were conferred in 1603, when Smith was but twenty-four years old.

History tells how speedily the Emperor, by the help of the trusty George Basta, put an end to the pretensions of Sigismund as an independent sovereign in Transylvania, and re-

duced him to the rank of a Baron of Bohemia ; in which character he subsequently lived at Prague.

Upon the happening of these events, the army was disbanded, and Basta found himself surrounded with the malcontent soldiery of Sigismund, whom therefore, to keep in good humour, he sought every opportunity to employ on distant service. Opportunely for this design, a new quarrel now arose.

The Waywode of Wallachia has just died, and the Sultan had sent Jeremy Mohila to take possession of that province; who having followed that fashion of despots common since the days of Nimrod, namely, of oppressing his people beyond all human endurance, was obliged to take to flight, by reason of some popular tumults. This circumstance suggested to Basta a profitable method of employing his idle soldiers; and thereupon, Earl Meldritch, with some other officers of note, among whom was our hero Smith, was sent into Wallachia to assist in establishing, in the name of the Emperor, Stephen Rudul as Waywode of the province. Jeremy, in the mean time, had gathered an army of forty thousand men, Tartars, Moldavians and Turks. by which means he contrived to turn the tables on Rudul before the arrival of Meldritch and his friends. These, however, reached Wallachia with thirty thousand men in their train, and affairs soon became to assume a pleasant belligerent aspect. A bloody battle was fought near Rebrinke, in which Jeremy was completely routed; and, it is said, five-and-twenty thousand men were left "rotting in the sun;"—a trifle, considering how cheaply men are hired for such a game! News now came to Rudul, that "certain raskaile Tartars" were committing depredations on the borders of Moldavia. Whereupon, Meldritch was detatched with thirteen thousand men to keep them quiet on that frontier. As ill-luck would have it, this was a most pernicious stratagem practised by Jeremy; for the cunning Turk had prepared an ambush, and lay in wait with a large army. Meldritch fell into the snare, and soon found himself surrounded by a fierce and bloody-minded multitude. He retreated, as well as he was able, into the valley

of Veristhorne, upon the river Altus, in that straitened country known as the Rotherturn Pass. On all sides of him were high mountains; and nothing remained for him but to trust to his valor in a desperate effort to fight his way through "the hellish numbers" of his enemy. It was a bold sally that they made, but it cost them fully as much as it was worth. Basta is accused of having betrayed this gallant army into this difficulty, with the wicked purpose of having them destroyed. He certainly, if this be true, had much reason to rejoice in his success; for not above fourteen hundred escaped, which they did by swimming the river; and all the rest were slain, "or left for no better than dead men" upon the field. Thus died many noblemen of renown, and many gallant gentlemen. Count Meldritch was among the survivors, as also two Englishmen of Smith's company,—ensign Carlton and sergeant Robinson; while our hero himself was most grievously wounded, and lay among the dead bodies. Luckily for him, however, his armor being somewhat costly, the ruffians, in the hope of ransom, made him a prisoner, and used some care for his recovery. He got well just in time to be taken to Axiopolis, where he was set up for sale in the market-place, and bought by the Pasha Bogal,—a Turkish Falstaff,—who, boasting of his prowess, sent him to Constantinople to be laid at the feet of the young Charatza Tragabizanda, as a Bohemian nobleman taken by the pasha's own hand in battle.

The affair of Rothenturn Pass was a sad drawback to our hero. There is nothing so apt to disconcert the schemes of a young and aspiring cavalier, who has taken off three Turks' heads, and filled his own with notions of glory, as death. The next thing to this, is being sold for a slave. Both of them, it will be allowed, are sufficiently disagreeable to a mettlesome gallant who has won the honors of knighthood, a shield, and a yearly pension of three hundred ducats. Smith, however, was an imp of fame, and his present difficulties only served to introduce him to a more strange and eventful fortune; for, being restored to health, he was decked out in a lowly habit and sent

off to Constantinople, and set to work among the roses and orange trees in the garden of the unmatchable Lady Tragabizanda. This lady was a prime beauty, with all the susceptibility of a sentimental coquette, who had nothing to do all day but sit by a sparkling fountain, hear the tales of interminable story-tellers, and be fanned by a troop of little slaves, with fans of peacock feathers. While her lover, the Pasha Bogal, was playing the braggart on the frontier, and capturing giants, the gentle dame softly sighed, as her eye fell upon the unfortunate Bohemian prince, in his menial dress, digging at the roots of her rose-bushes.

She had, as was common among Turkish belles, a smattering of Italian;—and one day, when the dragon that guarded her was asleep, she contrived to throw out a few sifting interrogatories in that language to our hero, who, in the same tongue, gave her to understand that her amorous lord was a preposterous braggadocio, and a liar too boot, and he himself an English gentleman, purchased at half-price in the slave-market at Axiopolis. But Smith, as I said in the beginning, was a handsome fellow, with a brave, insinuating way about him; and he began to work wonders in the heart of the dame. In truth, she fell plainly in love with him; and he, not to be ungrateful, began to incline as violently to her. And this is the first and only love affair of our gallant captain, whereof I find any record in history.

As often as opportunity favored, the Charatza took means to mitigate the severity of her captive's fortune by such little assiduities as a pretty woman only knows how to offer, and an enthralled bachelor how to value. One day she sent him a clove, a rose, and a piece of cloth; which device he had grown practised enough in Turkish love-making to understand according to the liturgy: the clove signified, "I have long loved you, although you are ignorant of it;" the rose, "I condole with your misfortunes, and would make you happy;" and the cloth "to me you are above price." His reply was that of a Chevalier tres hardie: it was conveyed by returning a spear of straw,

with the words appropriated to the symbol written on the en velope, "Oliim sana yazir," "receive me as your slave."

Affairs had well nigh come to a critical pass; for, shortly after this, the lovers had a stealthy meeting at moonlight; and our hero, who had a stomach for any hazard, whispered in her ear how excellent it would be to climb over the garden wall, by the help of a cypress, while he would undertake to strangle her keepers; and then, after clearing the confines of their prison, he said, they might make their way over sea to England. And there, upon the spot, like an impassioned galliard, he dropped on one knee, seized her hand, kissed it, and swore to be her own true knight. The beautiful girl hesitated, faltered and wept:

> The wall was so high,
> And the sea was so deep!

The lover pressed his suit, and pressed her hand; protested that all dangers of earth, air or sea were very bagatelles to the all-conquering energy of his passion; and again gently besought her consent. Whereupon—

> "The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
> And fette a gentle sighee:
> Alas, Syr Knighte, how may this bee,
> For my degree's so highe?"

There is no telling how this matter might have ended, if it had not been for an old woman,—no less a crone than the Lady Tragabizanda's own mother,—who happened to be listening to the nightingale under the covert of a fig-tree, whence, in the moonlight, she perceived the gallant slave upon his knees before her daughter. Here followed a direful explosion! The assignation was broken up in a storm of Turkish objurgation; the lady was ordered off to her bower, and the lover to his cell, to be chained to the wall, and to dream of the bowstring. The next day, however, Smith was shipped off in a chaloupe, on a voyage up the Black Sea; the purpose of which

sudden removal he afterwards discovered to be, to prevent his being sold, and that the Lady Tragabizanda, to avoid this mishap, had been compelled to send him to her brother Timour, Pasha of Nalbritz, among the Nogai Tartars.

The voyage was long, but not without interest to Smith, as it gave him a sight of new countries. He coasted along, on the northern shore, beyond the Crimea, and was at last conducted into the country lying between Caucasus and the Don, in which region was this pleasant site of Nalbritz. Timour, although the brother of the lovely Charatza, was nothing better than a hard-headed savage, surrounded by hard-hearted barbarians. The Pasha, having received some intelligence of what had transpired in the garden, straightway stripped the unlucky captain of his habiliments, and substituted for them a rough tunic of wool and an iron collar, and then set him to wait upon his ruffians, "in the meanest place of all."

If there be ever a time when a gay and ambitious spirit may be excused for sinking into despondency, it is when a young soldier, who has won a crest, and almost won a princess, is installed in the lowest office of a Tartar's household; with a sturdy sheep-skin savage to flourish a whip over his back, and, just as the whim prompts, to lay it upon his shoulders. It made Smith very dogged; but it did not subdue his temper. For, one day, the Pasha had him threshing corn, and, in order to see how the work was getting on, rode out to his grange, and was somewhat rude in his demeanor. Smith flourished his threshing bat with his usual address, and as soon as the Pasha happened to come within his reach, he contrived to give the implement a lively gesticulation in the air, and brought it down, with excellent effect, upon his lord's cranium. And instantly there was an end of Timour the Tartar!

There was no time to be lost; so, stripping the body of its foppery, he indued himself with the spoil; thrust the brutal carcass under a heap of straw; mounted the fine Arabian charger that champed his bit hard by; and, with scimetar by his side, and pistols in his belt, betook himself to the desert, an

unquestioned Tartar knight; with the speed of an uncaged pigeon, leaving the towers of Nalbritz behind him.

For sixteen days he sped across the wilderness, challenging all wayfarers, and exacting such scant hospitality as his good sword or fair words might win him. All his confident gayety of heart revived within him, and he travelled his forlorn path as merrily as ever bridegroom travelled to his mistress.

His first halt in Christendom was at a petty Russian fortress upon the Don, where "the charitable Lady Callamata" relieved his wants with many kindnesses. Pursuing his journey, he arrived at Hermanstadt. Thence he went to Leipsic, where he met Prince Sigismund, who received him with much affection, and gave him, with other tokens of regard, fifteen hundred ducats. Here he also found his bluff old friend Count Meldritch. He now travelled through Germany and France, and came to Paris; thence he went into Spain, visiting Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, Cordova, Cadiz, and other cities.

Not yet satisfied with his banquet of adventures, and having a new crop of chivalric fancies sprouting up in his heart, he began to look around for more employment. And where, of all the places on this fretful and pugnacious globe, does my reader suppose that this insatiate follower of a fray now turned himself to pick up a quarrel?

He betook himself to the Barbary coast, to visit the famous cities of Fez and Morocco. The occasion of this voyage was as follows: The Emperor Muley Hamet, among his innumerable children, had two sons who disputed the succession. Their names were Muley Shah and Muley Sidan. This bred a coolness in the family, which presently turned into a heat; and the affairs of the household came to be sadly involved.

It now came into our good knight's head that this was a marvellous proper debate, and was likely to afford many soldierly gratifications. "I will turn my Tartar scimetar to some wholesome account with these dog-headed Muleys: A nimble

witte doth craftile devise cunning fortunes," said he, as he cast up his computation of fame, and slid his hand along the blade of Timour's sabre, and then glanced his eye over his wardrobe.

Accordingly, with his head stuffed full of the romance of the Alhambra, and his portmanteau filled with good store of new trunk-hose, jerkin and doublet, he set forward for the dominions of Muley Hamet. But, before his arrival on the coast, lo! an accident happened in the family. It fell out in this way. Muley Hamet's principal wife had taken it into her head to help her son Muley Sidan to the throne. And as a woman, in her own house, is apt to manage adroitly whatever belongs to the domestic department, in this instance the Empress's tactics were very successful. She poisoned her husband, and Muley Shah, his son by another wife; and for fear there might be some disturbance from two of the young princesses, who were acquainted with the transaction, she poisoned them likewise, although one was her own daughter, and the other her step-daughter. After this, her favorite Muley Sidan, like a dutiful son, stepped into his father's vacant seat, where he sat cross-legged,—one of the most composed and magnificent of monarchs. This little incident completely restored the peace of the empire, and hushed up the family scandal. It, at the same time, put an extinguisher upon the flame of Moorish glory that burnt in the bosom of our hero. There was nothing left for him to do but to travel about for his amusement, which he did through the fair cities of Mauritania, for some months; until, growing tired of this innocent pastime, he was obliged, in his own despite, to hie him home to that luckless land of comfort, where the wager of battle was growing unfashionable, and where he had nothing to do but to be happy. So, biting a peevish lip, he e'en turned on his heel, and slowly wended his way to "merry England." There he arrived with an addition, since he last saw it, of ten years' manhood on his brow, a tawny cheek, some honorable scratches, a light heart, and a thousand golden ducats in his pouch.

He had now gone through his probation; and from this

time forward, his character exhibited the most serviceable qualities. From the ranting, easy, gay comrade, he suddenly became a thoughtful and stately patriot, and turned his attention to schemes of grave import, with an earnest desire to promote his country's good, and leave a name behind him that posterity might honor.

Some twenty years before this time, "the valiant Grenville," under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, had made an ineffectual effort to plant a colony in Wingandacoa—afterwards called Virginia. The failure was sad;—the planters had all perished. In the year 1606, "certain of the nobility, gentry and merchants," who held a patent for the government of Virginia, prevailed on Captain Gosnell, and some others, to attempt a new settlement; and Smith, struck with the grandeur of the idea of founding a new empire, became a ready and zealous friend of the enterprise. The more he thought of it, the more it fired his imagination, and jumped with that brave, adventurous humor which was so prevalent in his character.

"Who can desire," says he, with great earnestness, in speaking of this career, "more content, that hath small meanes, or but onely his own merit to advance his fortunes, then to tread and plant that ground he has purchased by the hazard of his life? If he hath any graine of Faith or zeale in Religion, what can he do less hurtful to any, or more agreeable to God, then to seeke to convert those poore Salvages to know Christ and humanity? What so truly squares with honour and honesty, as the discovering things unknowne, erecting Townes, peopling Countries, informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching vertue and gaine to our native Mother Country?" It was with such sentiments that he entered upon that splendid emprise which has given the chief renown to his name. And he pursued it with a singleness of design that never was excelled.

After an earnest devotion to the cause of the colonies for nineteen years, and an expenditure from his own purse (by no

means a plentiful one) of more than a thousand pounds; and after three years of the severest personal exposure and privation, he has occasion to say—rather in the way of exultation than complaint—"in neither of those countries have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my owne hands, nor ever any content (remuneration) or satisfaction at all." His whole purpose was to rear up his beloved Virginia into a thriving and happy commonwealth; and with that aim, he valued no sacrifice at too high a price. "I have not been so ill bred," said he, "but I have tasted of plenty and pleasure, as well as want and misery; nor doth necessitie yet, or occasion of discontent, force me to these endeavours; nor am I so ignorant what small thankes I shall have for my paines, or that manie would have the world imagine them to be of great judgment, that can but blemish these my designs by their witty objections or detractions." In truth, he was guided by the most enlightened spirit: his valor, prudence, and temperate counsel accomplishing more towards the planting of the colony, than those of any other person of his day.

He remained in Virginia until the close of the year 1609, being for the first two years a member of the council, and for the last year the president. His history during that period is a narrative of noble daring, wise expedients, imminent perils, and all the chances of savage warfare, in which were signally displayed the virtues of a brave captain and of a skilful councillor. These adventures are full of deep interest, and they throw about the character of Smith a rich hue of romance, that, since the days of Froissart, scarcely belongs to any actor in the annals of men. When it is also recollected that the testimony upon these details is clear and indubitable, and that the hero of them was, during the passage of these events, only between twenty-seven and thirty years of age, we cannot but regard it as one of the most surprising exhibitions of history. For the story I must be content to refer my reader to Smith's own "History of Virginia," as it is not my purpose to

pursue the chronicle into much of this portion of his life; seeing that the circumstances it relates, being largely connected with our national annals, are more commonly known than what I have given of his previous wanderings.

The colony had been sadly mismanaged by the company in England. Instead of the sturdy natures, fit to contend with the rough spirit of the wilderness, it became the resort of "poore gentlemen, tradesmen, servingmen, libertines, and such like, ten times more fit to spoyle a commonwealth then maintaine one," and "unruly gallants, packed thither by their friends to escape ill destinies." This wretchedly assorted community found Smith's discipline but little tolerant of their lazy humors; whereupon, violent factions and seditions arose, which at last compelled him to throw up his commission, and return to England. He did so, at the period above mentioned; having during that short space of his administration humbled the power of Powhatan, and explored the Chesapeake up to the country of the "Sasquesahanoughs."

His return is feelingly deplored by George Piercie, one of his followers, who has given us a short narrative of the events of this part of his life, who has made it the occasion, with two of his company, to pay a grateful and eloquent compliment to his leader, in language which imputes to him the highest virtues of a "true knight." "What shall I say of him but this, that in all his proceedings he made justice his first guide, and experience his second; even hating baseness, sloath, pride and indignite more then any dangers: that never allowed more for himselfe then his souldiers with him: that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himselfe: that would never see us want what he either had or could by any meanes, get us: that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay: that loved action more then words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse then death: whose adventures were our lives, and whose losse our deaths."

In England, after his return, he was chiefly employed in

stirring up the public mind to the assistance of the plantations, communicating useful knowledge, and devising schemes for their success. In the year 1614 he visited New England, and the next year was furnished with two ships, for the establishment of a colony in that quarter, with the title of Admiral. But, not many days after leaving Plymouth, his own vessel proved unseaworthy, and he was obliged to put back, leaving his consort to proceed on her voyage. But now furnished with nothing better than a small pinnace, he made a second attempt to cross the Atlantic, but was captured by pirates of his own nation. Escaping from these, he fell into the hands of a French cruiser, who compelled him to assist in several naval actions against the Spaniards; but being favored, while off the Isle of Re, on the coast of France, with an opportunity of flight, he took a small boat, on a stormy night, and made for the shore. The violence of the tempest drove him out to sea, where he was tossed about for three days, alone, and without provisions. He succeeded however, after excessive toil, in reaching the shore at the mouth of the Garonne, whence he found his way to Rochelle, and again had reason to do homage to that sex who had never used him but with kindness, for the soothing attentions of "the excellent Madame Chanoyes."

Upon regaining his country, he found Pocahontas, who three years before had been married to John Rolfe. The story of his interview with her is told by himself in a letter to the queen, and taken along with their former acquaintance, their romantic adventures, her passionate love for him, her heroism and singular fortunes, constitutes one of the most touching episodes of personal history. The whole of this adventure shows our hero in the most attractive light, and has given him a renown that has long made his name a pleasant sound to a lady's ear. He never recurs to the "blessed Pocahontas" but with a tender remembrance, and in a strain of the softest and gentlest gratitude.

She was but a child of twelve or thirteen when she saved

his life at Werowocomoco;—King Powhatan's most precious daughter—and she loved Smith with that instinctive love that nature kindles in the breast of unsophisticated woman for a noble and valiant cavalier. The hazards she encountered in his behalf were such as nothing but fervent affection could have endured. Some of these are told, by an eye-witness, with a touch of exquisite simplicity.

On one occasion, Smith and sixteen of his followers were in great straits at Pamaunkee, whither they had been beguiled by the address of Powhatan, who had prepared seven hundred warriors to waylay them. But the bravery of the captain had baffled their scheme. The king at last, with a refined treachery under a seeming friendly guise, provided them a plentiful banquet at his own court, where he hoped to surprise them at supper, get possession of their arms, and put them to death. The narrative relates the event with scriptural plainness: "The Indians," says Piercie, or whoever be the narrator, "with all the merrie sports they could devise, spent the time till night. Then they all returned to Powhatan, who all this time was making ready to surprise the house and him at supper. Notwithstanding, the eternal all-seeing God did prevent him, and by a strange means. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewell and daughter, in that darke night, came through the irksome woods and told our captaine great cheere should be sent us by and by, but Powhatan, and all the power he could make, would after come kill us all,—if they that brought it could not kill us with our own weapons, when we were at supper: Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presentlie bee gone! such things as shee delighted in, hee would have given her; but with the teares running downe her cheekes, shee said shee durst not be seene to have any; for if Powhatan should know it, shee were but dead. And so shee ranne away by herselfe, as shee came."

Pocahontas had grown up to woman's estate after Smith had quitted the country, and, being persuaded that he was dead, had consented to become the wife of Rolfe; was converted to the Christian faith, and now bore the title of the Lady

Rebecca. "Hearing," says Smith, "that she was at Branford, with divers of my friends I went to see her. After a modest salutation, without any word she turned about, obscured her face, as not seeming well contented. But, not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done, saying, you did promise Powhatan what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you: you called him father, —being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason, so must I doe you!"

Smith's loyalty revolted, in those days of the divine right, at this familiarity in the daughter of a king, and he told her so; but she, not comprehending so refined a scruple, and reading his embarrassment in his looks, "with a well set countenance, she said, Were you not afraid to come into my father's countrie, and caused feare to him and all his people—but me; and feare you here I should call you father? I tell you I will, and you shall call me childe; and so I will bee for ever and ever your countrie-woman. They did tell us alwaies you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimoth."

This amiable princess longed to return to her native wilds; and for this purpose, soon after the meeting above mentioned, repaired to Gravesend with her husband, to embark, but unhappily fell a victim to sickness before she got on shipboard. She left an only child, Thomas Rolfe, who was adopted and educated by Sir Lewis Stukely, and afterwards inherited a good estate in the realms of his royal grandfather.

The chronicle does not record the death of Smith; but, from another source, I learn that it happened in Cheshire on the twenty-first of June, 1631, he being then fifty-two years of age. Many a coward has wondered how it comes to pass that so many men, with the most judicious forethought to avoid disaster, should be struck down in their first fray, while such danger-seeking wights as John Smith, who have worn out their shoes to find new perils to life and limb, should nevertheless run the whole gauntlet of fate unscathed, and in the end die soberly in their beds. Whereto I reply, that these gallants are

the decoy-ducks of destiny, and live to tell of their escapes that dubious men may be persuaded to great undertakings, and that the difficult passages of human affairs may be achieved even by the necessary loss of thousands of over-venturesome fools. If this be no answer, then I tell my querist that there is an old saw that settles the point; "Every bullet has its billet."

A LEGEND OF MARYLAND.

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE."

THE framework of modern history is, for the most part, constructed out of the material supplied by national transactions described in official documents and contemporaneous records. Forms of government and their organic changes, the succession of those who have administered them, their legislation, wars, treaties, and the statistics demonstrating their growth or decline,—these are the elements that furnish the outlines of history. They are the dry timbers of a vast old edifice; they impose a dry study upon the antiquary, and are still more dry to his reader.

But that which makes history the richest of philosophies and the most genial pursuit of humanity is the spirit that is breathed into it by the thoughts and feelings of former generations, interpreted in actions and incidents that disclose the passions, motives, and ambition of men, and open to us a view of the actual life of our forefathers. When we can contemplate the people of a past age employed in their own occupations, observe their habits and manners, comprehend their policy and their methods of pursuing it, our imagination is quick to clothe them with the flesh and blood of human brotherhood and to bring them into full sympathy with our individual nature. History then becomes a world of living figures,—a theatre that presents to us a majestic drama, varied by alternate scenes of the grandest achievements and the most touching episodes of human existence.

In the composing of this drama the author has need to seek

his material in many a tangled thicket as well as in many an open field. Facts accidentally encountered, which singly have but little perceptible significance, are sometimes strangely discovered to illustrate incidents long obscured and incapable of explanation. They are like the lost links of a chain, which, being found, supply the means of giving cohesion and completeness to the heretofore useless fragments. The scholar's experience is full of these reunions of illustrative incidents gathered from regions far apart in space, and often in time. The historian's skill is challenged to its highest task in the effort to draw together those tissues of personal and local adventure which, at first without seeming or suspected dependence, prove, when brought into their proper relationship with each other, to be unerring exponents of events of highest concern.

It is pleasant to fall upon the course of one of these currents of adventure,—to follow a solitary rivulet of tradition, such as by chance we now and then find modestly flowing along through the obscure coverts of time, and to be able to trace its progress to the confluence of other streams,—and finally to see it grow, by the aid of these tributaries, to the proportions of an ample river, which waters the domain of authentic history and bears upon its bosom a clear testimony to the life and character of a people.

The following legend furnishes a striking and attractive exemplification of such a growth, in the unfolding of a romantic passage of Maryland history, of which no annalist has ever given more than an ambiguous and meagre hint. It refers to a deed of bloodshed, of which the only trace that was not obliterated from living rumor so long as a century ago, was to be found in a vague and misty relic of an old memory of the provincial period of the State. The facts by which I have been enabled to bring it to the full light of an historical incident, it will be seen in the perusal of this narrative, have successively, and by most curious process of development, risen into view through a series of accidental discoveries, which have all combined, with singular coincidence and adaptation, to furnish an

unquestionable chapter of Maryland history, altogether worthy of recital for its intrinsic interest, and still more worthy of preservation for the elements it supplies towards a correct estimate of the troubles which beset the career and formed the character and manners of the forefathers of the State.

CHAPTER I.

TALBOT'S CAVE.

It is now many years ago,—long before I had reached manhood,—that, through my intimacy with a friend, then venerable for his years and most attractive to me by his store of historical knowledge, I became acquainted with a tradition touching a strange incident that had reference to a mysterious person connected with a locality on the Susquehanna River, near Havre de Grace. In that day the tradition was repeated by a few of the oldest inhabitants who dwelt in the region. I dare say it has now entirely run out of all remembrance among their descendants, and that I am, perhaps, the only individual in the State who has preserved any traces of the facts to which I allude.

There was, until not long ago, a notable cavern at the foot of a rocky cliff about a mile below the town of Port Deposit. It was of small compass, yet sufficiently spacious to furnish some rude shelter against the weather to one who might seek refuge within its solitary chamber. It opened upon the river just where a small brook comes prattling down the bank, along the base of a hill of some magnitude that yet retains the stately name of Mount Ararat. The visitor to this cavern might approach it by a boat from the river, or by a rugged path along the margin of the brook and across the ledges of the rock. This rough shelter went by the name of Talbot's Cave down to a very recent period, and would still go by that name, if it

were yet in existence. But it happened, not many years since, that Port Deposit was awakened to a sudden notion of the value of the granite of the cliff, and, as commerce is a most ruthless contemner of all romance, and never hesitates between a speculation of profit and a speculation of history, Talbot's Cave soon began to figure conspicuously in the Price Current, and in a very little while disappeared, like a witch from the stage, in blasts of sulphur fire and rumbling thunder, under the management of those effective scene-shifters, the quarrymen. A government contract, more potent than the necromancy of the famed wizard Michael Scott, lifted this massive rock from its base, and, flying with it full two hundred miles, buried it fathoms below the surface of the Atlantic, at the Rip Raps, near Hampton Roads; and thus it happens that I can not vouch the ocular proof of the Cave to certify the legend I am about to relate.

The tradition attached to this spot had nothing but a misty and spectral outline. It was indefinite in the date, uncertain as to persons, mysterious as to the event,—just such a tradition as to whet the edge of one's curiosity and to leave it hopeless of gratification. I may relate it in a few words.

Once upon a time, somewhere between one and two hundred years ago, there was a man by the name of Talbot, a kinsman of Lord Baltimore, who had committed some crime, for which he fled and became an outlaw and was pursued by the authorities of the Province. To escape these, he took refuge in the wilderness on the Susquehanna, where he found this cave, and used it for concealment and defence for some time,—how long, the tradition does not say. This region was then inhabited by a fierce tribe of Indians, who are described on Captain John Smith's map as the "Sasquesahannocks," and who were friendly to the outlaw and supplied him with provisions. To these details was added another, which threw an additional interest over the story,—that Talbot had a pair of beautiful English hawks, such as were most prized in the sport of falconry, and that these were the companions of his exile, and were trained

by him to pursue and strike the wild duck that abounded, then as now, on this part of the river; and he thus found amusement to beguile his solitude, as well as sustenance in a luxurious article of food, which is yet the pride of gastronomic science, and the envy of *bons-vivants* throughout this continent.

These hawks my aged friend had often himself seen, in his own boyish days, sweeping round the cliffs and over the broad expanse of the Susquehanna. They were easily distinguished, he said, by the residents of that district, by their peculiar size and plumage, being of a breed not known to our native ornithology, and both being males. For many years, it was affirmed,—long after the outlaw had vanished from the scene,—these gallant old rovers of the river still pursued their accustomed game, a solitary pair, without kindred or acquaintance in our woods. They had survived their master,—no one could tell how long,—but had not abandoned the haunts of his exile. They still for many a year saw the wilderness beneath their daily flight giving place to arable fields, and learned to exchange their wary guard against the Indian's arrow for a sharper watch of the Anglo-Saxon rifle. Up to the last of their appearance the country-people spoke of them as Talbot's hawks.

This is a summary of the story, as it was told to me. No inquiry brought me any addition to these morsels of narrative. Who this Talbot was,—what was his crime,—how long he lived in this cave, and at what era,—were questions upon which the oracle of my tradition was dumb.

Such a story would naturally take hold of the fancy of a lover of romance, and kindle his zeal for an enterprise to learn something more about it; and I may reasonably suppose that this short sketch has already stirred the bosoms of the novel-reading portion, at least, of my readers with a desire that I should tell them what, in my later researches, I have found to explain this legend of the Cave. Even the outline I have given is suggestive of inferences to furnish quite a plausible chapter of history.

First, it is clear, from the narrative, that Talbot was a gen-

tleman of rank in the old Province,—for he was kinsman to the Lord Proprietary; and there is one of the oldest counties of Maryland that bears the name of his family,—perhaps called so in honor of himself. Then he kept his hawks, which showed him to be a man of condition, and fond of the noble sport which figures so gracefully in the annals of Chivalry.

Secondly, this hawking carries the period of the story back to the time of one of the early Lords Baltimore; for falconry was not common in the eighteenth century: and yet the date could not have been much earlier than that century, because the hawks had been seen by old persons of the last generation somewhere about the period of our Revolution; and this bird does not live much over a hundred years. So we fix a date not far from sixteen hundred and eighty for Talbot's sojourn on the river.

Thirdly, the crime for which he was outlawed could scarcely have been a mean felony, perpetrated for gain, but more likely some act of passion,—a homicide, probably provoked by a quarrel, and enacted in hot blood. This Talbot was too well conditioned for a sordid crime; and his flight to the wilderness and his abode there would seem to infer a man of strong purpose and self-reliance.

And, lastly, as he must have had friends and confederates on the frontier, to aid him in his concealment, and to screen him from the pursuit of the government officers, and, moreover, had made himself acceptable to the Indians, to whose power he had committed himself, we may conclude that he possessed some winning points of character; and I therefore assume him to have been of a brave, frank, and generous nature, capable of attracting partisans and enlisting the sympathies and service of bold men for his personal defence.

So, with the help of a little obvious speculation, founded upon the circumstantial evidence, we weave the net-work of quite a natural story of Talbot; and our meagre tradition takes on the form and something of the substance, of an intelligible incident.

CHAPTER II.

STRANGE REVELATIONS.

At this point I leave the hero of my narrative for a while, in order that I may open another chapter.

Many years elapsed, during which the tradition remained in this unsatisfactory state, and I had given up all hope of further elucidation of it, when an accidental discovery brought me once more upon the track of inquiry.

There was published in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1808, a book whose title was certainly as little adapted to awaken the attention of one in quest of a picturesque legend as a treatise on Algebra. It was called "The Landholder's Assistant," and was intended, as its name imported, to assist that lucky portion of mankind who possessed the soil of Maryland in their pursuit of knowledge touching the mysteries of patents, warrants, surveys, and such like learning, necessary to getting land or keeping what they had. The character and style of this book, in its exterior aspect, were as unpromising as its title. It was printed by Messrs. Dobbin & Murphy, on rather dark paper, in a muddy type,—such as no Mr. Dobbin nor Mr. Murphy of this day would allow to bear his imprimatur, —though in 1808, I doubt not, it was considered a very creditable piece of Baltimore typography. This unpretending volume was compiled by Chancellor Kilty. It is a very instructive book, containing much curious matter, is worthy of better adornment in the form of its presentation to the world, and ought to have a title more suggestive of its antiquarian lore. I should call it "Fossil Remains of Old Maryland Law, with Notes by an Antiquary."

It fell into my hands by a purchase at auction, some twenty years after I had abandoned the Legend of the Cave and the Hawks as a hopeless quest. In running over its contents, I

found that a Colonel George Talbot was once the Surveyor-General of Maryland; and in two short marginal notes (the substance of which I afterwards found in Chalmers's "Annals") it was said that "he was noted in the Province for the murder committed by him on Christopher Rousby, Collector of the Customs,"—the second note adding that this was done on board a vessel in Patuxent River, and that Talbot "was conveyed for trial to Virginia, from whence he made his escape; and after being retaken, and" (as the author expresses his belief) "tried and convicted, was finally pardoned by King James the Second."

These marginal notes, though bringing no clear support to the story of the Cave, were embers, however, of some old fire not entirely extinct, which emitted a feeble gleam upon the path of inquiry. The name of the chief actor coincided with that of the tradition; the time, that of James the Second, conformed pretty nearly to my conjecture derived from the age of the hawks; and the nature of the crime was what I had imagined. There was just enough in this brief revelation to revive the desire for further investigation. But where was the search to be made? No history that I was aware of, no sketch of our early time that I had ever seen, nothing in print was known to be in existence that could furnish a clue to the story of the Outlaw's Cave.

And here the matter rested again for some years. But after this lapse, chance brought me upon the highway of further development, which led me in due time to a strange realization of the old proverb that "Murder will out,"—though, in this case, its discovery could bring no other retribution than the settlement of an historical doubt, and give some posthumous fame to the subject of the disclosure.

In the month of May, 1836, I had a motive and an opportunity to make a visit to the County of St. Mary's. I had been looking into the histories of our early Maryland settlement, as they are recounted in the pages of Bozman, Chalmers, and Grahame, and found there some inducements to

persuade me to make an exploration of the whereabouts of the old city which was planted near the Potomac by our first pilgrims. Through the kindness of a much valued friend, whose acquirements and taste—both highly cultivated—rendered him a most effective auxiliary in my enterprise, I was supplied with an opportunity to spend a week under the hospitable roof of Mr. Carberry, the worthy Superior of the Jesuit House of St. Inigoes, on the St. Mary's River, within a short distance of the plain of the ancient city.

Mr. Campbell and myself were invited by our host to meet him, on an appointed day, a tthe Church of St. Nicholas, on the Patuxent, near the landing at Town Creek, and we were to travel from there across to St. Inigoes in his carriage—a distance of about fifteen miles.

Upon our arrival at St. Nicholas, we found a full day at our disposal to look around the neighborhood, which, being the scene of much historical interest in our older annals, presented a pleasant temptation to our excursion. Our friendly guide, Mr. Carberry, took us to Drum Point, the southern headland of the Patuxent at its entrance into Chesapeake Bay. Here was, at that time, and perhaps still is, the residence of the Carroll family, whose ancestors occupied the estate for many generations. The dwelling-house was a comfortable wooden building of the style and character of the present day, with all the appurtenances proper to a convenient and pleasant country homestead. Immediately in its neighborhood—so near that it might be said to be almost within the curtilage of the dwelling—stood an old brick ruin of what had apparently been a substantial mansion-house. Such a monument of the past as this, of course, could not escape our special attention, and, upon inquiry we were told that it was once, a long time ago, the family home of the Rousbys, the ancestors of the present occupants of the estate; that several generations of this family, dating back to the early days of the Province, had resided in it; and that when it had fallen into decay, the modern building was erected, and the old one suf-

fered to crumble into the condition in which we saw it. I could easily understand and appreciate the sentiment that preserved it untouched as part and parcel in the family associations of the place, and as a relic of the olden time which no one was willing to disturb.

The mention of the name of the Rousbys, here on the Patuxent River, was a sudden and vivid remembrancer to me of the old story of Talbot, and gave new encouragement to an almost abandoned hope of solving this mystery.

CHAPTER III.

A GRAVEYARD AND AN EPITAPH.

WITHIN a short distance of this spot, perhaps not a mile from Drum Point, there is a small creek which opens into the river and bears the name of Mattapony. In early times there was a notable fort here, and connected with it a stately mansion, built by Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, for his own occasional residence. The fort and mansion are often mentioned in the Provincial records as the place where the Council sometimes met to transact business; and accordingly many public acts are dated from Mattapony.

Calvert was doubtless attracted to this spot by the pleasant scenery of the headland which here looks out upon the noble water-view of the Chesapeake, and by its breezy position as an agreeable refuge from the heats of summer.

Our party, therefore, determined to set out in search for some relics of the mansion and fort; and as a guide in this enterprise, we engaged an old negro who seemed to have a fair claim in his own conceit to be regarded both as the Solomon and the Methuselah of the plantation. He was a wrinkled, wise-looking old fellow, with a watery eye and a grizzled head, and might, perhaps, have been about eighty; but, from

his own account, he left us to infer that he was not much behind that great patriarch of Scripture whose years are described as one hundred and threescore and fifteen.

Finding that he was native to the estate, and had lived here all his life, we interrogated him with some confidence in his ability to contribute something useful to the issue of our pursuit. Among all the Solomons of this world, there is not one so consciously impressed with the unquestionable verity of his wisdom and the intensity of his knowledge as one of these veterans of an old family-estate upon which he has spent his life. He is always an aristocrat of the most uncompromising stamp, and has a contemptuous disdain and intolerance for every form of democracy. Poor white people have not the slightest chance of his good opinion. The pedigree and history of his master's family possess an epic dignity in his imagination; and the liberty he takes with facts concerning them amounts to a grand poetical hyperbole. He represents their wealth in past times to have amounted to something of a fabulous superfluity, and their magnificence so unbounded, that he stares at you in describing it, as if its excess astonished himself.

When we now questioned our venerable conductor, to learn what he could tell us of the old Proprietary Mansion, he said, in his way, he "membered it, as if it was built only yesterday: he was fotched up so near it, that he could see it now as if it was standing before him: if *he* couldn't pint out where it stood, it was time for him to give up: it was a mighty grand brick house,"—laying an emphasis on *brick*, as a special point in his notion of its grandeur; and then he added, with all the gravity of which his very solemn visage was a copious index, that "Old Master Baltimore, who built it, was a real fine gentleman. He knowed him so well! He never gave any thing but gold to the servants for tending on him. Bless you! he wouldn't even think of silver! Many a time has he given me a guinea for waiting on him."

This account of Old Master Baltimore, and his magnificent

contempt of silver and the intimacy of our patriarch with him, rather startled us, and I began to fear that the story of the house might turn out to be as big a lie as the acquaintance with the Lord Proprietary,—for Master Baltimore had then been dead just one hundred and twenty-one years. But we went on with him, and were pleasantly disappointed when he brought us upon a hill that sloped down to the Mattapony, and there traced out for us, by the depression of the earth, the visible lines of an old foundation of a large building, the former existence of which was further demonstrated by some scattered remains of the old imported brick of the edifice which were imbedded in the soil.

This spot has a fine outlook upon the Bay, and every advantage of locality to recommend its choice for a domestic establishment. We could find nothing to indicate the old fort except the commanding character of the hill with reference to the river, which might warrant a conjecture as to its position. I believe that the house was included within the ramparts of the fortification, as I perceive in some of the old records that the fortification itself was called the Mattapony House, which was once beleaguered and taken by Captain John Coode and Colonel Jowles.

After we had examined all that was to be seen here, our next point of interest was a graveyard, which we had been informed by some of the household at Mrs. Carroll's, had been preserved upon the estate from a very early period. Our old gossip professed to know all about this, from its very first establishment. It was in another direction from the mansion-house, about a mile distant, on the margin of an inlet from the Bay, called Harper's Creek; and thither we accordingly went. Before we reached the spot, the old negro stopped at a cabin that lay in our route and provided himself with a hoe, which, borne upon his shoulder, gave a somewhat mysterious significance to the office he had assumed. He did not explain the purpose of this equipment to us, and we forbore to question him. After descending to the level of the tide and passing

through some thickets of wild shrubbery, we arrived upon a grassy plain immediately upon the border of the creek; and there, in a quiet, sequestered nook of rural landscape, the smooth and sluggish little inlet begirt with water-lilies and reflecting wood and sky and the green hill-side upon its surface, was the chosen resting-place of the departed generations of the family. A few simple tombstones—some of them darkened by the touch of time—lay clustered within an old enclosure. The brief memorials engraved upon them told us how inveterately Death had pursued his ancient vocation and gathered in his relentless tribute from young and old in times past as he does to-day.

Here was a theme for a sermon from the patriarch, who now leaned upon his hoe and shook his head with a slow ruminative motion, as if he hoped by this action to disengage from it some profound moral reflections, and then began to enumerate how many of these good people he had helped to bury; but before he had well begun this discourse we had turned away and were about leaving the place, when he recalled us by saying, "I have got one tombstone yet to show you, as soon as I can clear it off with the hoe; it belongs to old Master Rousby, who was stobbed aboard ship, and is, besides that, the grandest tombstone here."

Here was another of those flashes of light by which my story seemed to be preordained to a prosperous end. We eagerly encouraged the old man to this task, and he went to work in removing the green sod from a large slab which had been entirely hidden under the soil, and in a brief space revealed to us a tombstone fully six feet long, upon which we were able to read, in plainly chiselled letters, an inscription surmounted by a carved heraldic shield with its proper quarterings and devices.

Our group at this moment would have made a fine artistic study. There was this quiet landscape around us garnished with the beauty of May; there were the rustic tombs,—the old negro, with a countenance surcharged with the expression of

solemn satisfaction at his employment, bending his aged figure over the broad, carved stone, and scraping from it the grass which had not been disturbed perhaps for a quarter of a century; and there was our own party looking on with eager interest, as the inscription every moment became more legible. That interest may be imagined, on reading the inscription, which, when brought to the full light of day, revealed these words:—

"Here lyeth the body of Xph^{r} Rousbie Esquire, who was taken out of this world by a violent death received on board his Majesty's ship The Quaker Ketch, Capt. Thos. Allen Commander, the last day of October 1684. And also of M^{r}. John Rousbie, his brother, who departed this naturall life on board the Ship Baltimore, being arrived in Patuxen the first day of February 1685."

This was a picturesque incident in its scenic character, but a still more engaging one as an occurrence in the path of discovery. Here was most unexpectedly brought to view a new link in the chain of our story. It was a pleasant surprise to have such a fact as this breaking upon us from an ambuscade, to help out a half-formed narrative which I had feared was hopeless of completion. The inscription is a necessary supplement to the marginal notes. As an insulated monument, it is meagre in its detail, and stands in need of explanation. It does not describe Christopher Rousby as the Collector of the Customs; it does not affirm that he was murdered; it makes no allusion to Talbot; but it gives the name of the ship and its commander, along with the date of the death. "The Landholder's Assistant" supplies all the facts that are wanting in this brief statement. These two memorials help each other and enlarge the common current of testimony, like two confluent streams coming from opposite sources. From the two together we learn that Colonel Talbot, the Surveyor-General in 1684, killed Mr. Christopher Rousby on board of a ship of war; and we are apprised that Rousby was a gentleman of rank and authority in the Province, holding an important commission from

the King. The place at which the tomb is found shows also that he was the owner of a considerable landed estate and a near neighbor of the Lord Proprietary.

The story, however, requires much more circumstance to give it the interest which we hope yet to find in it.

CHAPTER IV.

DRYASDUST.

I HAVE now to change my scene, and to pursue in another quarter more important investigations. I break off with some regret from my visit to St. Mary's, because it had many attractions of its own, which would form a pleasant theme for description. Some of the results of that visit I embodied, several years ago, in a fiction which I fear the world will hardly credit me in saying has as much history in it as invention.* But my journey had no further connection with the particular subject before us, after the discovery of the tomb. I therefore take my leave, at this juncture, of good Father Carberry and St. Inigoes, and also of my companion in this adventure,—pausing but a moment to say, that the Superior of St. Inigoes has some time since gone to his account, and that I am not willing to part with him in my narrative without a grateful recognition of the esteem I have for his memory, in which I share with all who were acquainted with him,—an esteem won by the simple, unostentatious merit of his character, his liberal religious sentiment, and his frank and cordial hospitality, which had the best flavor of the good old housekeeping of St. Mary's,—a commendation which every one conversant with that section of Maryland will understand to imply what the Irish schoolmaster, in one of Carleton's tales, calls "the hoighth of good living."

* "Rob of the Bowl."

After my return from this excursion, I resolved to make a search among the records at Annapolis, to ascertain whether any memorials existed which might furnish further information in regard to the events to which I had now got a clue. And here comes in a morsel of official history which will excuse a short digression.

The Legislature had, about this time, directed the Executive to cause a search through the government buildings, with a view to the discovery of old state papers and manuscripts, which, having been consigned, time out of mind, to neglect and oblivion, were known only as heaps of promiscuous lumber, strewed over the floors of damp cellars and unfrequented garrets. The careless and unappreciative spirit of the proper guardians of our archives in past years had suffered many precious folios and separate papers to be disposed of as mere rubbish; and the not less culpable and incurious indolence of their successors, in our own times, had treated them with equal indifference. The attention of the Legislature was awakened to the importance of this investigation by Mr. David Ridgely, the State Librarian, and he was appointed by the Executive to undertake the labor. Never did beagle pursue the chase with more steady foot than did this eager and laudable champion of the ancient fame of the State his chosen duty. He rummaged old cuddies, closets, vaults, and cocklofts, and pried into every recess of the Chancery, the Land Office, the Committee-Rooms, and the Council-Chamber, searching up-stairs and down-stairs, wherever a truant paper was supposed to lurk. Groping with lantern in hand and body bent, he made his way through narrow passages, startling the rats from their fastnesses, where they had been intrenched for half a century, and breaking down the thick drapery—the Gobelin tapestry I might call it—woven by successive families of spiders from the days of the last Lord Proprietary. The very dust which was kicked up in Annapolis, as the old newspapers tell us, at the passage of the Stamp Act, was once more set in motion by the foot of this resolute and unwearied invader, and every-

where something was found to reward the toil of the search. But the most valuable discoveries were made in the old Treasury,—made, alas! too late for the full fruition of the Librarian's labor. The Treasury, one of the most venerable structures in the State, is that lowly and quaint little edifice of brick which the visitor never fails to notice within the enclosure of the State-House grounds. It was originally designed for the accommodation of the Governor and his Council, and for the sessions of the Upper House of the Provincial Legislature; the Burgesses, at that time, holding their meetings in the Old State House, which occupied the site of the present more imposing and capacious building: this latter having been erected about the year 1772.

In some dark recess of the Treasury Office Mr. Ridgely struck upon a mine of wealth, in a mouldy wooden box, which was found to contain many missing Journals of the Provincial Council, some of which bore date as far back as 1666. It was a sad disappointment to him, when his eye was greeted with the sight of these folios, to see them crumble, like the famed Dead Sea Apples, into powder, upon every attempt to handle them. The form of the books was preserved and the character of the writing distinctly legible, but, from the effect of moisture, the paper had lost its cohesion, and fell to pieces at every effort to turn a leaf. I was myself a witness to this tantalizing deception, and, with the Librarian, read enough to show the date and character of the perishing record.

Through this accident, the Council Journals of a most interesting period, embracing several years between 1666 and 1692, were irretrievably lost. Others sustained less damage, and were partially preserved. Some few survived in good condition.

Our Maryland historians have had frequent occasion to complain of the deficiency of material for the illustration of several epochs in the Provincial existence, owing to the loss of official records. No research has supplied the means of describing the public events of these intervals beyond some few

inferences, which are only sufficient to show that these silent periods were marked by incidents of important interest. The most striking of these privations occurs towards the end of the seventeenth century,—precisely that period to which the crumbling folios had reference.

This loss of the records has been ascribed to their frequent removals during periods of trouble, and to the havoc made in the rage of parties. The Province, like the great world from which it was so far remote, was distracted with what are sometimes called religious quarrels, but what I prefer to describe as exceedingly irreligious quarrels, carried on by men professing to be Christians, and generated in the heat of disputes concerning the word of the great Teacher of "peace on earth." Out of these grew any quantity of rebellion and war, tinctured with their usual flavor of persecution. For at this era the wars of Christendom were chiefly waged in support of dogmas and creeds, and took a savage hue from the fury of religious bigotry. The wars of Europe since that period have arisen upon commercial and political questions, and religion has been freed from the dishonor of promoting these bloody strifes so incompatible with its high office. In these quarrels of the fathers of Maryland, the archives of government were seized more than once, and, perhaps, destroyed. On one occasion they were burnt. And so, among all these disorders, it has fallen out that the full development of the State history has been rendered impossible.

Mr. Ridgely's foray, however, into this domain of dust and darkness has happily rescued much useful matter to aid the future chronicler in supplying the deficiency of past attempts to trace the path of our modest annals through these silent intervals. Incidentally the Librarian's work has assisted my story; for, although the recovered folios did not touch the exact year of my search, the pursuit of them led me to what I may claim as a discovery of my own. I found what I could not say was wholly lost, but what, until Mr. Ridgely's exploration drew attention to the records, might have been said to have shrunk

from all notice of the present generation, and to be fast falling a prey to the tooth of time and the visit of the worm. A few years more of neglect and the ill usage of careless custodians, and it would have passed to that depository of things lost upon the earth, which fable has placed in the moon. It was my good fortune, in this upturning of relics of the past, to lay my hand upon a sadly tattered and decayed MS. volume,—unbound, without beginning and without end, coated with the dust which had been gathering upon it ever since Chalmers and Bozman had done their work of deciphering its quaint old text. It lay in the state of rubbish, in an old case where many documents of the same kind had been consigned to the same oblivion, and with it had been sleeping for as many years, perhaps, as the Beauty in the fairy tale,—happily destined, at last, to be awakened, as she was, by one who by his perseverance had won a title to herself.

This manuscript was now, in this day of revival, brought out from its hiding-place, and, upon inspection, proved to be a Journal of the Council for some few years including the very date of the death of the Collector on the Patuxent.

The record was complete, neatly written in the peculiar manuscript character of that age, so difficult for a modern reader to decipher. Its queer old-fashioned spelling suggested the idea that our ancestors considered both consonants and vowels too weak to stand alone, and that therefore they doubled them as often as they could; and there was such an actual identification of its antiquity in its exterior aspect as well as in its forms of speech, that, when I have sat poring over it alone at midnight in my study, as I have often done, I have turned my eye over my shoulder, expecting to see the apparition of Master John Llewellin—who subscribes his name with a very energetic flourish as Clerk of the Council—standing behind me in grave-colored doublet and trunk-hose, with a starched ruff, a wide-awake hat drawn over his brow, and a short black feather falling among the locks of his dark hair towards his back.

This Journal lets in a blaze of light upon the old tradition of Talbot's Cave. The narrative of what it discloses it is now my purpose to make as brief as is compatible with common justice to my subject.

CHAPTER V.

A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY.

CHARLES CALVERT, Lord Baltimore, the son of Cecilius, was, according to the testimony of all our annalists, a worthy gentleman and an upright ruler. He was governor of Maryland, by the appointment of his father, from 1662 to 1675, and after that became the Lord Proprietary by inheritance, and administered the public affairs in person. His prudence and judgment won him the esteem of the best portion of his people, and the Province prospered in his hands.

All our histories tell of the troubles that beset the closing years of his residence in Maryland. They arose partly out of his religion, and in part out of the jealousy of the crown concerning the privileges of his charter.

He was a Roman Catholic; but, like his father, liberal and tolerant in opinion, and free from sectarian bias in the administration of his government. Apart from the influence of his father's example, the training of his education, his real attachment to the interests of the Province, and his own natural inclination,—all of which pointed out to him the duty as well as the advantage of affording the utmost security to the freedom of religious opinion,—the conditions under which he held his proprietary rights rendered a departure from this policy the most improbable accusation that could be made against him. The public mind of England at that period was fevered to a state of madness by the domestic quarrel that raged within the kingdom against the Catholics. The people were distracted with constant alarms of Popish plots for the overthrow of the

government. The King, a heartless profligate, absorbed in frivolous pleasures, scarcely entertained any grave question of state affairs that had not some connection with his hatreds and his fears of Catholics and Dissenters. Then, also, the Province itself was composed, in far the greater part, of a Protestant population,—computed by some contemporary writers at the proportion of thirty to one,—a population who were guarantied freedom of conscience by the Charter, and who possessed all necessary power both legal and physical to enforce it.

Under such circumstances as these, how is it possible to impute designs against the old established toleration, which had marked the history of Maryland from its first settlement to that day, to so prudent and careful a ruler as Charles Calvert, without imputing to him, at the same time, a folly so absurd as to belie every opinion that has ever been uttered to his advantage?

Yet, notwithstanding these improbabilities, the accusation was made and affected to be believed by the King and his Council; the result of which was that a royal order was sent to the Proprietary, commanding him to dismiss every Catholic from employment in the Province, and to supply their places by the appointment of Protestants.

The most plausible theory upon which I can account for this harsh proceeding is suggested by the fact that parties in the Province took the same complexion with those in the mother country and ran parallel with them,—that the same excitement which agitated the minds of the people in England were industriously fomented here, where no similar reason for them existed, as the volunteer work of demagogues who saw in them the means of promoting their own interest,—that, in fact, this opposition to the Proprietary grew out of a failing in our ancestors which has not yet been cured in their descendants, a weakness in favor of the loaves and fishes. The party in the majority carried the elections, and felt, of course, as all parties do who perform such an exploit, that they had made a very gigantic sacrifice for the good of the country and deserved to be re-

munerated for such an act of heroism, and thereupon set up and asserted that venerable doctrine which has been erroneously and somewhat vaingloriously claimed as the conception of a modern statesman, namely,—"that to the victors belong the spoils." I rejoice in the discovery that a dogma so profound and so convenient has the sanction of antiquity to commend it to the platform of the patriots of our own time.

I must in a few words notice another charge against Lord Baltimore, which was even more serious than the first, and to which the cupidity of the King lent a willing ear. Parliament had passed an act for levying certain duties on the trade of the Southern Colonies, which were very oppressive to the commerce of Maryland. These duties were gathered by Collectors specially appointed for the occasion, who held their commissions from the Crown, and who were stationed at the several ports of entry of the Province. The frequent evasion of these duties gave rise to much ill-will between the Collectors and the people. Lord Baltimore was charged with having connived at these evasions, and with obstructing the collection of the royal revenue. His chief accusers were the Collectors, who, being Crown officers, seemed naturally to array themselves against him. Although there was really no foundation for this complaint, yet the King, who never threw away a chance to replenish his purse, compelled the Proprietary to pay by way of retribution a large sum into the Exchequer.

I have no need to dwell upon this subject, and have referred to it only because it explains the relation between Lord Baltimore and Christopher Rousby, and has therefore some connection with my story. Rousby was an enemy to the Proprietary; and from a letter preserved by Chalmers it appears there was no love lost between them. Lord Baltimore writes to the Earl of Anglesey, the President of the King's Council, in 1681,—"I have already written twice to your Lordship about Christopher Rousby, who I desired might be removed from his place of Collector of his Majesty's Customs,—he having been a great knave, and a disturber of the trade and peace

of the Province;" which letter, it seems, had no effect,—as Christopher Rousby was continued in his post. He was doubtless emboldened by the failure of this remonstrance against him to exhibit his ill-will towards the Proprietary in more open and more vexatious modes of annoyance.

All these embarrassments threw a heavy shadow over the latter years of Lord Baltimore's life, and now drove him to the necessity of making a visit to England for the purpose of personal explanation and defence before the King. He accordingly took his departure in the month of June, 1684, intending to return in a few months; but a tide of misfortune that now set in upon him prevented that wish, and he never saw Maryland again.

In about half a year after Calvert's arrival in England, King Charles the Second was gathered to his fathers, and his brother, the Duke of York, a worse man, a greater hypocrite, and a more crafty despot, reigned in his stead.

James the Second was a Roman Catholic, and Calvert, on that score alone, might have expected some sympathy and favor: he might, at least, have expected justice. But James was heartless and selfish. The Proprietary found nothing but cold neglect, and a contemptible jealousy of the prerogatives and power conferred by his charter. James himself claimed to be a proprietary on this continent by virtue of extensive royal grants, and was directly interested with William Penn in defeating the claims of the Baltimore family to the country upon the Delaware; he was, therefore, in fact, the secret and prepossessed enemy of Calvert. Instead of protection from the Crown, Calvert found proceedings instituted in the King's Bench to annul his charter, which, but for the abrupt termination of this short, disgraceful reign in abdication and flight, would have been consummated under James's own direction. The Revolution of 1688 brought up other influences more hostile still to the Proprietary; and the Province, which was always sedulous to follow the fashions of London, was not behind on this occasion, but made, also, its revolution, in imitation

of the great one. The end of all was the utter subversion of the Charter, and a new government of Maryland under a royal commission. How this was accomplished our historians are not able to tell. From 1688 to 1692 is one of our dark intervals of which I have spoken. It begins with a domestic revolution and ends with the appointment of a Royal Governor, and that is pretty nearly all we know about it. After this, there was no Proprietary dominion in Maryland, until it was restored upon the accession of George the First in 1715, when it reappears in the second Charles Calvert, a minor, the grandson of the late Proprietary. This gentleman was the son of Benedict Leonard Calvert, and was educated in the Protestant faith, which his father had adopted as more consonant with the prosperity of the family and the hopes of the Province.

Before Lord Baltimore took his departure, he made all necessary arrangements for the administration of the government during his absence. The chief authority he invested in his son Benedict Leonard, to whom I referred just now,—at that time a youth of twelve or fourteen years of age. My old record contains the commission issued on this occasion, which is of the most stately and royal breadth of phrase, and occupies paper enough to make a deed for the route of the Pacific Railroad. In this document "our dearly beloved son Benedict Leonard Calvert" is ordained and appointed to be "Lieutenant General, Chief Captain, Chief Governor and Commander, Chief Admiral both by sea and land, of our Province of Maryland, and of all our Islands, Territories, and Dominions whatsoever, and of all and singular our Castles, Forts, Fortresses, Fortifications, Munitions, Ships, and Navies in our said Province, Islands, Territories, and Dominions aforesaid."

I hope to be excused for the particularity of my quotation of this young gentleman's titles, which I have given at full length only by way of demonstration of the magnificence of our old Palatine Province of Maryland, and to excite in the present generation a becoming pride at having fallen heirs to such a principality; albeit Benedict Leonard's more recent

successors to these princely prerogatives may have reason to complain of that relentless spirit of democracy which has shorn them of so many worshipful honors. But we republicans are philosophical, and can make sacrifices with a good grace.

As it was quite impossible for this young Lieutenant General to go alone under such a staggering weight of dignities, the same commission puts him in leading-strings by the appointment of nine Deputy or Lieutenant Governors who are charged with the execution of all his duties. The first-named of these deputies is "our dearly beloved Cousin," Colonel George Talbot, who is associated with "our well-beloved Counsellor," Thomas Tailler, Colonel Vincent Low, Colonel Henry Darnall, Colonel William Digges, Colonel William Stevens, Colonel William Burgess, Major Nicholas Sewall and John Darnall, Esquire. These same gentlemen, with Edward Pye and Thomas Truman, are also commissioned to be of the Privy Council, "for and in relation to all matters of State."

These appointments being made and other matters disposed of, Charles Calvert took leave of his beautiful and favorite Maryland, never to see this fair land again.

CHAPTER VI.

A BORDER CHIEFTAIN.

I HAVE now to pursue the narrative of my story as I find the necessary material in the old Council Journal. I shall not encumber this narrative with literal extracts from these proceedings, but give the substance of what I find there, with such illustration as I have been able to glean from other sources.

Colonel George Talbot, whom we recognize as the first-named in the commission of the nine Deputy Governors and of the Privy Council, seems to have been a special favorite of

the Proprietary. He was the grandson of the first Baron of Baltimore, the Secretary of State of James the First. His father was an Irish baronet, Sir George Talbot, of Cartown in Kildare, who had married Grace, one of the younger sisters of Cecilius, the second Proprietary and father of Charles Calvert. He was, therefore, as the commission describes him, the cousin of Lord Baltimore, who had now invested him with a leading authority in the administration of the government.

He was born in Ireland, and from some facts connected with his history I infer that he did not emigrate to Maryland until after his marriage, his wife being an Irish lady.

That he was a man of consideration in the Province, with large experience in its affairs, is shown by the character of the employments that were intrusted to him. He had been, for some years before the departure of Lord Baltimore on his visit to England, a conspicuous member of his Council. He had, for an equal length of time, held the post of Surveyor-General, an office of high responsibility and trust. But his chief employment was of a military nature, in which his discretion, courage, and conduct were in constant requisition. He had the chief command, with the title and commission of Deputy Governor, over the northern border of the Province, a region continually exposed to the inroads of the fierce and warlike tribe of the "Sasquesahannocks."

The country lying between the Susquehanna and the Delaware, that which now coincides with parts of Harford and Cecil Counties in Maryland and the upper portion of the State of Delaware, was known in those days as New Ireland, and was chiefly settled by emigrants from the old kingdom whose name it bore. This region was included within the range of Talbot's command, and was gradually increasing in population and in farms and houses scattered over a line of some seventy or eighty miles from east to west, and slowly encroaching upon the thick wilderness to the north, where surly savages lurked and watched the advance of the white man with jealous anger.

The tenants of this tract held their lands under the Proprietary grants, coupled with a condition, imposed as much by their own necessities as by the law, to render active service in the defence of the frontier as a local militia. They were accordingly organized on a military establishment, and kept in a state of continual preparation to repel the unwelcome visits of their hostile neighbors.

A dispute between Lord Baltimore and William Penn, founded upon the claim of the former to a portion of the territory bounding on the Delaware, had given occasion to border feuds, which had imposed upon our Proprietary the necessity of building and maintaining a fort on Christiana Creek, near the present city of Wilmington; and there were also some few block-houses or smaller fortified strongholds along the line of settlement towards the Susquehanna. These forts were garrisoned by a small force of musketeers maintained by the government. The Province was also at the charge of a regiment of cavalry, of which Talbot was the colonel, and parts of which were assigned to the defence of this frontier.

If we add to these a corps of rangers, who were specially employed in watching and arresting all trespassers upon the territory of the Province, it will complete our sketch of the military organization of the frontier over which Talbot had the chief command. The whole or any portion of this force could be assembled in a few hours to meet the emergencies of the time. Signals were established for the muster of the border. Beacon fires on the hills, the blowing of horns, and the despatch of runners were familiar to the tenants, and often called the ploughman away from the furrow to the appointed gathering-place. Three musket-shots fired in succession from a lonely cabin, at dead of night, awakened the sleeper in the next homestead; the three shots, repeated from house to house, across this silent waste of forest and field, carried the alarm onward; and before break of day a hundred stout yeomen, armed with cutlass and carbine, were on foot to check and punish the stealthy foray of the Sasquesahannock against

the barred and bolted dwellings where mothers rocked their children to sleep, confident in the protection of this organized and effective system of defence.

In this region Talbot himself held a manor which was called New Connaught, and here he had his family mansion, and kept hospitality in rude woodland state, as a man of rank and command, with his retainers and friends gathered around him. This establishment was seated on Elk River, and was, doubtless, a fortified position. I picture to my mind a capacious dwelling-house built of logs from the surrounding forest; its ample hall furnished with implements of war, pikes, carbines, and basket-hilted swords, mingled with antlers of the buck, skins of wild animals, plumage of birds, and other trophies of the hunter's craft; the large fireplace surrounded with hardy woodsmen, and the tables furnished with venison, wild fowl, and fish, the common luxuries of the region, in that prodigal profusion to which our forefathers were accustomed, and which their descendants still regard as the essential condition of hearty and honest housekeeping. This mansion I fancy surrounded by a spacious picketed rampart, presenting its bristling points to the four quarters of the compass, and accessible only through a gateway of ponderous timber studded thick with nails: the whole offering defiance to the grim savage who might chance to prowl within the frown of its midnight shadow.

Here Talbot spent the greater portion of the year with his wife and children. Here he had his yacht or shallop on the river, and often skimmed this beautiful expanse of water in pursuit of its abundant game,—those hawks of which tradition preserves the memory his companions and auxiliaries in this pastime. Here, too, he had his hounds and other hunting-dogs to beat up the game for which the banks of Elk River are yet famous.

This sylvan lodge was cheered and refined by the presence of his wife and children, whose daily household occupations were assisted by numerous servants chosen from the warm-hearted people who had left their own Green Isle to find a home in this wilderness.

Amidst such scenes and the duties of her station we may suppose that Mrs. Talbot, a lady who could not but have relinquished many comforts in her native land for this rude life of the forest, found sufficient resource to quell the regrets of many fond memories of the home and friends she had left behind, and to reconcile her to the fortunes of her husband, to whom, as we shall see, she was devoted with an ardor that no hardship or danger could abate.

Being the dispenser of her husband's hospitality,—the bread-giver, in the old Saxon phrase,—the frequent companion of his pastime, and the bountiful friend, not only of the families whose cottages threw up their smoke within view of her dwelling, but of all who came and went on the occasions of business or pleasure in the common intercourse of the frontier, we may conceive the sentiment of respect and attachment she inspired in this insulated district, and the service she was thus enabled to command.

This is but a fancy picture, it is true, of the home of Talbot, which, for want of authentic elements of description, I am forced to draw. It is suggested by the few scattered glimpses we get in the records of his position and circumstances, and may, I think, be received at least as near the truth in its general aspect and characteristic features.

He was undoubtedly a bold, enterprising man,—impetuous, passionate, and harsh, as the incidents of his story show. He was, most probably, a soldier trained to the profession, and may have served abroad, as nearly all gentlemen of that period were accustomed to do. That he was an ardent and uncompromising partisan of the Proprietary in the dissensions of the Province seems to be evident. I suppose him, also, to have been warm-hearted, proud in spirit, and hasty in temper,—a man to be loved or hated by friend or foe with equal intensity. It is material to add to this sketch of him, that he was a Roman Catholic,—as we have record proof that all the Deputy Governors named in the recent commission were, I believe, without exception,—and that he was doubtless imbued with the

dislike and indignation which naturally fired the gentlemen of his faith against those who were then supposed to be plotting the overthrow of the Proprietary Government, by exciting religious prejudice against the Baltimore family.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD CITY.

LET me now once more shift the scene. In the summer of 1684, the peaceful little port of St. Mary's was visited by a phenomenon of rare occurrence in those days. A ship of war of the smaller class, with the Cross of St. George sparkling on her broad flag, came gliding to an anchorage abreast the town. The fort of St. Inigoes gave the customary salute, which I have reason to believe was not returned. Not long after this, a bluff, swaggering, vulgar captain came on shore. He made no visit of respect or business to any member of the Council. He gave no report of his character or the purpose of his visit, but strolled to the tavern,—I suppose to that kept by Mr. Cordea, who, in addition to his calling of keeper of the ordinary, was the most approved shoemaker of the city,—and here regaled himself with a potation of strong waters. It is likely that he then repaired to Mr. Blakiston's, the King's Collector,—a bitter and relentless enemy of the Lord Proprietary,—and there may have met Kenelm Chiseldine, John Coode, Colonel Jowles, and others noted for their hatred of the Calvert family, and in such company as this indulged himself in deriding Lord Baltimore and his government. During his stay in the port, his men came on shore, and, imitating their captain's unamiable temper, roamed in squads about the town and neighborhood, conducting themselves in a noisy hectoring manner towards the inhabitants, disturbing the repose of the quiet burghers, and shocking their ears with ribald

abuse of the authorities. These roystering sailors — I mention it as a point of historical interest—had even the audacity to break into Alderman Garret Van Swearingen's garden and to pluck up and carry away his cabbages and other vegetables, and—according to the testimony of Mr. Cordea, whose indignation was the more intense from his veneration for the Alderman, and from the fact that he made his Worship's shoes—they would have killed one of his Worship's sheep, if his (Cordea's) man had not prevented them; and after this, as if on purpose more keenly to lacerate his feelings, they brought these cabbages to Cordea's house, and there boiled them before his eyes,—he being sick and not able to drive them away.

After a few days spent in this manner, the swaggering captain—whose name, it was soon bruited about, was Thomas Allen, of his Majesty's Navy—went on board of his Ketch,—or brig, as we should call it,—the Quaker, weighed anchor, and set sail towards the Potomac, and thence stood down the bay upon the coast of Virginia. Every now and then, after his departure, there came reports to the Council of insults offered by Captain Allen to the skippers of sundry Bay craft and other peaceful traders on the Chesapeake; these insults consisting generally in wantonly compelling them to heave to and submit to his search, in vexatiously detaining them, overhauling their papers, and offending them with coarse vituperation of themselves, as well as of the Lord Proprietary and his Council.

About a month later the Quaker was observed to enter the Patuxent River, and cast anchor just inside of the entrance, near the Calvert County shore, and opposite Christopher Rousby's house at Drum Point. This was—says my chronicle—on Thursday, the 30th of October, in this year 1684. As yet Captain Allen had not condescended to make any report of his arrival in the Province to any officer of the Proprietary.

On Sunday morning, the 2d of November, the city was thrown into a state of violent ebullition—like a little red-hot tea-kettle—by the circulation of a rumor that got wind about the hour the burghers were preparing to go to church. It was

brought from Patuxent late in the previous night, and was now whispered from one neighbor to another, and soon came to boil with an extraordinary volume of steam. Stripping it of the exaggeration natural to such an excitement, the rumor was substantially this: That Colonel Talbot, hearing of the arrival of Captain Allen in the Patuxent on Thursday, and getting no message or report from him, set off on Friday morning, in an angry state of mind, and rode over to Patuxent, determined to give the unmannerly captain a lesson upon his duty. That as soon as he reached Mattapony House, he took his boat and went on board the ketch. That there he found Christopher Rousby, the King's Collector, cronying with Captain Allen, and upholding him in his disrespect to the government. That Colonel Talbot was very sharp upon Rousby, not liking him for old grudges, and more moved against him now; and that he spoke his mind both to Captain Allen and Christopher Rousby, and so got into a high quarrel with them. That when he had said all he desired to say to them, he made a move to leave the ketch in his boat, intending to return to Mattapony House, but they who were in the cabin prevented him, and would not let him go. That thereupon the quarrel broke out afresh, and became more bitter; and it being now in the night, and all in a great heat of passion, the parties having already come from words to blows, Talbot drew his skean, or dagger, and stabbed Rousby to the heart. That nothing was known on shore of the affray till Saturday evening, when the body was brought to Rousby's house; after which it became known to the neighborhood; and one of the men of Major Sewall's plantation, which adjoined Rousby's, having thus heard of it, set out and rode that night over to St. Mary's with the news, which he gave to the Major before midnight. It was added, that Colonel Talbot was now detained on board of the ketch, as a prisoner, by Captain Allen.

This was the amount of the dreadful story over which the gossips of St. Mary's were shaking their wise head and discoursing on "crowner's quest law" that Sunday morning.

As soon as Major Sewall received these unhappy midnight tidings, he went instantly to his colleague, Colonel Darnall, and communicated them to him; and they, being warm friends of Talbot's, were very anxious to get him out of the custody of this Captain Allen. They therefore, on Sunday morning, issued a writ directed to Roger Brooke, the sheriff of Calvert County, commanding him to arrest the prisoner and bring him before the Council. Their next move was to ride over—the same morning—to Patuxent, taking with them Mr. Robert Carvil, and John Llewellin, their secretary. Upon reaching the river, all four went on board the ketch to learn the particulars of the quarrel. These particulars are not preserved in the record; and we have nothing better than our conjectures as to what they disclosed. We know nothing specific of the cause or character of the quarrel. The visitors found Talbot loaded with irons, and Captain Allen in a brutal state of exasperation, swearing that he would not surrender his prisoner to the authorities of the Province, but would carry him to Virginia and deliver him to the government there, to be dealt with as Lord Effingham should direct. He was grossly insulting to the two members of the council who had come on this inquiry; and after they had left his vessel, in the pinnace, to return to the shore, he affected to believe that they had some concealed force lying in wait to seize the pinnace and its crew, and so ordered them back on board, but after a short detention thought better of it, and suffered them again to depart.

The contumacy of the captain, and the declaration of his purpose to carry away Talbot out of the jurisdiction of the Province within which the crime was committed, and to deliver him to the Governor of Virginia, was a grave assault upon the dignity of the government and a gross contempt of the public authorities, which required the notice of the Council. A meeting of this body was therefore held on the Patuxent, at Rich Neck, on the morning of the 4th of November. I find that five members were present on that occasion. Besides Colonel Darnall and Major Sewall, there were Counsellor Tailler and

Colonels Digges and Burgess. Here the matter was d
and ended in a feeble resolve,—that, if this Captain
should persist in his contumacy and take Talbot to Vi
the Council should immediately demand of Lord Effingh
re-delivery into this Province. Alas, they could only
This resolution was all they could oppose to the bullyin
tain and the guns of the troublesome little Quaker.

Allen, after hectoring awhile in this fashion, and raisi
wrath of the colonels of the Council until they were red
cheeks, defiantly took his departure, carrying with hi
prisoner, in spite of the vehement indignation of the lie
of the Province.

We may imagine the valorous anger of our little met
at this act or crime of lese-majesty. I can see the group
gry burghers, collected on the porch of Cordea's taver
fume as they listen to Master John Llewellin's account o
had taken place,—Llewellin himself as peppery as his nam
when he made Ancient Pistol eat his leek; and I fancy
hear Alderman Van Swearingen's choleric explosion a
Lord Effingham, supposing his Lordship should presu
slight the order of the Council in respect to Talbot's ret

But these fervors were too violent to last. Chris
Rousby was duly deposited under the greensward up
margin of Harper's Creek, where I found him safe,
sound, more than a hundred and fifty years afterwards.
metropolis gradually ceased to boil, and slowly fell to its
temperature of repose, and no more disturbed itsel
thoughts of the terrible captain. Talbot, upon being tr
red to the dominion of Virginia, was confined in the
Gloucester County, in the old town of Gloucester, on the
ern bank of York River.

The Council now opened their correspondence with

Maryland in the personal feelings of the King. It is manifest they were afraid of giving offence to the lordly governor of the neighboring Province. On the part of Lord Effingham, the correspondence is cavalier, arrogant, and peremptory.

The Council write deploringly to his Lordship. They "pray"—as they phrase it—"in humble, civil, and obliging terms, to have the prisoner safely returned to this government." They add,—"Your Excellency's great wisdom, prudence, and integrity, as well as neighborly affection and kindness for this Province, manifested and expressed, will, we doubt not, spare us the labor of straining for arguments to move your Excellency's consideration to this our so just and reasonable demand." Poor Colonel Darnall, Poor Colonel Digges, and the rest of you Colonels and Majors,—to write such whining hypocrisy as this! George Talbot would not have written to Lord Effingham in such phrase if one of you had been unlawfully transported to his prison and Talbot were your pleader!

The nobleman to whom this servile language was addressed was a hateful despot, who stands marked in the history of Virginia for his oppressive administration, his arrogance, and his faithlessness.

To give this beseeching letter more significance and the flattery it contained more point, it was committed to the charge of two gentlemen who were commissioned to deliver it in person to his Lordship. These were Mr. Clement Hill and Mr. Anthony Underwood.

Effingham's answer was cool, short, and admonitory. The essence of it is in these words:—"We do not think it warrantable to comply with your desires, but shall detain Talbot prisoner until his Majesty's particular commands be known therein." A postscript is added of this import:—"I recommend to your consideration, that you take care, as far as in you lies, that, in the matter of the Customs, his Majesty receive no further detriment by this unfortunate accident."

One almost rejoices to read such an answer to the fulsome language which drew it out. This correspondence runs through

several such epistles. The Council complain of the rudeness and coarse behavior of Captain Allen, and particularly of his traducing Lord Baltimore's government and attempting to excite the people against it. Lord Effingham professes to disbelieve such charges against "an officer who had so long served his King with fidelity, and who could not but know what was due to his superiors."

Occasionally this same faithful officer, Captain Allen himself, reappears upon the stage. We catch him at a gentleman's house in Virginia, boasting over his cups—for he seems to have paid habitual tribute to a bowl of punch—that he will break up the government of Maryland, and annex this poor little Province of ours to Virginia: a fact worth notice just now, as it makes it clear that annexation is not the new idea of the Nineteenth Century, but lived in very muddy brains a long time ago. I now quit this correspondence to look after a bit of romance in a secret adventure.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLOT.

We must return to the Manor of New Connaught upon the Elk River.

There we shall find a sorrowful household. The Lord of the Manor is in captivity; his people are dejected with a presentiment that they are to see him no more; his wife is lamenting with her children, and counting the weary days of his imprisonment.

> "His hounds they all run masterless,
> His hawks they flee from tree to tree."

Every thing in the hospital woodland home is changed. November, December, January had passed by since Talbot was

lodged in the Gloucester prison, and still no hope dawned upon the afflicted lady. The forest around her howled with the rush of the winter wind, but neither the wilderness nor the winter was so desolate as her own heart. The fate of her husband was in the hands of his enemies. She trembled at the thought of his being forced to a trial for his life in Virginia, where he would be deprived of that friendly sympathy so necessary even to the vindication of innocence, and where he ran the risk of being condemned without defence, upon the testimony of exasperated opponents.

But she was a strong-hearted and resolute woman, and would not despair. She had many friends around her,—friends devoted to her husband and herself. Among these was Phelim Murray, a cornet of cavalry under the command of Talbot,—a brave, reckless, true-hearted comrade, who had often shared the hospitality, the adventurous service, and the sports of his commander.

To Murray I attribute the planning of the enterprise I am now about to relate. He had determined to rescue his chief from his prison in Virginia. His scheme required the co-operation of Mrs. Talbot and one of her youngest children,—the pet boy, perhaps, of the family, some two or three years old,—I imagine, the special favorite of the father. The adventure was a bold one, involving many hardships and perils. Towards the end of January, the lady, accompanied by her boy with his nurse, and attended by two Irish men-servants, repaired to St. Mary's, where she was doubtless received as a guest in the mansion of the Proprietary, now the residence of young Benedict Leonard and those of the family who had not accompanied Lord Baltimore to England.

While Mrs. Talbot tarried here, the cornet was busy in his preparations. He had brought the colonel's shallop from Elk River to the Patuxent, and was here concerting a plan to put the little vessel under the command of some ostensible owner who might appear in the character of its master to any over-curious or inopportune questioner. He had found a man ex-

actly to his hand in a certain Roger Skreene, whose name might almost be thought to be adopted for the occasion and to express the part he had to act. He was what we may call the sloop's husband, but was bound to do whatever Murray commanded, to ask no questions, and to be profoundly ignorant of the real objects of the expedition. This pliant auxiliary had, like many thrifty—or more probably thriftless—persons of that time, a double occupation. He was amphibious in his habits, and lived equally on land and water. At home he was a tailor, and abroad a seaman, frequently plying his craft as a skipper on the Bay, and sufficiently known in the latter vocation to render his pleasant employment a matter to excite no suspicious remark. It will be perceived in the course of his present adventure that he was quite innocent of any avowed complicity in the design which he was assisting.

Murray had a stout companion with him, a good friend to Talbot, probably one of the familiar frequenters of the Manor-House of New Connaught,—a bold fellow, with a hand and a heart both ready for any perilous service. He may have been a comrade of the cornet's in his troop. His name was Hugh Riley,—a name that has been traditionally connected with dare-devil exploits ever since the days of Dermot McMorrogh. There have been, I believe, but few hard fights in the world, to which Irishmen have had any thing to say, without a Hugh Riley somewhere in the thickest part of them.

The preparations being now complete, Murray anchored his shallop near a convenient landing,—perhaps within the Mattapony Creek.

In the dead of winter, about the 30th of January, 1685, Mrs. Talbot with her servants, her child, and nurse, set forth from the Proprietary residence in St. Mary's, to journey over to the Patuxent,—a cold, bleak ride of fifteen miles. The party were all on horseback: the young boy, perhaps, wrapped in thick coverings, nestling in the arms of one of the men: Mrs. Talbot braving the sharp wind in hood and cloak, and

ıed by her own warm heart, which beat with a corrageous
: against the fierce blasts that swept and roared across
path. Such a cavalcade, of course, could not depart
St. Mary's without observation at any season; but at
time of the year so unusual a sight drew every inhabitant
ıe windows, and set in motion a current of gossip that
away all other topics from every fireside. The gentle-
of the Council, too, doubtless had frequent conference
the unhappy wife of their colleague, during her sojourn
he Government House, and perhaps secretly conselled
her on her adventure. Whatever outward or seeming
:xt may have been adopted for this movement, we can
ly suppose that many friends of the Proprietary were ig-
nt of its object. We have, indeed, evidence that the
ıies of the Proprietary charged the Council with a direct
ivance in the scheme of Talbot's escape, and made it a
:ct of complaint against Lord Baltimore that he afterwards
oved of it.

Jpon her arrival at the Patuxent, Mrs. Talbot went imme-
:ly on board of the sloop, with her attendants. There
found the friendly cornet and his comrade, Hugh Riley,
he alert to distinguish their loyalty in her cause. The
hibious Master Skreene was now at the head of a picked
;—the whole party consisting of five stout men, with the
, her child and nurse. All the men but Skreene were
of the Emerald Isle,—of a race whose historical boast
e faithfulness of their devotion to a friend in need and
· chivalrous courtesy to woman, but still more their gene-
and gallant championship of woman in distress. On
occasion this national sentiment was enhanced when it
called into exercise in behalf of the sorrowful lady of the
f of their border settlements.

They set sail from the Patuxent on Saturday, the 31st of
ıary. On Wednesday, the fifth day afterwards, they land-
ın the southern bank of the Rappahannock, at the house
Ir. Ralph Wormeley, near the mouth of the river. This

long voyage of five days over so short a distance would seem to indicate that they departed from the common track of navigation to avoid notice.

The next morning Mr. Wormeley furnished them horses and a servant, and Mrs. Talbot with the nurse and child, under the conduct of Cornet Murray, set out for Gloucester,—a distance of some twenty miles. The day following,—that is, on Friday,—the servant returned with the horses, having left the party behind. Saturday past and part of Sunday, when, in the evening, Mrs. Talbot and the cornet reappeared at Mr. Wormeley's. The child and nurse had been left behind; and this was accounted for by Mrs. Talbot's saying she had left the child with his father, to remain with him until she should return to Virginia. I infer that the child was introduced into this adventure to give some seeming to the visit which might lull suspicion and procure easier access to the prisoner; and the leaving of him in Gloucester proves that Mrs. Talbot had friends, and probably confederates there, to whose care he was committed.

As soon as the party had left the shallop, upon their first arrival at Mr. Wormeley's, the wily Master Skreene discovered that he had business at a landing farther up the river; and thither he straightway took his vessel,—Wormeley's being altogether too suspicious a place for him to frequent. And now, when Mrs. Talbot had returned to Wormeley's, Roger's business above, of course, was finished, and he dropped down again opposite the house on Monday evening; and the next morning took the cornet and the lady on board. Having done this, he drew out into the river. This brings us to Tuesday, the 10th of February.

As soon as Mrs. Talbot was once more embarked in the shallop, Murray and Riley (I give Master Skreene's own account of the facts, as I find it in his testimony subsequently taken before the Council) made a pretext to go on shore, taking one of the men with them. They were going to look for a cousin of this man,—so they told Skreene,—and besides that,

intended to go to a tavern to buy a bottle of rum: all of which Skreene gives the Council to understand he verily believed to be the real object of their visit.

The truth was, that, as soon as Murray and Riley and their companion had reached the shore, they mounted on horseback and galloped away in the direction of Gloucester prison. From the moment they disappeared on this gallop until their return, we have no account of what they did. Roger Skreene's testimony before the Council is virtuously silent on this point.

After this party was gone, Mrs. Talbot herself took command, and, with a view to more privacy, ordered Roger to anchor near the opposite shore of the river, taking advantage of the concealment afforded by a small inlet on the northern side. Skreene says he did this at her request, because she expressed a wish to taste some of the oysters from that side of the river, which he, with his usual facility, believed to be the only reason for getting into this unobserved harbor; and, merely to gratify this wish, he did as she desired.

The day went by slowly to the lady on the water. Cold February, a little sloop, and the bleak roadstead at the mouth of the Rappahannock brought but few comforts to the anxious wife, who sat muffled upon that unstable deck, watching the opposite shore, while the ceaseless plash of the waves breaking upon her ear numbered the minutes that marked the weary hours, and the hours that marked the still more weary day. She watched for the party who had galloped into the sombre pine-forest that sheltered the road leading to Gloucester, and for the arrival of that cousin of whom Murray spoke to Master Skreene.

But if the time dragged heavily with her, it flew with the cornet and his companions. We cannot tell when the twenty miles to Gloucester were thrown behind them, but we know that the whole forty miles of going and coming were accomplished by sunrise the next morning. For the deposition tells us that Roger Skreene had become very impatient at the absence of his passengers,—at least, so he swears to the Council;

and he began to think, just after the sun was up, that, as they had not returned, they must have got into a revel at the tavern, and forgotten themselves; which careless demeanor of theirs made him think of recrossing the river and of going ashore to beat them up; when, lo! all of a sudden, he spied a boat coming round the point within which he lay. And here arises a pleasant little dramatic scene, of some interest to our story.

Mrs. Talbot had been up at the dawn, and watched upon the deck, straining her sight, until she could see no more for tears; and at length, unable to endure her emotion longer, had withdrawn to the cabin. Presently Skreene came hurrying down to tell her that the boat was coming,— and, what surprised him, there were *four* persons in it. "Who is this fourth man?" he asked her, with his habitual simplicity, "and how are we to get him back to the shore again?"—a very natural question for Roger to ask, after all that had passed in his presence! Mrs. Talbot sprang to her feet,—her eyes sparkling, as she exclaimed, with a cheery voice, "Oh, his cousin has come!"—and immediately ran upon the deck to await the approaching party. There were pleasant smiling faces all around, as the four men came over the sloop's side; and although the testimony is silent to the fact, there might have been some little kissing on the occasion. The new-comer was in a rough dress, and had the exterior of a servant; and our skipper says in his testimony, that "Mrs. Talbot spoke to him in the Irish language;" very volubly, I have no doubt, and that much was said that was never translated. When they came to a pause in the conversation, she told Skreene, by way of interpretation, "he need not be uneasy about the stranger's going on shore, nor delay any longer, as this person had made up his mind to go with them to Maryland."

So the boat was made fast, the anchor was weighed, the sails were set, and the little sloop bent to the breeze and kissed the wave, as she rounded the headland and stood up the Bay, with Colonel George Talbot encircling with his arm his

faithful wife, and with the gallant Cornet Murray sitting at his side.

They had now an additional reason for caution against search. So Murray ordered the skipper to shape his course over to the eastern shore, and to keep in between the islands and the main. This is a broad circuit outside of their course; but Roger is promised a reward by Mrs. Talbot, to compensate him for his loss of time; and the skipper is very willing. They had fetched a compass, as the Scripture phrase is, to the shore of Dorset County, and steered inside of Hooper's Island, into the mouth of Hungary River. Here it was part of the scheme to dismiss the faithful Roger from further service. With this view they landed on the island and went to Mr. Hooper's house, where they procured a supply of provisions, and immediately afterwards reëmbarked,—having clean forgotten Roger, until they were once more under full sail up the Bay, and too far advanced to turn back!

The deserted skipper bore his disappointment like a Christian; and being asked, on Hungary River, by a friend who met him there, and who gave his testimony before the Council, "What brought him there?" he replied, "He had been left on the island by Madam Talbot." And to another, "Where Madam Talbot was?" he answered, "She had gone up the Bay to her own house." Then, to a third question, "How he expected his pay?" he said, "He was to have it of Colonel Darnall and Major Sewall; and that Madam Talbot had promised him a hogshead of tobacco extra, for putting ashore at Hooper's Island." The last question was, "What news of Talbot?" and Roger's answer, "He had not been within twenty miles of him; neither did he know any thing about the colonel!!" But, on further discourse, he let fall, that "he knew the colonel never would come to a trial,"—"that *he* knew this; but neither man, woman, nor child should know it, but those who knew it already."

So Colonel George Talbot is out of the hands of the proud Lord Effingham, and up the Bay with his wife and friends; and

is buffeting the wintry head-winds in a long voyage to the Elk River, which, in due time, he reaches in safety.

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLES IN COUNCIL.

LET us now turn back to see what is doing at St. Mary's.

On the 17th of February comes to the Council a letter from Lord Effingham. It has the superscription, "These, with the greatest care and speed." It is dated on the 11th of February from Poropotanck, an Indian point on the York River above Gloucester, and memorable as being in the neighborhood of the spot where, some sixty years before these events, Pocahontas saved the life of that mirror of chivalry, Captain John Smith.

The letter brings information "that last night [the 10th of February] Colonel Talbot escaped out of prison,"—a subsequent letter says, "by the corruption of his guard,"—and it is full of admonition, which has very much the tone of command, urging all strenuous efforts to recapture him, and particularly recommending a proclamation of "hue and cry."

And now, for a month, there is a great parade in Maryland of proclamation, and hue and cry, and orders to sheriffs and county colonels to keep a sharp look-out everywhere for Talbot. But no person in the Province seems to be anxious to catch him, except Mr. Nehemiah Blakiston, the Collector, and a few others, who seem to have been ministering to Lord Effingham's spleen against the Council for not capturing him. His Lordship writes several letters of complaint at the delay and ill success of this pursuit, and some of them in no measured terms of courtesy. "I admire," he says in one of these, "at any slow proceedings in service wherein his Majesty is so concerned, and hope you will take off all occasions of future trouble,

both unto me and you, of this nature, by manifesting yourselves zealous for his Majesty's service." They answer, that all imaginable care for the apprehending of Talbot has been taken by issuing proclamations, etc.,—but all have proved ineffectual, because Talbot upon all occasions flies and takes refuge "in the remotest parts of the woods and deserts of this Province."

At this point we get some traces of Talbot. There is a deposition of Robert Kemble, of Cecil County, and some other papers, that give us a few particulars by which I am enabled to construct my narrative.

Colonel Talbot got to his own house about the middle of February,—nearly at the same time at which the news of his escape reached St. Mary's. He there lay warily watching the coming hue and cry for his apprehension. He collected his friends, armed them, and set them at watch and ward, at all his outposts. He had a disguise provided, in which he occasionally ventured abroad. Kemble met him, on the 19th of February, at George Oldfield's, on Elk River; and although the Colonel was disguised in a flaxen wig, and in other ways, Kemble says he knew him by hearing him cough in the night, in a room adjoining that in which Kemble slept. While this witness was at Oldfield's, "Talbot's shallop," he says, "was busking and turning before Oldfield's landing for several hours." The roads leading towards Talbot's house were all guarded by his friends, and he had a report made to him of every vessel that arrived in the river. By way of more permanent concealment, until the storm should blow over, he had made preparations to build himself a cabin, somewhere in the woods out of the range of the thoroughfares of the district. When driven by a pressing emergency which required more than ordinary care to prevent his apprehension, he betook himself to the cave on the Susquehanna, where, most probably, with a friend or two,—Cornet Murray I hope was one of them,—he lay perdu for a few days at a time, and then ventured back to speak a word of comfort and encouragement to the faithful wife who kept guard at home.

In this disturbed and anxious alternation of concealment and flight Talbot passed the winter, until about the 25th of April, when, probably upon advice of friends, he voluntarily surrendered himself to the Council at St. Mary's, and was committed for trial in the provincial Court. The fact of the surrender was communicated to Lord Effingham by the Council, with a request that he would send the witnesses to Maryland to appear at his trial. Hereupon arose another correspondence with his Lordship, which is worthy of a moment's notice. Lord Effingham has lost nothing of his arrogance. He says, on the 12th of May, 1685, "I am so far from answering your desires, that I do hereby demand Colonel Talbot as my prisoner, in the King of England's name, and that you do forthwith convey him into Virginia. And to this my demand I expect your ready performance and compliance, upon your allegiance to his Majesty."

I am happy to read the answer to this insolent letter, in which it will be seen that the spirit of Maryland was waked up on the occasion to its proper voice.—It is necessary to say, by way of explanation to one point in this answer, that the Governor of Virginia had received the news of the accession and proclamation of James the Second, and had not communicated it to the Council in Maryland. The Council gave an answer at their leisure, having waited till the 1st of June, when they write to his Lordship, protesting against Virginia's exercising any superintendence over Maryland, and peremptorily refusing to deliver Talbot. They tell him "that we are desirous and conclude to await his Majesty's resolution [in regard to the prisoner], which we question not will be agreeable to his Lordship's Charter, and, consequently, contrary to your expectations. In the mean time we cannot but resent in some measure, for we are willing to let you see that we observe the small notice you seem to take of this Government (contrary to that amicable correspondence so often promised, and expected by us), in not holding us worthy to be advised of his Majesty's being proclaimed, without which, certainly, we have not been

enabled to do our duty in that particular. Such advice would have been gratefully received by your Excellency's humble servants." Thanks, Colonels Darnalls and Digges and you other Colonels and Majors, for this plain outspeaking of the old Maryland heart against the arrogance of the "Right Honorable Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham, Captain General and Chief Governor of his Majesty's Colony of Virginia," as he styles himself! I am glad to see this change of tone, since that first letter of obsequious submission.

Perhaps this change of tone may have had some connec- with the recent change on the throne, in which the accession of a Catholic monarch may have given new courage to Maryland, and abated somewhat the confidence of Virginia. If so, it was but a transitory hope, born to a sad disappointment.

The documents afford but little more information.

Lord Baltimore, being in London, appears to have interceded with the King for some favor to Talbot, and writes to the Council on the third of July, "that it formerly was and still is the King's pleasure, that Talbot shall be brought over, in the Quaker Ketch, to England, to receive his trial there; and that, in order thereto, his Majesty had sent his commands to the Governor of Virginia to deliver him to Captain Allen, commander of said ketch, who is to bring him over." The Proprietary therefore directs his Council to send the prisoner to the Governor of Virginia, "to the end that his Majesty's pleasure may be fulfilled."

This letter was received on the 7th of October, 1685, and Talbot was accordingly sent, under the charge of Gilbert Clarke and a proper guard, to Lord Effingham, who gives Clarke a regular business receipt, as if he had brought him a hogshead of tobacco, and appends to it a short apologetic explanation of his previous rudeness, which we may receive as another proof of his distrust of the favor of the new monarch. "I had not been so urgent," he says, "had I not had advices from England, last April, of the measures that were taken there concerning him."

After this my chronicle is silent. We have no further tidings of Talbot. The only hint for a conjecture is the marginal note of "The Landholder's Assistant," got from Chalmers: "He was, I believe," says the note, "tried and convicted, and finally pardoned by James the Second."

This is probable enough. For I suppose him to have been of the same family with that Earl of Tyrconnel equally distinguished for his influence with James the Second as for his infamous life and character, who held at this period unbounded sway at the English court. I hope, for the honor of our hero, that he preserved no family-likeness to that false-hearted, brutal, and violent favorite, who is made immortal in Macaulay's pages as Lying Dick Talbot. Through his intercession his kinsman may have been pardoned, or even never brought to trial.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

THIS is the end of my story. But, like all stories, it requires that some satisfaction should be given to the reader in regard to the dramatic proprieties. We have our several heroes to dispose of. Phelim Murray and Hugh Riley, who had both been arrested by the Council to satisfy public opinion as to their complicity in the plot for the escape, were both honorably discharged,—I suppose being found entirely innocent! Roger Skreene swore himself black and blue, as the phrase is, that he had not the least suspicion of the business in which he was engaged; and so he was acquitted! I am also glad to be able to say that our gallant Cornet Murray, in the winding-up of this business, was promoted by the Council to a captaincy of cavalry, and put in command of Christiana Fort and its neighborhood, to keep that formidable Quaker, William Penn, at a respectful distance. It would gratify me still more, if I

could find warrant to add, that the cornet enjoyed himself, and married the lady of his choice, with whom he has, unknown to us, been violently in love during these adventures, and that they lived happily together for many years. I hope this was so,—although the chronicle does not allow one to affirm it,—it being but a proper conclusion to such a romance as I have plucked out of our history.

And so I have traced the tradition of the Cave to the end. What I have been able to certify furnishes the means of a shrewd estimate of the average amount of truth which popular traditions generally contain. There is always a fact at the bottom, lying under a superstructure of fiction,—truth enough to make the pursuit worth following. Talbot did not live in the Cave, but fled there occasionally for concealment. He had no hawks with him, but bred them in his own mews on the Elk River. The birds seen in after times were some of this stock, and not the solitary pair they were supposed to be. I dare say an expert naturalist would find many specimens of the same breed now in that region. But let us not be too critical on the tradition, which has led us into a quest through which I have been able to supply what I hope will be found to be a pleasant insight into that little world of action and passion,—with its people, its pursuits, and its gossips,—that, more than one hundred and seventy years ago, inhabited the beautiful banks of St. Mary's River, and wove the web of our early Maryland history.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have another link in the chain of Talbot's history, furnished me by a friend in Virginia. It comes since I have completed my narrative, and very accurately confirms the conjecture of Chalmers, quoted in the note of "The Landholder's Assistant." "As for Colonel Talbot, he was conveyed for trial to Virginia, from whence he made his escape, and, after being retaken, and, I *believe*, tried and convicted, was finally pardoned by King James II." This is an extract from the note.

It is now ascertained that Talbot was not taken to England for trial, as Lord Baltimore, in his letter of the 6th of July, 1685, affirmed it was the King's pleasure he should be; but that he was tried and convicted in Virginia on the 22d of April, 1686, and, on the 26th of the same month, reprieved by order of the King; after which we may presume he received a full pardon, and perhaps was taken to England in obedience to the royal command, to await it there. The conviction and reprieve are recorded in a folio of the State Records of Virginia at Richmond, on a mutilated and scarcely legible sheet,—a copy of which I present to my reader with all its obliterations and broken syllables and sad gashes in the text, for his own deciphering. The MS. is in keeping with the whole story, and may be looked upon as its appropriate emblem.

The story has been brought to light by chance, and has been rendered intelligible by close study and interpretation of fragmentary and widely separated facts, capable of being read only by one conversant with the text of human affairs, and who has the patience to grope through the trackless intervals of time, and the skill to supply the lost words and syllables of history by careful collation with those which are spared. How faithfully this accidentally found MS. typifies such a labor, the reader may judge from the literal copy of it I now offer to his perusal.

"By his Excellency

"Whereas his most Sacred Majesty has been Graciously pleased by his Royall Com'ands to Direct and Com'and Me ffrancis Lord Howard of Effingham his Majties Lieut and Govr. Genll. of Virginia that if George Talbott Esqr. upon his Tryall should be found Guilty of Killing Mr. Christopher Rowsby, that execution should be suspended untill his Majesties pleasure should be further signified unto Me; And forasmuch as the sd George Talbott was indicted upon the Statute of stabbing and hath Received a full and Legall Tryall in open Court on ye Twentieth and One and Twentieth dayes of this Instant Aprill, before his Majesties Justices of Oyer

and Terminer, and found Guilty of ye aforesaid fact and condemned for the Same, I, therefore, ffrancis Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham, his Majesties Lieut and Govr. Genll. of Virginia, by Virtue of ajties Royall Com'ands to Me given there doe hereby Suspend tion of the Sentence of death his Majtics Justices Terminer on the till his Majesties erein be nor any fail as yo utmost and for yr soe doing this sh Given under my and Seale the 26th day of Apri

EFFINGHAM

To his Majesties Justices
of Oyer and Terminer.

Recordatur E Ghillon Genl Car

[Endorsed]
Talbott's Repreif
from Ld Howard
1686 for Killing Chr. Rousby
Examined Sept. 24th
26th Aprill 1686
Sentence of
agt Col Ta
Suspended
Aprill 26 1 86"

ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

I.

ANTIQUITY.

ANTIQUITY has its worshippers. It has its altars and priests, its truths and falsehoods. It instructs wisely those who have the faculty to gather instruction. It misleads the weak by pouring into their minds a superstition. Few men are able to separate the true from the false.

Antiquity has a double outlook. One faces its historic vista; the other its moral. Historically, it is our junior. It belongs to the younger time. Instead of "hoary old," as the poets have it, we ought to say "juvenile old," or upon a more remote reference, "infantile old." What so erring and uncertain of step, so childish in its devices, so full of simple wonder as the oldest antiquity! Look at that Tower of Babel, Jacob and Esau, Priam and the wooden horse, Rome with her geese and her crows, and the other thousand juvenilities of that verdant stage of human existence. How little did antiquity know how to drive the car of progress! How laboriously did it entangle itself in the net-work of error! What did it know of human rights, of philanthropy, of charity? What was its skill in geography, astronomy, geology, chemistry, medicine? How did it travel, transmit intelligence, feed, clothe and house itself? What political economy had it, what hospitals, almshouses, asylums and houses of refuge, for the afflicted? Very clumsy were its best contrivances, whether for aids to art or science. On the other hand, what were its crimes, its cruelties, its rapine and ravage, its oppression and merciless masters?

In the historical aspect we have to study the chrc of an age and look to its true place on the map of time nearer an age is to our own, the older it is. Each age ces the index on the calendar of the human race, as ea does on that of the individual: and *primâ faciei*, we s later the age the larger its experience, its knowledge, an fore its civilization. But this is not without a necessary tion in favor of some remote eras; for national life has and ebbs and flows. Nations move onward to such civi as they are capable of, and, attaining this, drop backwar Voluptuousness, luxury and vice breed national pove bring loss of manhood and taint of blood; and, in the of wisdom and valor, the social structure loses its four strength and topples over. A dark age comes; and people have long lain fallow, the soil is refructified, and ashes germinate anew with fresh youth; and the effet uum of a great people grows up once more to a robust Human destiny revolves in national cycles.

In such lights as these we study the historical as the past.

Antiquity, in the aspect of its moral property, is es by another standard. Whatsoever its mind or gen transmitted to us, is the more worthy for the distanc travelled. The fragments of wisdom and the products which glide along from the past to the present, are, all t undergoing an ordeal. Every generation through whi have progressed has added a new certificate to their g ness: has said, "This we send onward to posterity, bec think it worthy to live." Every such relic of the past severer judge in each succeeding age. The critic in e cession is more distant from the author and has less sy with his personal aspirations, and is therefore a sterne Every age strangles what it does not admire and fling the sea of oblivion. What survives is, by the consentir ment of centuries, the elect heroisms of antiquity pr by the good angel of time. The perishable things h

ished. These are yet extant only because they are things "the world would not willingly let die."

It is a question of some import when we inquire—How are we, in this our age, to receive these gifts of the past? Many are apt to answer—"Receive them with profound reverence. Consider their venerable antiquity. Consider the grave judgments of centuries. Consider the universal popular favor they enjoyed in the beginning, and the continued applause they have found to commend them at every stage of their transmission." Some go beyond this, and say—"Their merits are not in debate; their truth is not to be questioned; the judgment, from which there is no appeal, has been passed. It is impious or unfilial, irreverent or arrogant to open a discussion upon their excellence. It is only lawful to admire and adopt." This is the traditional and approved teaching of the schools. It is the common postulate of professional judgment. It is the language of the class, the tribe, the clique all over the world. The university drives it into the very heart of the student with the ponderous pressure of its great pedantic screw-press of authority. The academy hammers it into the brain of the pupil with incessant reduplication of stroke and din of admonition. It is a belief.

For my part I hold rather with those who say "Consider." Still more do I hold with the few who say "try all—hold fast to that which is good." I have a reasonable respect for the fact that a good thing was uttered long ago, but I cannot say that it amounts to reverence. When reverence once supplants opinion or forestalls trial, then comes the holiday of error. How much error already flaunts in the robes of antiquity, notwithstanding that passport of generations to which I have alluded! In truth, what is there to vitiate the honesty of that passport, but this reverence we speak about. An emanation of genius or wisdom emitted in the early and manly youth of mankind, challenges our admiration by the suffrage it has won from the opinion of ages. It claims our suffrage with the same conditions as those in which it appeared to each genera-

of genius, a poem, a statue or a history is all the more worthy and genuine if it answer the requisitions of our ri learned age, after it has passed the judgment of our an Trace the history of the book of Job—the most wonde poems—back into the dimmest region of human tra gather up, as well as human record allows you, the suc plaudits which have followed it from generation to gene and taking nothing upon trust, granting nothing to th reverence for antiquity, try it in the crucible of this age most searching tests of modern scholarship, and mark comes out with the lustre of fine gold and the ring of tl metal: how much more worthy does it appear to us has undergone this trial! How much less would it v esteem of the truth-loving hearts and the strong and l intellects of the scholars of this day, if they were for by a superstitious veneration for old opinions, to subje the ordeal of that free inquiry and judgment which tl minds of the present time are accustomed to claim as cessary condition of all honest discrimination between t and the false! Without such privilege of inquiry we h

It is worth remarking that of all the things projected from an early age, through the space which separates it from the present, mind is ever a surer projectile than matter. The missiles of an age which fly farthest, in the direction of remote posterity, are its thoughts. They have the longest range and follow the truest aim. Material things lose their propulsive force and fall to the ground. Good thoughts generate power of flight as they go, and have as much impulse when they reach each present day as they had in the moment of their first discharge. The Acropolis and the Parthenon range over some long centuries and then become burrowed in the earth. St. Peter's and St. Paul's will fare no better. The Venus and the Apollo will disappear. The now living, flying arts which are illustrated and taught in models and are manipulated in material forms, are destined to be lost in the lapse of time; but the Iliad, the thoughts of Shakspeare and Milton, and many a written word of kindred origin, now hustling through the atmosphere of centuries, will continue their ceaseless flight into an immeasurable future, leaving far behind them the most substantial material monuments which the civilization of this age has erected in the vain fancy of deathless endurance. Those sacred Scriptures that embody the volume of thought in which Christendom is folded up and nourished,—the poetry of the Prophets,—the devotion of David, the Sermon on the Mount, the prayer for daily bread—what geometry can measure the arc of the circle these are appointed to describe through the great welkin which overvaults the aion of man's existence! Thoughts are the spiritualities of humanity and have the spiritual life, and so transcend in space all material life.

Now, regarding thought as the chief and, alternately, the only relic of antiquity destined to reach posterity, it must ever present itself to each latter age for acceptance as a message or an aspiration addressed to the understanding of the age. In whatsoever shape it comes,—as narrative, dogma, sentiment or demonstration, it must needs be weighed, searched, discussed,—in short, must be entertained as *thought*, must abide its welcome

or rejection, as proved by the understanding. There is no other form of entertainment for it. It has no other contact than what mind meets in mind. If it be not so received and treated, it is not received at all,—whatever men may fancy upon this point. As a thought only exists in the full and right apprehension of what it is, he who is conscious of having received it, must necessarily have first studied it and comprehended precisely what it professes to communicate. This is a truism. Yet true as it is, it is so generally denied in the usage of the larger number of men that nothing is more common with them than the conceit of thinking that they fully apprehend that of which they have but the dimmest view, and of believing that they believe what they not only do not understand, but even what they are incapable of intelligently stating as a proposition.

The impediments in the way of truly apprehending the meaning of the memorials of a remote past are very obvious. There is foremost to be encountered, the obstruction to the true transmission. A thought, of course, has its expression in language. The interpretation of language is put at hazard, first, in the translation of the words and phrases, when the language of the writer is foreign to the tongue of the reader. No one language has its exact types in the words of another, and consequently no one language is capable of exact translation into another. The second hazard is in the translation of ancient ideas into equivalent modern ideas, even when the difficulty of different tongues is overcome. And again, a third hazard is in apprehending the peculiar modes of thought and expression that are personal to the writer, as men often attach an import to the language they use different from that ordinarily understood by others, giving it more or less breadth, or employing it in some provincial or local sense. These all suggest points for examination, and give rise to many contrarieties of interpretation. How many commentators have we already had, in two hundred and fifty years, upon the import of the language of the greatest of English poets, whose vocabulary at this day is accustomed to be described as from

"the pure well of English undefiled." If we are at a loss to translate the exact thought of Shakspeare, he speaking our own tongue and so near upon the circle of our own time, how much more may we distrust our best efforts to translate the Chaldeisms of Job, or the Hebraisms of Moses?

The choice things of antiquity, therefore, challenges even nicer investigation than things of modern date. A man who sincerely loves truth dishonors his conscience, when, from any motive of exaggerated respect, he consents to abide in ignorance of what he has the power to know, in regard to any asserted truth. A profession of belief, in any department of thought, founded on trust in other men's judgments, without that assent of one's own mind which involuntarily follows our actual perceptions, is, at best, an abrogation of our reason and is the parent of the most inveterate of our errors. How can an honest mind respect, much less reverence, what it does not receive to be true? How can it perceive what it does not understand? If, yielding to a prevalent habit or an arbitrary dictation we fall into such a worship of antiquity as to repeat its phrases and adopt its reputed wisdom and suffer ourselves to be passively guided by its precepts without inquiry, discrimination, and the approval of a careful study, we are guilty of dissimulation, and incur the peril of surrendering a true faith for a superstition.

II.

CUSTOM.

SOCIETY performs its ordinary functionsthrough the channel of custom. Men imbibe their principles, establish their laws, transact their business, adjust their intercourse, regulate their ethics, manners, dress and social usages in conformity with the demand of custom. They mould their opinions, and, in no small degree, their creeds, political and religious, in obedience

to the influences of education, which is, for the most part, the teaching of custom. How few men are bold enough to impeach a prevalent traditional opinion with a question touching its truth! How many receive it with undoubting submission only because society has adopted it? what illusions are sanctified and perpetuated through the mere force of this sentiment? what griefs are inflicted upon the human race by their customs! what potency have they had in determining the condition of millions, and in dulling the sense of justice and charity to the enthralment of classes, orders, tribes, and even nations of the human family!

We are wont to profess a certain admiration for what we call the "Olden Time." Some go to the extent of declaring an affection for it. It is quite common with orators and poets to call it, by way of endearment, "the *good* old time." Antiquarians are in love with it. They delight to represent it in rich, mellow tints, with its humanities standing out in bold relief. It is altogether unlike antiquity in popular conception. Indeed but few men, even the most familiar with such studies, can invest classical antiquity with the attributes of a living age. It is difficult so to resuscitate it in our imaginations as to fancy it with a heart beating in its bosom and flinging the genial heat of humanity into its pulse. It has not that hue of flesh and blood that quickens our sympathies. In my boyhood I had a surfeit of Greece and Rome. It bred a premature dyspepsia in those organs which are furnished by providence for our digestion of the Ancients, and so gave rise to certain morbid fancies of the brain regarding these worthies. To this day, Greece and Rome are apt to assume a scenic arrangement in my imagination, as great galleries of statues. My chronology as to persons gets confused and even topsy-turvy. I have a vision of Epaminondas and Aristides and Phocion, Lycurges, Socrates, Plato, with distressing multiplicity of other names, all standing against the wall on pedestals, pure white marble men, with marble drapery, flowing or succinct, and some Jupiters and Ledas among them without drapery—or none to speak of.

And in another gallery, somewhat distinguished from the first by its architecture, another great serial exhibition of fellow-figures on pedestals in like statuesque array; in very dramatic attitudes, clad in marble robes of ponderous volume. These personages are variously designated by long and familiar names, —such as Marcus Tullius Cicero, Lucius Junius Brutus, Virgilius Maro, and innumerable Titi, Caii and Sempronii, Fabii, Gracchi and Flacci,—Cæsars of all sorts, Antonies, Pompeys and Cincinnati, making a crowd of very demure individuals, and differing from the Greek—(so my fancy invariably makes it,—a fact which I trace psychologically to the more natural, homely and familiar character of the Latin alphabet, in comparison with the Greek, and the influence of this simple fact upon my mind)—by the addition of some coloring in complexion and costume;—painted statues, instead of the cold white marble of the Greeks, and so, warmer than they.

I doubt not many of my readers have had the same conceptions in this matter with myself. Classical antiquity is mythological to the herd of well read persons, who, for the most part, see it in perspective as a hazy picture of temples, arches and colonnades,—after the manner of Martin, with friezes, plinths and entablatures thickly embossed with bas-reliefs, and a fixed population of stony heroes and sages in perdurable postures, standing all exposed in the open air.

Now it is hardly possible to bring such a stately community as this out of its marble, and to get it to walk upon the same ground as ourselves; to conceive of it as having actually and fully our common nature. Let us try the experiment.—Here is a gentleman in a Toga: it has a patch on the shoulder neatly stitched in by his wife:—his name is Sartor. (Mr. Taylor.)—Lucius Annius Sartor. He is a harberdasher, in partnership with Caius Ventidius Taurus (one Mister Bull: the firm of Taylor and Bull). He is making the round of the market among the butchers and vegetable huxters on a summer morning, filling his basket with a rib of beef, some leeks, lettuce and figs: and finding that Bibulas Vorax, a wet friend of his,

expects him at the Vulcan, a drinking house near Cæsar's gardens on the other side of the Tiber, to try a wine just brought to Rome, he hires a boy by the nick-name of Strabus (squint eye) for a denarius to carry the basket to the shop, No. 7 Apollo buildings, Capitol Hill, and to tell Virginia Sartor (Mrs. Taylor) that business has compelled him to leave town until the next day.—Who can comprehend such a concatenation, as a predicate, of the classical Rome of our school days?

Antiquity is two far off for this. It may give us philosophies and fine thoughts, but it gives us no customs, no item of of manners, none of its habits. The "Olden time" of which I have spoken, is of a quite different relationship to us. We have no difficulty to fill it with figures, household or public, comic or grave, wise or absurd. In fact, it is a vivid tableau of all these. The difference between antiquity and the old time, is that between ancients and ancestors. We never confound one with the other. Our customs all come from our ancestors. They are the traditional usages of our particular race or tribe. We get them in due heritable descent, and we are wont to defer to them with a certain reverence, as things belonging to our consanguinity. The customs of mankind comprehend habits, manners and opinions, and are distinctive and characteristic of nations, provinces, and sometimes even of families.

This olden time—the time of our ancestors—has a wonderfully promiscuous and jumbled collection of moral influences which press upon us in various lines of direction. It has furnished an immense body of miscelianeous lumber that has not yet arrived at its perishing point, and so survives as material incorporated into our structure—old bricks which are not yet torn down, though every day we are busy in the process of pulling them out and replacing them with what we like better. In these relics of ancestral creations, we have the wisdom of the past as well as its follies; its severe studies and its solemn triflings, its genius and its dulness; its clumsy invention and its fortunate discoveries; its arts, caprices, fancies; its mellow

and thoughtful philosophy, its noble piety; its bigotry intolerance and cruelty; its imperfect and groping scholarship; its immortal as well as its mortal poetry, its empirical science; its superstition, witchcraft, dreams, omens and signs; its pageantry, symbolism and ostentation;—in short, its whole multitudinous and many-sided life. These are transmitted to us so fresh in coloring, so perfect in record, so authentic in tradition that we are scarcely aware of the source from whence they come, but accounting them as part of our ordinary joint-stock of household provisions, seldom think of bringing them to the test of an analysis or to a question of what they are worth. These are the exuvia of a past world which have been floated and wafted into the present, coming here, as we came ourselves, and so pervading all the avenues of our social life that we absorb them unconsciously and consequently without choice. Thus custom takes a hold upon our conduct and leads us unresistingly along the path worn by the footsteps of our forefathers. It sits among the Lares of the household, the guiding genius of our business and pleasure. It has a formula for every occasion, a precept for each dilemma of fortune. It spares us the labor of thought by giving us ready made opinions. It has a cheap recipe for preserving our reputation and supplying our moral needs. It is the very guardian genius of respectability, having the standard of weights and measures by which all ordinary respectabilities of conduct and opinion are adjusted at their market value, and by which we may determine the rise and fall of the virtues of our acquaintances, their morality, charity, orthodoxy, piety and so forth. It has an armory of pithy sayings and proverbs which it lets off, like rockets, to show us our way in the dark. There is nothing so high that custom does not ascend to it; nothing so low as to incur its neglect. While it rises towards heaven to settle creeds and articles of faith, it descends into the crowd of Vanity Fair to adjust a petticoat, to trim a whisker and to prescribe the size of a button.

The declaimers have slandered it by calling it a tyrant.

is rather a familiar sprite, a Robin Goodfellow, who is [illegible] at hand to help poor human nature through the manual [illegible] "My son," says the prudent Mr. Primrose, "be care[illegible] follow the guidance of custom. Observe the best peopl[illegible] what you see them do, think as they think. Shock no [illegible] prejudices by innovation. *Look* the character you have t[illegible] in life; be particular to use a fork, and to kneel in ch[illegible] never ask twice for soup, but always demand satisfacti[illegible] [illegible] honor; and don't fail to eat pancakes on Shrove [illegible]." Let young Primrose take this advice, and Robin [illegible] fellow will soon make him "one of the first young men [illegible] country."

Thus custom is a sign-post that points out our w[illegible] rather a travellers' guide-book, which not only shows hi[illegible] road but the accommodation upon it,—what conveyance to [illegible] what hotels to stop at, and, in short, is quite a useful a[illegible] dispensable friend. So far as it is honest, I stand by a[illegible] [illegible]. It has a lawful rule over the ritual of social interc[illegible] whereunto it devises our forms and ceremonies, assumes to [illegible] our dress, gait, manners, prescribes our amusement[illegible] and adjusts our thousand points of habit and modes of g[illegible] through the smaller exigencies of our duties and pleasure [illegible] without troubling my head by questi[illegible] [illegible] As a begeman I obey. But wh[illegible] [illegible] me out of my integrity, to [illegible] [illegible] my conscience—I must b[illegible]

III.

WORKS.

THE first and most honorable of man's vocations in this world is work—to employ himself truly in making better his condition. I need not say it is his necessity. That conviction is universal. Every one understands the *need* there is for work. But every one has probably not reflected how much there is in it that may be said to be of higher interest to us than that first apparent necessity to work.

A view of the panorama of the world presents to us a vast subject for reflection on this topic. Examine it for a moment, and observe the grand, prominent figures in that picture. This globe is peopled with some ten hundred millions or more of human beings. Compute their habitations, their flocks and herds, their cultivated fields, their cities, towns and castles, look at the enginery they have invented and brought into active use within every circle of employment,—the great machinery for natural work—and that which distinctively belongs to the workship of every trade and mechanical process, and thence in a descending grade, even to the most simple household furniture. Contemplate this useful variety of tools and implements for work from the most minute and delicate, whose processes, too swift or subtle for the eye to follow, labor in a microscopic field, to those ponderous engines which ply their allotted task with a power greater than that assigned by fable to the Old Titans.

Then, again, look at the quarries, mines and caverns which have rent the mountains, and furrowed the valleys and torn up the eternal foundations of the granite rock, in the endeavor of man to bring forth to the light the rich ores which he has coveted for the weapons of his warfare with necessity. See the great Cyclopian furnaces that everywhere in their appropriate places throughout the realm of civilization, throw up their col-

umns of dun smoke and lurid fire, fusing, smelting, refining hammering, welding, and moulding the tough metals of the earth into new tools and implements. Number the ships upon the ocean, the boats upon a thousand rivers, the roads and canals spread like a net-work over all the places of man's resort. Count the vehicles of transportation by which these roads and canals are occupied—some flying with the speed of the Eagle, others lumbering along with creaking axle or laboring prow under the burdens of human industry. The imagination is oppressed with the conception of this scene. The eye is fatigued with the endeavor to explore it. The powers of computation are exhausted in its variety, and arithmetic almost fails in its faculty to bring it within comprehensible numbers.

Now turn to look upon the product and result of all this machinery and contrivance. You may see luxury, such as the Sybarite never dreamed of; comfort cheapened to a scale which gives to the peasant conveniences which princes of old could not purchase. You may see knowledge diffused over many lands as freely as Providence has diffused the running stream, bringing the wholesome waters of instruction to every homestead. You may see a still richer boon in Christianity advancing over a large section of the globe bearing its glad tidings through all the countless avenues which lead to man's dwelling-place and his heart and depositing its promises at every threshold.

These are the outlines of the picture of the world, as it is at this day.

How has it become such?

Not by idleness, surely, nor by indolence, no, nor by that reluctant labor which works no more than may be thought pleasant by the workman;—but by patient and sturdy endeavor of each man who has intelligently weighed the purpose of his being and rightly understood his duty upon this earth, and who has in that conviction addressed himself to his task with such capacity as God has given him. Through all the gener-

ations before this of ours, men of true mould and purpose have toiled towards this grand result.

Happy would it have been if all had so toiled. There are many deep disorders planted in the structure of human society, which sadly aggravate the severity of the labor of the true workman of the world. In every generation of men there are many who not only do not work, but who even obstruct and hinder those who do. There are many whose scheme of life is to live in idleness, upon the fruits of other's labor—who have skill to circumvent, by false teachings, by fraudulent pretences and by cunning devices, the sincere and earnest man who has honestly taken upon his shoulders the burden of his duty. There are some who live by open plunder and rapine and some by plunder more covert though not less wicked, wrought through agencies wearing the specious forms of law. Society presents more or less of these disorders in every land, and, to the same extent, presents an antagonist force to that beneficent system of labor which is concerned in the advancement of the happiness of mankind. With these disorders of society I have, at present, no concern. My purpose is to address myself to the question of the true value of labor to the welfare of humanity, and to consider it as connected with the duty of every faithful and honest member of the commumity.

Carlyle, one of the most profound and original thinkers of this age, has said, in his own strong and peculiar way, "The latest gospel in this world is—know thy work and do it; know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules. It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in work;'—a man perfects himself only by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed fields rise instead and stately cities; and withal, the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and a foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant that he sets himself to work! Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—all

these, like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task and all these are stilled;—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor in him—is it not a purifying fire wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself, there is made bright, blessed flame."

He again says, after some old monk,—"*Laborare est orare*—work is worship."

It is a pleasant conviction which we derive from the views of labor, that man's interest and comfort coincide so happily with his duty in the performance of his work; that while it promotes both the individual and social welfare in which he is concerned, it at the same time contributes to his own immediate content, in tranquillizing his passions, subduing the asperity of his life and bringing him into harmony with his circumstances.

When it was said, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," that decree rather expressed the change of man's condition consequent upon the Fall, than what some have construed it to be—a judgment in the way of punishment. Truly apprehended it may be regarded rather as the enunciation of the principle of health and happiness left to man in the future destiny he was to encounter. It is in strict conformity with the universal health of nature. Not more certainly does the living fountain which sparkles with the purest element of nature, become a poison when turned into a stagnant pool, than does man lose the health of body and soul when he ceases to do his work.

"O, mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy sad estate;
That, like an emmet thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And certes, there is for it reason great,
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale
Loose life, unruly passions and diseases pale."

In this world there is no thriving place for idleness. The unoccupied and the purposeless man, however seemingly favored by fortune, has no foothold among the men of his generation. He is brought into no combination of usefulness, he gathers no consideration, he finds no sympathy: he is a feather upon the wind, a bubble upon the wave—utterly inane. No man is excused from labor however opulent he may be in material wealth. If he have no unsatisfied wants of his own, society has wants manifold, both of mind and body—want of guidance, invention, skill, assistance—to the renewal of which every man, in his degree, may contribute somewhat to render his fellow man wiser and better. The noblest spirits of this earth, those who have toiled in greatest pain and amid most formidable perils for the achievement of the highest results towards human happiness, have ever been men who had smallest care for themselves; men who have set a great, unselfish purpose before them, and bestowed upon its accomplishment that labor which shrunk not before the weariness of incessant application, nor before pain, nor danger, nor even death.

Let us not, therefore, suppose that any condition of affluence exempts us from that common lot which has been apportioned to all men faithful to their duty here,—to work.

Man has infinite capacity; genius to invent, impulse and motive to excite him, hand to execute all and every thing that may spread prosperity and power around him. His mind is an alembic, ever distilling good thoughts, and converting fancies and desires into forms for use and action. To that seething of the mind idleness is death.

Work, then, being man's allotted and inevitable portion, the means of his civilization and advancement, the only source and parent of his moral and physical refinement, we may not only account it his chief praise and honor, but we may look to it as the standard or gauge by which we shall measure every man's individual merit. By his work shall we judge him, and compute his claim to our esteem and trust. When, therefore,

we are called upon to decide what honor shall belong to this man or that, let us know first what has been his work and how he has acquitted himself of it.

Now, what is this *work* by which we are to judge the men of our own generation, or any generation that has gone before us? That is a question very full of meaning, and presents to us a great theme for consideration.

The human family exhibits many varieties of condition and of faculty. The notion of invariable social equality, either in position or endowment, is the shadiest of dreams. While all men resemble each other in the distinctive outlines of race, no one man precisely resembles another in the share which he possesses in the general attributes of his race. What we may call the action of life is derived wholly from the individual differences in the organizations of men. the whole machinery of human affairs is set in motion and sustained by the desires, aspirations, fears, hopes and what in general is understood by the passions of men. The faculties responsive to these passions are as various. Human intercourse, therefore, is a system of supply and demand, full of collision, full of competition, of concurrence, and dissent, of sympathy and repulse. There is command and obedience, authority and reverence, weakness and strength, confidence and trust, power and dependance, skill and incompetency, wisdom and folly, knowledge and ignorance, craft and simplicity—everywhere throughout the whole scheme, one portion possessing that wherein another is deficient; one ruling for the time, the other ruled; the higher sinking to the bottom, the lower rising to the top; places changed and always changing, weakness becoming strength, and strength weakness; and through all this motion or fermentation incessant disparity forever engendered.

Many distinctions between individuals or classes of persons are constitutional and necessarily permanent—many accidental and temporary. Nature has given to one man a quick, apprehensive and subtle genius, ambition, energy, power of application, and skill to discern the secrets of creation: to another

she has given smaller gifts,—bodily strength, capability for the endurance of fatigue, patience, perseverance, and some moderate share of insight and talent to see and to do : to a third, she has given still less, strong sinew, and a cheerful patience of labor—adaptation only to rough, unintellectual work :—nothing more diverse than the allotment of mental or physical power, the modifications of character, temper, passion and faculty.

Then again the accidents of human condition are not less diverse. Men are born in prosperity and in adversity ; some to the enjoyment of power, fortune, friends and all the helps which may ensure them the achievement of renown and authority among their fellow-men, or, at least, ease and comfort : many are born to friendless destitution and all the hardships of a life that finds no aid in any gift of fortune. Still, let us never forget that the humblest man comes into this world clothed with divine faculties, a sentient being with power to discern right and wrong, and will to choose. He has a heart within him and a God above him, a duty before him and a hand to perform it. Happily, the great mass of men are self-dependant in what relates to their duty. I mean it is with themselves to see it and discharge it. Friends and fortune and endowment only enlarge the sphere of our obligations and responsibilities, increasing our single talent to ten talents, and with it increasing the peril of the gift. He who has but one talent accounts for that one. He who has ten has a larger stewardship and larger accountability. But this variety of allotment is not our choice. In the battle of life each man's place has been assigned him by his commander. It has been said to him—"Stand there and defend your post against the enemy. Fight with the weapons put into your hands—fight manfully, and whether you conquer or die your duty is done, and you shall have the reward of it." Do not complain that you are but a private soldier in the ranks, while another man is captain of tens, and another of hundreds and another of thousands. It is but the plan of the divine array—a plan conceived in infinite wisdom, and according to which every part conduces in its

proper degree, to the great result for which the whole scheme was constructed.

The sum of all this is, that the man scantily endowed with faculty, who is beset by the hardships of life, whom poverty has deprived of means of culture and success, to whom friends are wanting, and whose little stock affords but small resource for pressing wants—that man is entitled to no less honor for the faithful discharge of his appropriate duties than he who, with more abundant aids upon a larger field, acquits himself of what he owes.

I speak of the *honor* due to such a man. It is time that the world should be brought to a proper appreciation of this question. We have heard it said, sometimes, that a man is degraded by his employment: that one vocation is more honorable than another: that one kind of labor, indeed, is base and mean, and another more worthy, and another worthier still. We have heard even worse than this: some foolish persons say that all labor is base, and that the true honor of life consists in living without labor,—or above it, as they say.

Now, of all the wretched cant which vanity, falsehood and pride have poured into the ears of mankind, this which regards the greater or less worthiness of labor, and the higher or lower degree of honor among the callings of men, is the most wretched and hateful. It is founded on an unfeeling and even insolent perversion of the most natural charities of the human heart. Recognizing as all men do, the universal necessity of working for their livelihood, and seeing, in the distribution of employment, how essential is each man's share of it to the general advancement of the happiness of society, the first impulse of,—I will not say a generous, but, a just mind would be to applaud the workman in whatever department of toil, to cheer him on to his task and to teach him that in the performance of that he is earning a title to the esteem of the wise and the good. But instead of this, as if men took delight in scattering thorns upon the pathway of toil, and adding to its inevitable burden the additional weight of shame and degrada-

tion, they have attempted to make a scale not of the honor, but, I might almost say of the disgrace of the different callings of men. Let us thank that benignant Providence which has originated a new social system in this happy land of ours, and which has conducted us to the station we now hold at the head of great and prosperous nations, that these distinctions have found but little favor or entertainment here; that our country, at least, presents the noble spectacle of a community of working men who have grown powerful, refined, happy beyond all example of states ancient or modern, on the basis of a political organization of which the fundamental element is perfect freedom from every impediment to the rise, expansion and success of labor. If that sentiment which derogates from the respect due to the working man, ever found place in the heart of any portion of our community,—as perhaps it did in an earlier era, —it had but a sickly and doubtful existence, and has been long discarded as incompatible with the vital principle upon which we are associated.

It may with some justice, indeed, be said that this nineteenth century is in a notable degree distinguished by an advance towards a reform of these opinions throughout Christendom. In the oldest monarchies of Europe labor is progressively asserting its rights with signal success, and the prejudices of castes and class are rapidly giving way before the intelligent teachings and brilliant triumphs of the workmen.

The truth is, these follies of opinion are the mere remnants and excrescences of a barbarous age. They may be traced to the military organization of the feudal system which being adapted to a perpetual state of war, the strong hand of the soldier was encouraged in its spoliations of the laboring masses, by the plea that honor dwelt only in the breast of the warrior, and that the people were but drudges to supply his wants;—or in the language of chivalry, as we often read it in the old books, the people were but "base and mechanical," and therefore out of the pale almost of Christian charity.

It is pleasant to read how the sturdy spirit of the working

men of Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, broke in upon this pretension of chivalry, and vindicated the honor of their order against all the combinations of the aristocracy. You may recollect how beautifully the spirit of this revolt is illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in the Fair maid of Perth, and in Quentin Durward. Both of these tales contain the most graphic pictures of the times, and derive their chief interest from the attractive light in which they place the burghers of the Scotch and Flemish cities of that day.

With the downfall of chivalry mechanical art and the vocations of labor generally began to rise to a higher platform, and they have been in constant upward progression ever since.

It is quite worthy of remark that in the history of man the two antagonist principles which seem respectively to have produced the greatest amount of good and evil are, on one side, that which honored work and on the other that which dishonored it. I might express my idea better, perhaps, by saying these antagonist powers are the love of peace and its attendant arts, and the love of war, with its institutions. Peace works—war unworks. The first makes nations prosperous, the latter miserable. In proportion as nations have honored and protected labor have they grown mighty and invincible. In proportion as they have despised labor have they grown warlike and wretched. This, with some occasional exceptions, is the current teaching of history. Europe, indeed all the world, in its earlier eras, was a scene of perpetual strife in arms. Inevitably, while war was the universal passion, agriculture and the mechanic arts found but little space for encouragement. We may conceive them to have been forlorn enough. We know they were committed chiefly to serfs and bondsmen, men deeply branded with social disgrace. This unhappy class, oppressed with taxes, savagely spoiled at will of the profits of their own labor, experienced nothing but contumely from that rough soldier power which lorded with intolerable sway over every thing weaker than itself. Society had the saddest aspect for every man who had capacity to make himself useful to his gen-

eration. These boasted days of chivalry, coarse and repulsive even in their best lights, were but days of unmitigated ruffianism towards the useful working classes of the world. By degrees men congregated in cities. Cities are always laboring communities. They have ever been the cradle and nurse of the mechanic arts. In the same degree—let it be remembered to the glory of those arts—they have been the cradle of freedom. In the darkest night of Christendom we have one example after another of the cities working out their freedom, and wresting by their own sturdy valor, from their presumptuous and arrogant lords, the charters which exist down to the present day. Secure in this their history develops a regular progress in the perception of civil liberty, and along with that the attainment of the highest prosperity. We find that even as early as the eleventh century the free towns of England, France, Spain and Italy were beginning to be distinguished for their popular forms of government. The people elected their own magistrates, appointed their judges, guarded life, liberty and property by wholesome and efficient laws, garrisoned their own castles and forts and maintained a position which rendered them formidable not only to the feudatory chiefs, but even to the crown itself. This power of the people had grown into such respect, through the protection of the free towns, that even in Spain, somewhat disinguished as that nation has always been for the proud and exclusive temper of its nobles, they obtained about the end of the fourteenth century, a concession from John the First of Castile, that four of the Commons should be associated in the king's privy council; while six were also brought into the regency to which the government was confided, during the minority of the heir to the throne. When we regard these facts, as dawning upon our view out of the night of the middle ages, they are very significant of the advance which the mechanical classes had made at that period in free and popular government.

We may read in the subsequent decline of these very communities, the baleful influence of war, over-matching this be-

neficent power and consigning to oblivion all that peace had so happily built up. Therefore it is I say peace works, war unworks. I mean that in the due order of nature peace is progressive to good, and when peace is arrested, war becomes at any time and in its best aspect, however necessary it may be a great calamity to a nation, chiefly because it not only arrests the progress of useful work but also that it undoes what peace has achieved. It wastes the treasure of the land, turning it off from its beneficent use to an unprofitable one; the millions which are employed to destroy the enemy, his towns and habitations, and to turn his seed fields into wilderness, would, but for the war, be employed at home in building towns and habitations and turning wilderness into seed fields. Worse than this, it wastes the people of our land as well as of the enemy. It wastes them with a double ruin, first by death from battle and disease, and second by idleness and demoralization even worse than death. No political economist can state the amount of mischief done by war through its mere negative effect in arresting the progress of peace. The losses of men by the casualties of a campaign make the smallest item in this account.—A nation of many millions may lose whole armies of men, and soon recover from that loss. But no nation readily recovers from the check which its industry receives from the evil habits formed by war. Man has an instinct which teaches him to delight in the triumphs of his bodily prowess. When that instinct is indulged by the frequent occasions which war throws in his way, it begets in many a dislike to the quiet and industrious pursuits of peaceful life. The imagination is inflamed with false notions of honor and glory and disdains the modest achievements of patient labor. The youth of the country become infected with the love of soldiership, and years and years roll by before the nation falls back contentedly into the paths of useful work. I say nothing of the domineering temper which the habits of the camp may engender in men of high authority, nor of the artful use which demagogues may make of an exaggerated military renown to advance personal and

selfish interests in the state—by no means the least of the evils of war.

And yet war, I do not deny, has its uses. If it give a false value to the pretensions of inferior men, so also does it, on the other hand, call out and illustrate the virtues of men of real merit. It furnishes examples of fervent patriotism, of valor, of wisdom, of disinterestedness and self-denial, of skill and intelligence, which reflect a real honor upon the country and win for it respect and admiration from the world. Even the sufferings of war are often a wholesome chastisement inflicted by the hand of God upon a people to make them more obedient to his will, more virtuous and, in the end, more happy. But whatever be its issue we may truly account war to be a scourge both to victor and vanquished.

We have heard much of the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Some have called it the master race, which is to subdue all mankind to its dominion. Some have called it the free race, which is to extend the area of freedom from pole to pole. Some have called it the land-loving race, which is finally to possess all the fertile parts of the earth. These are magnificent titles.

It is not my purpose to take up your time with an inquiry into the truth of these assumptions. I fear we should not be able to make out a very respectable claim to either of the prerogatives asserted. Our race might find some difficulty, in the first place, in establishing its title to the name of Anglo-Saxon. The original stock in England which came over from the neighborhood of the Elbe, in the fifth century, led by the pirates Hengist and Husa, possessed no such high quality as to give much honor to the descent; and the stream from them has been so much diluted in the fifteen hundred years which have succeeded, that we may scarce be able to compute how much of the original element remains in our blood. This inquiry is not worth pursuing. Our race has a higher glory. It is a free republican race of working men, and by that title bids fair to extend its happy influences over a broad surface of

the globe, and through a long descent of posterity. It is because we work that we grow strong, and prosperous. It is because we work, that in war we are able to conquer nations who do not work, and in peace inspire that respect from the world which is destined to give us more influence and dominion among mankind than any conqueror ever won by the sword. It is our great and manifest destiny to teach the nations of the earth both by precept and example, that the true source of national grandeur and happiness, and the true secret by which nations are made and kept free, enlightened and wise, is to be found in rendering honor to him who knows his work and does it.

The sum of all this is, that the man scantily endowed with faculty, who is beset by the hardships of life, whom poverty has deprived of means of culture and success, to whom friends are wanting, and whose little stock affords but small resource for pressing wants—that man is entitled to no less honor for the faithful discharge of his humble duties, than he who, with more abundant aids upon a larger field, honestly acquits himself of what he owes—

> "Honor and shame from no *condition* rise.
> Act well your part—there *all* the honor lies."

Now I remark, touching this matter of man's duties, the performance of which is his work—that they are, first, such as are common to all men whatsoever may be their condition.

His duty to his Creator is the first of these—thankfulness, humility, obedience to the divine law as God himself has taught it to man. This is a common and equal obligation among all men.

Our next duty is to our country.—This too is common to all men inhabiting within the confines of the same nation.

Speaking of this duty to one's country, it may be noted that it has a particular significance here in this Republic of ours—a higher duty, I may call it, in a citizen of the United States, than in the men of any other country.

In general, every man in every country owes obedience to

the laws, and is bound to contribute his services to the protection and defence of his country.

May we not infer from man's duty in a republic, being higher, more intellectual and requiring more thought, that that form of government is more appropriately the natural, just and *premeditated* result of man's nature in its highest state of civilization? In other words, that republican government is of divine origin, enjoined on man in his most mature and improved state. Republican government is the *highest development* of human society.

The peculiar form of this government has cast upon its citizens a much larger responsibility. Here the people being the primal governing power, the theory of our republican system supposes that every man shall be instructed in public affairs, and that he shall bring to the performance of the duty which is assigned him, not only a desire to do that duty conscientiously, but also such previous study and knowledge of what he is to do as shall enable him to do it, usefully to the country at large. Now this proposition implies in its terms the duty of education, for it is altogether impossible that any man can have an adequate idea of the many questions belonging to the administration of public affairs who does not read and make himself acquainted with the topics that are submitted to his judgment, and in regard to which, in the exercise of his constitutional duty, he is every year called upon to express his opinion. To suppose that so grave and important a duty as this, by which the general counsels of the nation are to be influenced, may be conscientiously performed by a man who has not given himself the trouble to reflect upon and understand what he is to decide, is to suppose that the well-being of this whole American community was intended, by the fathers of our polity, to be placed at the hazard of mere chance, or what is worse, rendered subservient to the selfish objects of crafty men who may infuse into the minds of ignorant citizens just such opinions and resolves as shall suit their own designs.—It is obvious that result is no legitimate product of

our system of government, and therefore it is, I say, that the duty of education is first and highest among the obligations of a citizen of the United States; and it is also equally clear that this education must be directed to the object of training up the citizen to the knowledge of the structure and policy of the Government. In this consists the great fundamental difference between a free government and an absolute despotism. Our people are bound to study the public affairs, to watch those in authority, and to express their opinions freely upon all public matters. I have seen a short formula of instruction for the people of Austria which has been issued there by the government in the shape of a catechism, in which every man was expected to learn his duty as a subject. One question and answer which, I remember, will give you a key to the whole duty of an Austrian subject as it is taught by the highest authority there:

"What must citizens and country people do, not to be suspected?

Answer.—They must keep quietly at home, mind their own business, work and pray."

If they do otherwise they are to be "*suspected*,"—and to be "suspected" there, is one of the highest of crimes.

Passing now from our duty to our country, we come to the third, which is the duty we owe ourselves, our families, and our neighbors. This is personal to each, not common to all. Herein we come into the field of work.

Nature has given to man a strong social instinct. This principle teaches him not only the duty of self-preservation, but that higher thrift which impels him to provide for his family; and it is one of the most beautiful and benignant of the ordinances of Providence, that, in giving full scope to this thrift, we not only serve those in whose behalf it is primarily exercised, but we promote also the greatest interests of our country and our race.

He who plants a seed in the earth by which a wholesome fruit is grown, may plant for himself, but in doing so he teaches

a benificent mystery to his generation, and produces a treasure for mankind. He who works at any craft instructs others in his art, and perpetuates and multiplies the resources of comfort and happiness for his posterity. No good work dies in the doing of it, but yields an hundred and a thousand fold in blessings far beyond the ken of the workman.

Let us note this fact. There was a time when art was young, and man an unfurnished and almost houseless being. Tubal-cain, or in the mythos of an ancient day, as some called him, Vulcan, had a gift whereby from the rude rock and earth he could extract precious iron—always a thousand times more precious than gold—and could fashion from it hard and sharp tools. Doubtless when he first shaped his most rough and imperfect axe he saw that he had done a good thing for himself, but little could he dream how rich a blessing he had given to mankind; how with this implement man would become the monarch of the wilderness, with power to convert the shaggy forest into smiling field and flowery meadow; how thereupon rich harvests would fling their golden glories to the breeze and load the garner of a happy people with God's richest gifts. Little did he dream that beyond the aid it gave him to build a better hut above his head and fence off the fury of the storm, in due order of improvement it should stud the whole earth with comfortable habitations, villages, towns, cities, palaces and temples. As it was in the beginning so is it now. No good work perishes. The divine faculty of man, ever creative, first works for himself and through himself for his whole race.

Now this working for one's self, which, as I have said, ends not with self, but only begins there, is that chief duty to which, in my enumeration of moral obligations, we have arrived.

What are the motives to impel us to this duty?

First, our wants in reference to the livelihood and comfort of our families and ourselves.

Secondly, our hopes and desires to do something profitable and useful to our neighbors and friends, or, rising above

this limit, to contribute to the welfare and happiness of our kind.

In the pursuit of these objects the world lays open to us a wide field of choice.

Here, in humblest sphere, is that work-field of simple labor uncomplicated with any demand of skill. Sturdy muscle and patient endurance are all that it asks.

Then comes that higher and more significant precinct where force and skill are necessary to the task; where more or less intellect are required to guide the strong arm to its result. In this department we class all agricultural and mechanic arts, beginning with the simplest, nor stopping until we have run through those which embrace the highest combinations of mind and matter, which tax the strongest powers of intellect and explore the most hidden depths of physical philosophy.

Connected with these we have all the departments of trade and traffic by which the products of mechanical skill and labor are circulated throughout the world.

Then leaving the limits of matter, we have another field of work in those which employ mind alone without the aid of force. Where intellect finds employment in teaching mankind, defining man's rights, instructing him in the mysteries of nature, lifting up his soul to the recognition of his God and imbuing his imagination with that sense of harmony and beauty of what is truly good and lovely, which elevates man to the highest perfection of his nature.

This is the range of choice for man's work, and within it every human being may find his place according to his faculty.

Not always, not often has man a free choice in entering upon this field. Necessity chooses for the most part for us—wisely so ordained. There are affinities between each man's faculty and the work he has to do, which sooner or later in his career bring them into their appropriate combination. In a computation of this world's vocations, it can never be that man shall be long shuffled out of place. It is a law of nature

which allots to each man his proper calling in such wise as fitly to supply all without over-stocking any. The workman is not slow to find out that he is supernumerary in his department. His good friend Necessity aptly whispers to him, when it is expedient to change his station. The easy motion of the whole social economy depends upon this fact, and that motion is never disturbed by severe friction without making it known, and speedily working itself again into truth. Let every man therefore, assure himself that, by due exercise of that insight and faculty of self-preservation which God has given him, and honest and faithful and assiduous application of his talent to the promotion of his own good, he cannot but thrive in the business of life.

IV.

THE INSTINCT OF SOCIETY.

SIXTY years and more have gone by since this republic took its present organized shape. Reading history upon its surface, as but a chronicle of events and their causes, that achievement of establishing this frame-work of society, seems to have been but the necessary result of the toil and travail, and preconcerted purpose of the generations of men who, up to that day, had given their thoughts to this endeavor. Reading history in its depths, as the development of what lies at the heart of man revealing itself in action, of what impulses stir him to the fulfilment of his appointed destiny, and as the expositor of the faithfulness with which, in his allotted time and place and according to the strength that has been given him, he carries forward the vast design of this world, we may recognize the men of that sixty years ago as entrusted with no less than a divine legation, the purport of which was to lay the foundation stone upon this new continent of an altogether new, strange and untried edifice of social alliance.

What multitudes should finally gather under the shelter of that edifice; what might be their occasions and wants; with what temper they might look upon the fabric around them, and whether in hate assail it or in love and reverence maintain it; what foreign storms might burst upon its roof, or domestic strife threaten its walls, these founders of the edifice could no more than dimly, and with confused and imperfect vision of the future, foresee. Their appointment was to do the work immediately present before them with such skill as they possessed, and earnest labor in their vocation; not necessarily, even not with any great insight into remote consequences; it was to set the threads of our national existence in the loom of Time; and having done that, to leave the weaving of the web to the workmen who should succeed them. Looking to the momentous character of this enterprise, its relation to the happiness and its influence upon the fate of mankind, I have not too strongly characterized it when I said that those to whom it was committed were entrusted with a divine enterprise; although very obviously to us, reflecting upon the continually changing aspect of the event and the gradual unfolding of its magnitude beyond any preconceived design of its operators, these men had but faint perception of the God-like munificence of their labor. We may remark them in such memorials of their doings as they have transmitted to us, speaking of their work as an experiment and doubtingly of it as a scheme that might or might not fulfil its end. Nay, we shall find some of them regarding it as a chance-born plan of social frame-work, whereby, if no better should be devised, they and their fellow-woodsmen might hold together in politic brotherhood in time to come; others of them, more sanguine, even nursing a feeble hope that in this form of polity, it might, peradventure, happen that their children should be able to convert this Atlantic and Pacific wilderness into sunny fields and fill it with the abodes of men.

Assuredly it was no experiment in any common interpre-

tation of that word; more confidently may we say it was no chance-born plan of social frame-work. No meditative mind, conscious of that faith which glimmers even through our murkiest unbelief, can look upon this as any other than a fore-ordained structure of civil polity, contrived by the Great Lawgiver of the universe, and put into visible shape and announced by those whom he had set apart for that especial task. It is true they were not called to this great design by loud invocation with awful portent, as when of old the shepherd of Midian, on Horeb, was summoned to the founding of an empire by the voice of the Deity in the burning bush; nor was the mandate syllabled on graven tablets, as at the Exodus of Israel, when the Patriarch bore the divine commandments directly from the hand of Jehovah down from Sinai to the multitude who waited below with outstretched arms and eyes up-turned in reverential wonder, as they watched the descending footsteps of their holy messenger. Still was this work of our forefathers from God. In the bosoms of these woodsmen whispered a secret voice—"Lay ye the foundations of a vast empire, and lay them broad and deep, sufficient for the need of all after days." In obedience to this voice, trusting in Heaven and not in human strength, seeing but short way before them, and having but little knowledge of the best means for the end, they entered upon their work.

Not chance-constructed then, was this social frame, but more truly might we say the creation of necessity; necessity whose unerring instinct filled every mind with a perception of what was fit to be done and endued every heart with resolution to do it; which spoke the preordained decree and gathered the people together and set them about the work to give palpable form and outward ordinances to this scheme of society which is now recognized over the whole earth under the distinctive name of North American. What was there in this voice of necessity but the divine behest commanding the upspringing of a new nation, speaking as once it spoke to

Inachus or Deucalion, or more authentically to Cecrops in the wilds of Attica, or to Cadmus in the Bœotian forests? By necessity I mean not that present want which is ever found so keen a spur to present action; but rather in a higher sense. I mean that peremptory force which constrains every created thing to submit to the law of its existence; that holds all things true in their allegiance to nature, compelling a uniform, exact and inevitable obedience to her demands; by virtue of which every thing is as it is and could not otherwise exist; that necessity whereby God reveals Himself in the moral world, as by heat He reveals Himself in the physical—the one no less quickening the seeds of moral good with which the universe is strown, than the other quickens, increases and fructifies the seeds which fill the earth.

I think we may observe in all society a principle at the heart of its constitution much more powerful than what we are accustomed to recognize as Human Intelligence, and which impresses upon each community of men their distinctive character more absolutely than scheme of government or code of laws. In other words, society has a constitution deeper seated than that which is apparent in its written or traditional legislation. This principle I would call, by way of discrimination, the instinct of the community. It is the fundamental, primeval manifestation of that necessity of which I have spoken, and in reference to which I have affirmed that the establishment of this New World community was no less than the fulfilment of a divine command.

To say that every individual animated being has in itself a principle of self-preservation is to utter an acknowledged truism. It is no more than to affirm that whatever is created is endued with an attribute which enables it to answer the end of its existence. Perhaps it is not so familiar to the meditations of many to say that this principle of self-preservation is also inherent, with more or less energy, in every organized community of animated beings. I hold that, however, to be equally true. There is an instinct of the community as well as

of the individual. This is strangely apparent in many of the tribes of the inferior animal world, among which this instinct supplies the place of law and marvellously works towards the maintenance and perpetuation of the community to which it belongs. It may be recognized throughout the domain of animated nature in every stage of development, from the most crude and imperfect forms of alliance up to the most perfect.

In the world of inferior animals there are some wholly self-dependant, which have no social relations with their kind. There are others whose social instinct is limited to a very small sphere of activity: we observe some of these uniting in society with no other purpose than attack and plunder.—They combine merely to overcome their prey;—others only for defence. There are classes of animals which exhibit, individually, no extraordinary sagacity, but, in society, present the most admirable traits of government, adapted not only to attack and defence, but full of demonstration of that economy, order, obedience to a common authority and devotion to a common good, which clearly announce the purpose of their alliance to be social comfort, providence against future want and security in their possessions. We may trace in some of these a faculty which we are scarce willing to call unreasoning, and in the exhibition of which we may discern a glimmering light of polity, which with difficulty we can believe is not the result of reflection and interchange of opinion among the members of the social body. They have habits, occupations, and what we may denominate laws, curiously indicative of established government. They have their sports, their labors, their wars and their divisions of spoil, regulated by some common rule which all seem to understand and all obey. We might almost infer from their actions some faculty resembling that of speech, by which they communicate to each other their thoughts and make known the common resolves of the tribe. Who that has noted the ways of the beaver but has been struck with surprise at the knowledge and art with which his community, or little republic, has constructed its lodgements and bulwarks of defence? They build

their dam—the joint property of the state—of timber cut, by themselves, at one season of the year and laid by to be used at another season. It is prepared with the foresight of experienced engineers, with judicious selection and careful adaptation to its intended use. The dam is constructed with discreet consideration of its locality: if the current be strong, then it is built obliquely up the stream, according to a mathematical principle of resistance, from which human builders have taken a profitable lesson: if the current be weak and the stream not of a nature to be exposed to freshets, then the dam is laid, with least expense of labor, directly in a straight rectangular line from bank to bank. In this enterprise the tribe work together, each member having his allotted part, the whole superintended, we must believe, by some leader whose wisdom and forecast is sufficient to the task. Within the protection of this fortification or bulwark, we may see their private domicils, property set apart for each family and maintained in severalty—compactly and skilfully built with due estimate of the strength necessary to protect the inmates against their ordinary enemies; in truth, every house a castle. The ant will show us the like picture of civil polity. Even more conspicuously may we see it in the bee, with his geometrical craft measuring the angles of his cell by that mysterious rule which nature has taught him; his ingeniously planned little city; his separation of ranks; his established system of work, from sun to sun, to fill the public garner; his foreign wars and sometimes his seditions and rebellions and summary execution of offenders. What are all these but larger or smaller manifestations of the social instinct indicating the existence in each community of that principle of self-preservation of which I have spoken?

Now this same instinct, in more perfect degree, belongs to man. The beaver ant and bee, and all other inferior animals of the society-seeking class, have each their appropriate and invariable form in the development of their attribute. They work under the same conditions, and with the same visible results in every community of the species. Variations may be

produced by climate and the different circumstances which are found to press upon different communities, but all within the influence of the same climate or affected by the same circumstances, exhibit the same phenomena; although there has been no transmission of knowledge that we can detect in the characteristic arts of the tribes to produce this uniformity. All their skill and all their show of polity ends in this limited and unvarying manifestation of the instinct.

In man this principle is not only more expansive, but it is distinguished by the variety of the modes in which it reveals itself. He superadds to the instinct a subtle reflection on the circumstances around him, and brings to its aid his acute foresight, his inherited experience, his full communication of thought with his fellow-man, and his derivative learning—that knowledge which has been imparted to him by those who had something to teach; and yet, with all these accomplishments or perfections of his nature, his advances towards a state of society, and his strongest impulses towards the building up and perpetuating of that society after he has once united in it, are the promptings of his instinct. He is a creature who cannot subsist alone; he turns to society by a propensity as unconscious and as irresistible as that which conducts the infant to its fountain of nourishment; and he works in the primary organization of that society by force of a necessity, the ultimate result of which is as little known to him as the final order of the hive, perhaps, is known to the bee that toils in the dark upon his own hexagonal compartment. Such is the first impulse which leads to association; such the law which gives to each community its peculiar form and aboriginal impress; from which ground work grow up all its future complexities of structure.

This, it strikes me, is a fact of deep import in the history of man. In a due consideration of it we may discover the solution of that mystery of the varieties of the human race; the distinguishing marks of tribes and nations; their diverse pursuits and habits; their various forms of government and unalterable attachment to peculiar customs and modes of life.

Therein we may solve these strange riddles of man's aversion to man; his conquests over his fellow, and long abiding of victor and vanquished together, without assimilation, almost without sympathy, in the same land. In the careful following up of this fact we may discern how, from that day when the curse first fell upon the head of Canaan, down even to the present, her children have been hewers of wood and drawers of water to their brethren; how Ishmael still wanders houseless on the desert; how the fierce Mauritanian dies in his captivity, untameable to the yoke; and how, passing by a thousand other diversities, the Anglo-Saxon under all climes and in every condition speaks the language and wears the brow of a freeman. These are only the unfoldings of the original instinct which the Creator has implanted diversely in the tribes, and ordained to be the distinctive mark by which the families of men, after the dispersion, were to be known over the face of the earth. And, I think, the history of the world will warrant us in saying, that no nation or tribe of people has ever thriven under an organization ungenial to the peculiar instinct of its society. The instinct of the tribe is at the foundation of all its ordinances, customs and observances; the outward government is the premeditated and debated form of alliance, by which this inward and impulsive faculty of the tribe utters itself and makes itself known. And although this government may have been resolved upon with abundant exercise of free will and choice between that and others; with full deliberation and consent of minds; yet the ground-work instinct has been monitor in all, and given the first impulse by which the legislator, —be he original priest or prophet,—or be it conclave or other grave assembly of elders,—has founded the institutions, which have communicated outward shape to their polity. Necessity has thus guided free-will and built up each society as we find it.

I might pursue this theme, fruitful of topics of commanding interest, into the range of inquiry which it proposes, and show how admirably these radical diversities in the human race promote the design of Providence in harmonizing the distribu-

tion of good and evil, in stimulating mankind to the conquest of the rugged earth, and in furnishing motive for that universal relation and brotherhood among nations, which is the origin of commerce and interchange of bounties—one of the chief blessings of our lot, even though inseparable from some interchange of strife.

The great family of mankind is divided into two very significant fragments, known to us as the Old World and the New. Each of these divisions is peopled with the children of different tribes of our race; and although now greatly blended together, in that form of union which has obliterated many original differences, they still preserve some peculiar features of each tribe, which may be traced through all the eras of its existence. Many tribes yet remain entire, with all their peculiarities of origin vividly stamped upon them. At the era of the foundation of these tribes or families, when first separated from the primal stock, we must suppose that they were distinguished by essential varieties of constitution, mental temperament and physical conformation, resulting perhaps from climatic influences, from local conditions affecting the supply of food, and from the tendency of occupations and pursuits.

In this view the Old World and the New World present fundamental modifications of society worthy of the most diligent study.

Let us give the value it deserves to that obvious but controlling fact, that society on the other side of the Atlantic is of ancient growth. Into what a dim antiquity does it reach? These modern dynasties of centuries springing from the old Roman Monarchy—the Roman from the Greek—the Greek from the Egyptian—the Egyptian from what unknown cradle—who can say? What a vista is that to look through! How mysteriously and grandly does the man of that Old World present himself to our imagination, indoctrinated through that long series of ages, in all the sophistications of his eventful descent! The society in which he is nurtured, or rather I might say, moulded, what is it but a curious magazine of cus-

[illegible] of habits which [illegible] have been framed to [illegible] case-hardened [illegible] instilled as con- [illegible] strewdly mag- [illegible] Old World, the [illegible] emerging that most [illegible] subor- [illegible] natural, [illegible] grounded on [illegible]

[illegible] the building up [illegible] we see it in the patriarchal era, [illegible] This succeeded by the [illegible] of families, and earliest [illegible] the first born master [illegible] the time afforded, and the dependant [illegible] in his service. Then the [illegible] of the tribe with decreasing [illegible] sense of self-depend- [illegible] strength, the growth and outbreak [illegible] feuds, battles, privy murder and [illegible] forms, until out of this hot ferment [illegible] arises, and society becomes knotted [illegible] that mass of weakness and power which [illegible] to our notice in sundry forms of clan- [illegible] of chieftains, and finally moulding itself into [illegible] and others of kindred military structure.

[illegible] is then filled with men in hauberk and [illegible] into a stage for prize-fighters, and [illegible] with dismal confusion of might [illegible] we cannot but note, mixing in [illegible] contentions, some distinct spice of [illegible] of peace and breeding in men's [illegible] of clerical veneration and secular [illegible] brings to view that deadly war

kindled up by *Conscience*:—the most conspicuous of all for its influence upon the character of society. There we remark man grown stern under preaching of Christian love, and induing himself in armor, in the name of the meekest of all religions, to compel assent to doctrinal subtleties; an age of frightful anomalies. The cross, emblem of mercy, lifted high in the pell-mell of battle by Godfrey of Bouillon as a signal for the work of extermination upon the Saracen; or borne by Simon de Montfort, it grows crimson with the blood of the lowly Albigences: it flutters on the banner that pursues the terror-stricken Vaudois to their caves: it is reared above the chair of St. Dominic in the holy office, whence it witnesses the hideous Torquemada-burnings of eight thousand devoted martyrs, and sanctions the sentence which consigns John Huss and Jerome of Prague to the same ordeal of fire.

All men, at length cry aloud for rest in this sword and faggot embroilment, and out of this pause for breath and repose, grows up that active and benign dominion, which we are accustomed to call the commercial reign. Kinder sentiments take root in the human breast, and the world gradually awakens to the conviction that it may afford a better occupation than knocking out brains, and turning flesh and blood more quickly than nature decrees, into clods.

Such in the main, has been the progress of Old World society. It is the ultimate product of Nature warring against impediment through a career of centuries. It has grown up in the stint of wholesome nurture, like a hoary forest which has broken through the chasms and fissures of a rocky mountain side—its roots planted in a fertile soil, but the shape of its expansion impressed upon it by opposing incumbrances. From this seed-bed has it sprung; a sturdy, gnarled, distorted, but not unluxuriant growth, with tendencies still to throw its branches in the direction given to it by the obstructions against which it has striven.

Averting our eyes from this to the New World, how different is the whole order of things within our view! Without custom,

prescriptions, almost without habits, society here is the direct product of bare necessity, and has taken the simple and inevitable form which said necessity, the law of its being, has given it. It had no ancient incumbrances to strive against; it had no settled forms of social relation to fetter it; it scarcely had preconceived opinions of what was fit for it. Society here started upon its career, full grown and fully armed,—a fresh creation, with only the fresh law of its nature to guide its footsteps. Every thing on this continent was new and strange. The men who came hither were already civilized, learned, thoughtful; capable of their own heads to contrive what their occasions needed. Their first consciousness here was an unaccustomed, engrossing and glad sense of freedom. This boundless forest was to them an image of freedom. The sky above them vaulted a temple wherein a God of Liberty was everywhere present. The eternal mountains were his theme; the roaring surge of ocean, as it broke upon this wide unpeopled strand, was the echo of his voice; the very solitude and silence of the deep wilderness were to them a sublime meditation of his nature, training their minds to the perception of that grand sentiment which was to become the living principle of this new world. In this rapt and wonder-striking state of existence a new and marvellous impulse unfolded itself in their bosoms; that impulse which straightway marshalled them, side by side, in resolute array to fight their battle through these untrodden wilds, and which taught them to enact such laws of companionship, and only such, as should render the issues of that battle sure. Brave hearts were they: chosen men, each and every one of them! chosen for strength of soul, power to endure and strive, with resolution never to be daunted—for none but such would, in that day, have tempted this boisterous Atlantic.—In such confederation or brotherhood of men it is particularly to be noted that the community-instinct was towards equality, and only such preference of one before another as was indispensable to the work in hand.

Here was the beginning of New World association; and

from this germ has grown up all that we see around us; as years rolled by, witnessing new struggles and conquests over nature, the peculiar social principle of this community became more deeply rooted in the constitution of our people, transfused itself over a wider circle of habits and modes of existence, and led society onward to the more sure establishment of those ordinances and institutions which belong only to this soil. In this fact we find the source of our peculiar republicanism; the essential universally-acknowledged and perpetual badge of American polity, an elective head. Rotation of service, political equality and common access to honors. These are our elemental desires, and no system of government could be rendered compatible with the character and sentiment of this nation which, in any observable degree, abrogated this political equality and common access to honors. This view of the attributes and conditions of Old World and New World society, presents to us, prominent before all other deductions, this one worthy of special observation,—namely, that necessity, which is but the instinct, has rendered the Old World inevitably monarchical in its structure, and the New World inevitably Republican. Any one who has a true insight into the history of Europe (to say nothing of those other sections of the Old World more radically despotic in their forms of association) and who has studied the evolution of political sentiment in its several communities, must, I think, arrive at the conclusion that, by no effort of human agency, might the people who inhabit there be rendered republican, in our New World sense of the word Republicanism. This, our embodiment of the idea of self-government, is abhorrent not only to the opinions, laws and social organization of Europe, but it is repugnant to the habits, and necessities of its population; I do not mean to imply that there is not an eminently intelligent sense of human right among the most enlightened of these nations, or to affirm that the principles of free government have not been fully understood and powerfully announced by many great and illustrious minds, especially in that land of free opinion from which we derive our national

origin; but I do mean to say that the institutions which have sprung up here among us, would fail to gratify the wants of those transatlantic societies, and would prove to be utterly insufficient to answer the ends of government among their people. The masses of European population,—that very portion of society who stand most in need of the aid of free government, who have therefore always had the greatest interest in the question of popular right,—have, through all the changes of their condition, demonstrated their unfitness for that peculiar exhibition of political power which is the distinction and glory of our land,—the power of self-government. May we not find proof of this in those blind struggles and upheavings of the overburdened people, who, at different eras, through that long history of Europe, have striven against unjust mastership, —speaking, in not the clearest language, but still intelligibly to us, their imperfect perception that man had some natural right to look after his own happiness, and was entitled to say a word in his own behalf, concerning the distribution of this world's good, when he found his fellow-man intent upon taking all the profit and leaving him all the toil? What but this, or some twilight glimmer of this conviction, fiercely and brutishly enough expressed, I admit, are those Jack Cade ferments, those Whitehoods, Jacqueries, and John of Leyden outbreaks, which run through the annals of Europe,—even down to that most frightful orgasm of popular frenzy, the great Passion-Volcano of France, which early in this our own generation, terrified those who looked upon it, and, even now, turns the world pale in the reading of it? May we not discern in all these some crude imagining of a theory of self-government; an insufficient, unformed, abortive conception of another order of polity wholly unlike that in which the movers of these ferments lived? We may read in the sequel of all such convulsions; in the quick departure of their authors from all rational computation of the means of success; in the small knowledge they disclose of the nature of true liberty; in the bloody ferocity and wild license of their career; and, above all, in their

invariable establishment among themselves of the worst and most oppressive mastership and utter extinguishing of that dim spark of human right from which their enterprise derived its first heat,—in all these facts we may read that the Instinct of Continental European society is incompatible with Republican government, in our American meaning of that phrase.

On the other hand, American organization, with the like abhorrence, under the same dictation of its instinct, repels all approach to the monarchical constitution. No art of man might establish among us an aristocracy, as that word is understood in description of government. Who shall assume the first titular dignities? Here are many millions to choose from, all standing on the same platform. Who among these is rash enough to propose, who to accept, this investiture? If one should be found so rash as to accept it, then, who bows the knee before him, gives him precedence, admits his dignity? How inexpressibly foolish would that man appear in the midst of these millions, who should first wear his star and ribbon! How worse than inexpressibly odious would that man be who should first suggest this star and ribbon decoration to his countrymen! Not odious only, but in every sense, and chiefly in its most painful sense, would he be "a man forbid," a wanderer denied fire and water, denied roof and bed; abhorred as one plague-stricken; who could hold no communion in this land; find no charity; but only perish in universal scorn.

There are wide and radical differences between the communities inhabiting the two continents. To say that these differences are the product of habit, education, discipline; that they result from circumstances, and are not founded in the nature of the men themselves, in no respect impugns the truth or force of the distinction I have made between them. The individuals composing these communities belong to the same race or family of mankind; in such light their instincts are the same, but they are in different worlds which have different community-instincts. I would not be understood to infer from these differences that one form of organization is

necessarily either more intelligent, more prosperous, or more capable of satisfying the wants of the people to whom it is applied, than the other; although I think even Europeans will admit that we have the advantage of them, at least on the score of diffusive happiness. My belief is, that on each continent society is organized on the principles best suited to it; and that what would be very wise as a principle of organization in American institutions, might be very insufficient in European. Providence is kind to man in giving to him, in every locality, the instinct and the faculty which shall best preserve him there. Even what is denominated free or constitutional monarchy, on the basis of which English and French society have attained to the highest cultivation and vigor, might be found an impossible condition of association in Turkey, much more impossible in China.

It is enough for us to know that here, in America, we have an organization of society with distinctive tendencies different from the rest of the world; from which it would seem to follow that if we desire to make our nation as powerful, as prosperous and great as its nature will allow it to become, we must study it as an American question, and strengthen our institutions by building them up on our own American principle.

Form of government I hold to be of little significance in this question of society. It is merely derivative and consequential. I mean that it is only the outward utterance of the instinct or principle at the foundation of the community. Our community would be free in defiance of its laws, if, by any accident, they should stand in opposition to the spirit of its people. We only obey such law as is congruous with the nature of our society; all other is but verbiage—useless conjunction of syllables. Law is to us no more than the necessary detail which appoints time and place and describes the manner of doing that which is found requisite to fulfil the ends of republican government. Freedom is a principle which presides over and informs all this code of legislation, and inevitably, either by appointed process or violent

revolt, abrogates whatever portion of it obstructs the movement of our social machinery in the course we have established for it.

It is, in no degree, in conflict with this primary element of our organization to say that the most apparent and universally pervading feature in our scheme of government is, that the best shall rule. Much more obvious is that feature in our republican organization than in any monarchical constitution. In truth, there is no principle more deeply implanted in the human breast than that same desire that the best shall rule; and a great point of distinction between the republican and monarchical theory is, not in the denial of the value of this sentiment, but in the mode of giving it efficacy. The weak man not only looks to the strong for guidance, but God has given him a social right to such duty from the strong man. He who is strong in wisdom shall be counsellor: he who is strong in courage shall be champion; he who is strong in art shall be the director and guide in his art. That is the rescript of Nature. These are gifts bestowed for social good; the community have a right to the use of these gifts, and the possessors of them owe their exercise for the benefit of society, as among the highest of those duties which jurists define as of the class of imperfect obligation.

In the framing of our government we have striven to publish this duty on the part of the gifted, and to provide the people with the means to attain its performance. We do not go into an election in which the written law providing for it, has not been careful to inform us that the best shall be chosen; and in every other high function, our citizen is taught that whatever is to be done shall be done by discreet counsel and agency of the best.

Who are the best? There is a question that opens the whole volume of government.

Travel the world over and ask that question. Ask it of Old Time and of To-day. Men have debated it upon many a bloody field, and from Sesostris down to Napoleon it has been

America will answer this question, not less confide
our chief magistrate, our governors, senators and co
lors, and all men clothed with power among us, are ou
because, with deliberation and careful selection, we
chosen them, asking each man's opinion thereon, a
vote to say whom he thinks or computes to be best; an
majority of voices—in which majority we believe the
and better opinion resides—we have made our choic
such elaborate process have we appointed our rulers.
to make sure of having the best always, we allow no
govern too long, without bringing his conduct back to
spection and close scrutiny, that we may say whether by
of time, or failure of faculty, or pride of heart, or other d
perature, he has ceased to be our best; and if we fi
wanting, to choose again.

This is the abstract theory developed in the funda
ordinances of this government, and is truly the most
desire at the heart of our society. Now, we cannot
gret to confess, it sometimes perversely falls out, with
care on this head, and this ever-acknowledged desire t
our best, that in too many cases, out of the multitude w

industriously misdirect it, that it can scarcely happen otherwise, but the people may, now and then, be deceived and unwittingly make a bad choice.

How then to secure ourselves, in this republican government, where so much depends upon it, against the accident of making a bad choice of our rulers, and truly at all times to provide ourselves with the best? Whosoever shall effectively teach this skill to our age shall be accounted a great benefactor ;—worthy shall he be of a statue. I can meditate on no theme that has reference to a greater amount of national prosperity than this. When that skill is attained, all imposture, false pretension, quackery and demagogue artifice—the chief enemies of pure and healthful republican government—will vanish from our confines ; until it is acquired, these cankers of our system will, in spite of all our circumspection, make some inroad upon the perfect health of our body. Undoubtedly this secret lies in EDUCATION. But in what mode of education, upon what scheme of principles it is to be based, what kind of learning and acquirement it is to teach us, are very momentous considerations. Let me once again say, that our society is American, and that the teachings by which this mind of ours is to be stored with wholesome aliment must be appropriately American. In saying that, I would be understood to imply that many instructions in Old World opinions and sentiments, which are excellent enough in the region of their birth, are not always the most excellent guides for this New World society. I think we have something in that kind to unlearn, as well as much that belongs to ourselves to learn.

This question of American education demands a very careful thought.

The natural source of respect among mankind is power. We are sensible of this even from our first experiences within the walls of a primary school, up to our last under the dome of the Capitol. Whosoever has power wins respect according to the measure of his faculty.

There are some very observable varieties in the distribu-

[illegible] of this [illegible] dependent on the organization of society. [illegible] the privilege of birth among a large portion of mankind are symbols of something more than symbols of power; —they are [illegible] of it and hold it at their command. In [illegible] they are nothing—they are even, for the most part, as things go with us, symbols of weakness. I leave wealth out of the enumeration, because it is rather the fruit of Power, and is common to every form of association. We are accustomed to hear it said, Knowledge is Power. I should like the proverb better if it said Wisdom; for there may be knowledge without wisdom, and in such case knowledge is of little worth; but much better than feebleness. Faculty, skill, wisdom, capacity to do somewhat that the world needs to have done—these are truly power, wherever they exist. We may remark that these qualities are inherent and personal to the possessor; they come from the Creator and constitute naturally the highest order of power. Rank, title, privilege of birth and station are extrinsic; they come from man, and constitute an altogether lower order of power.

In the examination of this difference we meet a prominent distinction between Old World and New World society—between the monarchical and republican organization. The monarchical reverses the arrangement of nature, and lifts up the inferior order of power, above the intrinsically superior. The republican gives to the highest its due precedence; in great part disallows and abrogates the other.

In the republican form power is the natural gift; it is the capacity to do.

In the monarchical form it is the artificial investiture—the capacity to command others to do.

These are broad discriminations.

I do not say that in monarchical governments, skill, faculty, wisdom, are not sources of power; but I would note that they are subordinate to rank, title and inheritance; nor do I say that in republican government there is not some authority of station; but it is subordinate to personal faculty.

My object is to show that, as distinctive features of the two forms, the American ascribes the highest power to personal endowment; the European and all others to the artificial and derivative privilege, the gift of the sovereign.

In this distinction we may find a chief ground of preference for republican government before all others. Whosoever among us has faculty to be useful, holds a sure patent of power, and may earn by it consideration and respect; and as this faculty comes not by man's ordinance, but is the immediate gift of God, every citizen of this land, of howsoever humble parentage or lowly fortune, has but to present his gift to his brethren, to win his way to such authority and station as the virtue and measure of the gift may warrant. In whatever breast such faculty resides, the owner finds himself, wherever he may stand within our confines, upon a theatre where the prize of honor is surely and impartially dealt out to him according to the value of his possession. This is of the essence of the republican system. The cultivation of this capacity to do what is needful to society, taking it in its broadest sense, should be the chief end of all education. The highest wants of a nation in the scale of importance, are those belonging to the department of public economy and morals. These fall within the province of the statesman. The most numerous wants are those which belong to the department of art and mechanical science; they range through the field of agriculture, manufactures and commerce. All are constantly asking aid from the mind of the nation.

The economy of government and the diffusion of moral truth open a sphere of usefulness to the teacher wherein he who has faculty to teach what is necessary, is raised up to the highest station, authority and reverence among his generation. Mechanical science and useful art are ever in the quest of new discoveries, enlisting the most subtile and acute faculties of thought and invention to keep pace with the increasing demands of civilization. He who has capacity to answer these demands, has a quality by which he cannot fail, if he be

[illegible] consideration and respect from [illegible] of society advances, the re- [illegible] of literature and the fine arts, [illegible] of taste and the cultivation of fancy, [illegible] circle of wants, still calling for [illegible] capacity to do which I have described [illegible] In a scheme of self-government such as [illegible] are to develope in their greatest [illegible] to which I have alluded. It is [illegible] foundation of republican educa- [illegible] that whatever is useful can be no [illegible] In a sound and healthful society, [illegible] talent which is capable of [illegible] good; and if we do not find such [illegible] share of honor over the whole earth, it [illegible] because the better and juster perceptions of man- [illegible] and confounded by vicious interpola- [illegible]

[illegible] happened that a band of voyagers have [illegible] wrecked upon an uncivilized coast and [illegible] to unite in society for [illegible] as they had the skill to [illegible] to recognize in such asso- [illegible] the useful would be the true [illegible] The [illegible] sest man among them would [illegible] regarded with the highest esteem. He who [illegible] be done in their emergency would [illegible] with greatest deference, and would, in truth, possess the largest share of power,—for the teacher of useful things is at the head of all human society in the scale of authority and reverence. Next to him in favor and power would be the man who had an art or craft by which he might do somewhat for the common good; the man who could make for himself tools and by skilful use of them construct habitations for shelter; still more him who could contrive and build a vessel by which the members of this miniature state might

ultimately escape from their thraldom. These men would win all suffrage in such a community; they would receive all honor. Can we be at a loss to trace the source of this respect? Is it not because they have the capacity to do somewhat useful which is the natural foundation of true power?

The wants of this greater American Republic are infinitely more complicated than in our little concourse of shipwrecked voyagers, but the foundation of authority and influence is the same in both. The faculty to be useful on the larger theatre is only more diversified in kind and needs to be more perfect in nature. Wisdom to advise, is capacity to do, in its highest relation. He who has wisdom to guide his generation, to teach it, to lift it up into a state of greater security, resource and happiness; especially he who has faculty to instruct his kind in those truths which bring man nearer to the throne of his Creator, is at the head of men: high priest and teacher, that man is seen through all history replete with power. Even so do we now look upon the lawgiver of ancient days; so upon the august instructers in religion and philosophy; so upon those great poets who have opened to us the secrets of our own nature: the renown of these men still shines bright through the depths of time, now, even as at first, making manifest their gift, the capacity to do somewhat needful to the world.

Next to these we rank the men whose faculty has opened the locked-up treasures of the material world, fashioned them into instruments of comfort, and contributed new forces in aid of civilization: Old Tubal-cain, first worker in the metals, the man who made the tools by which all other craftsmen work, and taught the use of them, what power was there in that rough head and that right arm of his! how significant has his existance been to the world! In this perpetual contest with the grosser elements of matter many benefactors of mankind have come forth—most of them unknown to fame,—even to fortune; Yet earth-born Titans were they, instinct with giant power. Watt, Arkwright, Fulton are names for long renown. How many others might we not add to the catalogue, if the Old World

had consented to render the meed that was due to faculty; not, indeed, overlaid and smothered it by the preceden that lower order of power to which I have referred, the p of rank, title and hereditary privilege!

Then, let us not forget, in the schooling of our Rep that useful art is a high source of strength and honor: th bor, however shaggy it may be in its exterior, holds withi jewel of our country's safety, its wealth and independ We may see its true type in that sturdy son of the anvil alike useful in peace and war, fashions the ploughshare an sword; who suffers no day to pass by without adding s thing to the stock of created things. Worthy is he of th land which one of our own sons of song has so beaut woven for his brow:

"The smith, a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can.
He looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

Now, it is to this ultimate result that I wish to c namely, that in America the instinct of society has engen a new system of government, founded upon an altogether ent estimate of power from that of the Old World; that in se for our best, we set forth upon the postulate that merit true and only source of respect, and that no artificial arr ment of power may be allowed to postpone the pre-emi of faculty in whatsoever sphere of life it may be found.

There is another point to be considered in connection with this question. It belongs to the order of society.

There is no greater mistake in the estimate of our scheme of society than in supposing that it infers social equality among its members. Differences in personal lot and condition, and subordination in the relation of men, are the natural product of association wherever it exists. All that we can claim for our system—and therein is a notable excellence of its structure—is that it leaves this matter of equality where nature placed it. It only does not interfere with God's bounty to man, by making him a slave whom God made free; it does not suppress that power to rise, which Heaven has implanted in the soul, but rather opens and clears the way, that whatsoever faculty each man has may show itself and attain its proper eminence. Neither, on the other hand, does it assume the impossible task of making that equal which God decreed to be unequal.

Equality of right among the citizens, which is fundamental in this government, is as a principle of our political constitution, nothing more than a pledge of the abstinence of the government from all attempt to create inequality,—which attempt indeed would be no less than a wicked aggression upon the republican theory. Still, inequality of social condition reigns through all the avenues of life, as variety reigns through all nature; and so far from being a source of ill is, in truth, the source of beneficent action and healthful energy. It is precisely because I want and you possess, that you and I are brought into the best relations of society. Men have manifold desires, manifold attainments, degrees of skill, and kinds of faculty. In the inequality of these desires and gifts we shall find the secret of mutual dependance; and in that dependance all that makes society an amiable and comfort-dispensing institution. Out of it grows up the relations of the domestic hearth; the interchange of affections; the accumulation of competence; the protection of weakness; the purification of sentiment; cultivation of art, science, literature; and, above all, the expansion of those charities which spring forth under the mild influences

of religion—for religion itself is a revelation conspicuously addressed to the duties of man under all these complications of social existence.

Indeed, the most beneficent organization of society is that which imposes no restraints upon its members but those which are necessary to maintain the relations proceeding from the natural inequality of human condition. Talents, judgment, art, skill and mental endowment create endless varieties in the lot of mankind: physical constitution, age, sex, create as many more. These peculiarities determine, or, at least, influence the pursuits of individuals, sending forth each one on a career of fortune,—some to make large acquisitions in knowledge, some in wealth; many to fail in both. How might we expect, in this doubtful and unequal endeavor, that any act of legislation should produce equality of result? And yet how important that the laws of society should protect the relations which these inequalities produce; that the wise man should be placed under an obligation to counsel and direct the feeble-minded, the learned to instruct the ignorant, the strong to defend the weak, the rich to sustain the poor; and, on the other hand, that these obligations should be compensated by faithful reciprocation, paying back peace, order, industry and contentment as correlative duties. This is the moral of republican society, and when it is energetically developed and universally acknowledged, the great end of association is obtained.

The vigor of our society must, before many generations go by, build up a structure of polity here which shall have power not only to cast off these engraftings of incompatible opinion and habit, but even to give currency to our characteristic doctrine among foreign nations themselves,—rendering us rather to be feared for the influence of our native opinion, than giving us cause to fear innovation from abroad. America has already begun to be heard by the world on this question of social happiness; what will be the authority of her teaching on that question, when this instinct of her society shall have grown into greater strength and unfolded those secrets of free gov-

nment which are yet hidden in the depths of the future; hen her voice shall be spoken by sixty millions of people, and er arts shall be matured by the study of that multitude of lear-sighted and restless inquirers,—what shall be the authority of her teaching then, we may only remotely fancy,—with this probability before us, that the imagination shall very far fall short of the reality.

The world has never seen a conjunction more favorable to the production of original and commanding genius than that which now exists in this land. We may prophecy that that genius is soon to arise. In this teeming and vigorous impulse which stirs at the heart of our community, and which, like a living fire, is bursting out at every loop hole, it cannot be but some predestined man of America is to find inspiration and strength to grow predominant over our empire of mind. What a theatre is ready for him! As expounder of the mysteries of this yet unexplored system, he will come to stamp his name upon its monuments. He will speak in the proper tongue of this clime, and teach the marvels nature has wrought in the making of this New World. He will give full and audible utterance to that instinct which now struggles to make itself intelligible. Our mountains and valleys will become vocal with his song; and at his touch will their rocks pour forth the pure waters of national thought. The coming of such a man will mark the era which shall give pre-eminence and supremacy to our country among the nations of the globe,—filling the minds of mankind with admiration for the principles and respect for the power of this our peculiar land.

Great events are probably at hand. We may predict some sudden interruption of this long peace. We know not how soon it may be broken, nor what is to be our share in the embroilment that is to follow. We have motive enough, in the very uncertainty itself, to turn our thoughts to the contingencies of strife and to prepare ourselves for the worst. Forts, armories, ships are the visible defences; unanimity, good brotherhood, love of our land above all other lands, prudent

counsel and stern resolve, to do our duty, are the unseen but incomparably the surest safeguards. Whatever we may be called upon to suffer, let us endure in such wise that history may record it for the imitation of the brave and the free of future times. Whether our lot be peace or war, good or ill fortune, triumph or disaster, one glorious certainty will ever shine upon our path,—that the cause of civilization, art and humanity will be steadily onward to the great consummation of free government; that the tide which bears these blessings forward, will roll with a force which no temporary obstacle, presented in the doings of our day, might more than for a moment retard. He who ordained our birth in the first strife, has also decreed our unstinted growth and increase through the thousand assaults and perils which are to come.

V.

THE PEOPLE.

WHO are THE PEOPLE? Who are they whose voice is said to be the voice of God? It is a shallow craft, homely and threadbare, but potent in some quarters nevertheless, that has falsely answered this question to our too credulous country; which has said "Man of this American Republic, thou who art piece and parcel of this soil which bore thee in thy cradle, which nurtured thee with its fruits, which indoctrinated thee in all its honest, republican wisdom, which gave thee that hard hand and that majestical heart of independence, whereby thou hast not despised thy toil, which strengthened thee to wring the sweat from thy brow, that therein thou mightest find virtuous sustenance for thee and thine, both in body and mind,—if, perchance, God hath rewarded thy labor and given thee *competence*, then art thou *not* of the people; still less art thou of the people if with that competence thou hast gained knowledge and reflection and foresight; and yet still less art thou

the people if, with all these, thou hast nursed up in thee a ıldness to speak thine own thoughts, and a spirit that may ɔt rest content to be told,—thus shalt thou do, and so shalt ıou think!" It is a wicked syllogism, to say,—this is a gov-ınment of the people; you, who have worldly goods and a rosperous family are not of the people; ergo, this govern-ıent is not for you. By ranging all opponents in the category f the minor, the conclusion is their disfranchisement. These eady-witted orators who set up to expound the text of the peo-ple's rights have been able to demonstrate that the *people of America* are those who listen and obey, and that all who re-fuse to listen and obey are foreign from the *people* and have right neither to part nor lot in the control of public affairs.

It is well to look into this.

By the people, I mean no other than what was meant in that announcement which is found in the first three words of the Constitution, "We the People—" or in that more glorious manifesto, "We, therefore, the Representatives, &c., do in the name of the GOOD PEOPLE of these Colonies, solemnly pub-lish and declare that the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."—Herein is the very pith and marrow of THE STATE—the indweller upon the land—the taxpaying, the altar and fireside-defending man, his wife and his child; him who has yet his work to do, and him who has done it, and reaped its reward; him who walks in ne linen, and him in hodden gray and clouted shoe—all of hatsoever degree or quality. And precious is he as part of ıe people, not by the goods that fortune has given him, so ıuch as by the heart that beats in his bosom,—the great tok-ı of his worth being, that that heart beat with a true Amer-an throb—loving God, and our land before all other lands. hese are THE PEOPLE, and I know no other. We have pop-lus, but no plebs. If the first compact at Plymouth and ımestown did not forever abrogate that word plebs—surely ur Declaration of Independence did it; and still more freely id our Constitution confirm its abrogation. From that day

forth there has been no *plebeian*. Plebeian cannot be where patrician is not.

And yet God, with no feeble trace, has marked the divisions of men. Equal are we all, and alike in political right, but most unequal in social condition, in temperament, in circumstance, in wit and wisdom and worldly good. It has ever been the great problem how to graft this political equality upon this social inequality; and the only solution is written in that word subordination. Freedom only is where no man goes beyond the sphere of his allotted right, to encroach upon some other. This is subordination. In the *order* of society, in every man's amenability to the law, in the lawful use of our own, and careful abstaining from trespass on another, is liberty. Now, the law is made equal for all men,—it is made *by ourselves*, and not by a taskmaster, and cannot do us wrong—and this equal law protects each man in those unequal social goods, which by no chance or contrivance may be made equal to all. In the matter of *rights* we stand on the same platform; there is no better or best, high or low, privileged or unprivileged.

But these cunning speech-mongers are ever busy to make divisions, and upon that footing to sow a thousand discontents, as I shall presently show.

There are in society, two great divisions of men: the industrious or money-getting, and the idle.

The industrious, that great community of working men, stand first in honor, as the buttress pier. These are the accumulators of wealth, in whatsoever craft or calling—the merchant, the tiller of the soil, the artisan; and affixed to them in interest, are their children, their journeymen, their apprentices. Of such is every father of a family who sends his children to school,—who lays aside a share of his earnings for thrift, that he and his may rise to higher stages of comfort. Such are all careful, sober men, who take delight in going to church, fearing God, and keeping his commandments. Such are all orderly persons who respect themselves, and set a val-

ue upon the laws. The antagonist class to these, are the dissolute, the unthrifty, the idle and the lovers of strong drink. Active and influential among them are fraudulent debtors, men who have lost the esteem of society and upon failure of success grown sour with the world; men who have broken down in their enterprises and have laid bare some secrets of their lives that will not endure the sun. In this rank too are seen the very ignorant—such as cannot read or will not, from aversion;—here are the profane, the blasphemer—the disorganizer, the rioter and the ruffian; men who despise order and delight in havoc. And following these, comes a motley array, noisy and swaggering in their rags, blear-eyed and bloated,—troops of vagabonds and thieves. There also mingles and consorts with this class, peddling politicians, reformers, radicals and crafty demagogues. Among such one may find, sometimes, men of large wealth, and mischievous talents,—even men of shrewd abilities and skill and learning but of small gifts of fortune and still smaller honesty; men of low craft and indomitable thirst of distinction. Here are Cataline and Cethegus;—and even into these ranks sometimes strays Cæsar himself. Not unfrequently comes hither some scion of an ancient and once popular family, reeking with thoughts of vengeance, begotten by disappointed hopes, or stimulated by desire of dominion which by no means might he reach through the avenues of useful service and honest repute. All these, stricken with the love of rule, and holding promotion cheapest of attainment among these second ranks, join the disorderly regiments and soon arrive at command. The industrious order being intent on family cares and the pursuit of gain, and matters personal to their own welfare, are slow to be brought into political alliance. They naturally dread commotion and abhor change, seeing that in commotion and change they are ever the first losers.

The idle on the contrary, being on the ebb-tide of fortune, delight in the prospect of disturbance, and find their chief happiness in excitement. Their instinct is to fall together into

bands or clubs, and then to bring these into a common array. Any catch-word will serve them as an argument; and their end being agitation for the love of agitation, they stir themselves as briskly on a light persuasion as on the gravest.

The working class exceeds in numbers this class of idlers, and would forever over-master them, were it not that the politicians are seldom without the opportunity and the address to separate the working men into fragments and to bring these fragments into temporary alliance with the idlers, whereby a popular victory is so often won against the very interests of the popular cause. There is always some question of big end and little end to sever the owners of property, and put North against South, or circumference against the centre. In such ferment and segregation of opinion, this little busy-body corps of would-be leaders, are plying the trade of declamation both through their own preorganized printing-press and their ubiquitous mind-adulterating hustings, to foment and embitter these differences,—to the end that they, the only possible gainers, may make their expected profit. It is their most successful trick, shallow and transparent though it be, to cry out with loud voice, and forever to reiterate, that they strive for THE PEOPLE, against the People's enemies—that their cause is the cause of the POOR MAN against the poor man's adversary—that all virtue and patriotism are sheltered under their wings and beyond the shade of that wing is nought but deadly imaginings against the welfare of THE PEOPLE. And thereupon the whole host throw up their caps in the air and shake the welkin with their shouts of "Mighty is the truth and it shall prevail."

Thus comes it that, fragment by fragment, the whole mass of the working men, are by turns read out of the magical circle of THE PEOPLE, and no man is allowed to retain a footing there who will not take his creed, his very phrase of loyalty, from this man of the stump or, still worse, that man of the type.

Now I ask again, who are they of whom it is said the Voice of the People is the Voice of God? Is it this fickle, passion-

led mass who go about in the cities with greasy paper lanterns in the night, from tippling-shop to tippling-shop, hoarse with bawling their appointed rally words, and deaf with the beating of drums, stepping with unsteady march whithersoever some truncheon-bearing and scarfed leader mounted on horseback, smiling in the dark at the folly that troops at his heels, shall conduct them—is that cracked voice with its parrot phrases, the Voice of God? Or who in some country, tavern-porch, where the din of a thousand oaths breaks forth in maudling cadences from scores of parched throats, after the people have just received their lesson of popular rights from some self-recommended oracle of the country side, asseverate their applause —is *that* the Voice of God? Or is it in that deep breathed, sentiment which rises in silence in the bosom of the millions of men who, inheriting the blessings of freedom from their fathers, take that blessing to heart and keep a sleepless watch against every enemy who would assail it,—who have made political freedom a religion for which they are willing, if need be, to die martyrs—who daily see its fruits in the sanctity which it sheds around the possession of the earnings of industry, in the benificence of education, in the influence of religion, in the order, the harmony and the virtue of social life—and seeing and feeling all these, speak, not in shouts and hurras, but in their hearts' steady and unuttered resolve to suffer no wrong to be done to the country of their affections, either by foreign foe or, what may be worse than foreign foe, the domestic pander to a vile ambition which would in secret undermine what openly it affects to reverence? Who can doubt which of these is the VOICE OF GOD?

VI.

CONGRESS.

In the narrowest meaning of that word Democracy, the government of the United States is not one—that is, the people neither deliberate nor act in public affairs, in their own proper persons. They do not, on proclamation of the town crier, assemble at the Theatre of Bacchus or the Citadel of Pnyx and, by writing on the shell, decree banishment to Aristides, or by black ball pronounce death to Socrates, or, with abundance of clamor, despatch messengers to Philip. But more wisely and mercifully has it been provided that they shall speak through their organs; and therefore have they chosen REPRESENTATIVE government, and not, in that Greek sense DEMOCRACY—for a representative government is lifted above a pure democracy.

In the representative form we recognize many degrees more or less near to the pure democracy. A single representative body with power to make the laws, to execute them, to sit in judgment on all rights of property and person and to punish all offences—that single body to be elected by the voice of every citizen, and to be restrained by no fundamental law or bill of rights, so that it may do whatsoever unto it seemeth good—this irrepresentative government in the first remove from simple democracy. Such vision of government seems to have floated in the mind of Revolutionary France,—but such has never yet distempered the brain of young America. Favor for such simple representative authority, or endurance of it, is ungenial to our earliest thoughts of established liberty, and therefore have we provided a second council of deliberation, with check or veto upon the first, and this we call the Senate. Then, again, the execution of the laws we consign to other power than the Representative, and call it a President or Gov-

ernor. And the sitting in judgment on person or goods we ordain yet to be done by a third power—the Power of Judicature. All these are removes from the first notion of DEMOCRACY.

There is a notable jealousy of power revealed in this distribution of powers:—and it is admirable to see the people jealous of power even unto themselves. For very wisely have they concluded that occasions may not be unfrequent when the aggregate body, like the individual man, may be passion-driven or fancy-charmed to abuse the power in their hands.

Yet although this representative action of the people be not, in strictest construction, democratic, it is still so responsive to the immediate thought and wish of the people, that we may account it as the only practicable manifestation of the democratic form. In this sense I say that the only democratic feature in the Constitution of the United States is the House of Representatives. The authors of that constitution did not design to give the absolute democratic impress to any other part of the machine. The Executive is in nowise stamped with this impress,—for the chief comes through a college which was intended to stand between him and the people, and he is four years exempt from their control: the Senate, for a like reason, has not this impress: and still less is it stamped upon the judiciary which neither in origin, function, nor duration has any tincture of the democracy.

By imbuing the House of Representatives with the authentic democratic attribute, the founders of the Government purposed to build an impregnable citadel of Liberty and to arm it with all-sufficient weapons to defend and maintain free institutions forever. In removing the other branches of power from the immediate sway of the popular impulses, they desired to provide for a steadfast, calm and impartial ministration of the laws.

To construct this House of Representatives in the proportions and strength of a citadel, it was mainly fashioned after the model of the English House of Commons, though far more

democratic in its original than that exemplar. The fathers of our revolution remembered, with the pride of old English hearts, how sturdily that House of Commons, for near two centuries, had buffeted against royal prerogative: they remembered with a full understanding and cautious apprehension, how insolently one while, how warily another, the Executive power had invaded the sanctuary of these same Commons of England:—how the First Charles had pursued Hollis, Hazelrig, Hampden, Pym and Strode, even to the marching with his halberds up to the speaker's chair, and how trustily the Commons then maintained their faith to the people: they remembered how Cromwell, in a mad freak of his strength, stood at the door of the Painted Chamber to dole out tickets to whomsoever it pleased *him* should be counted as a representative of England, and how valiantly that famous Hundred who were forbidden admission, bearded this republican tyrant with his misdoing, until he had neither tongue to chide nor hand to strike. And still later, even in these their own days, did the fathers of our Revolution remember how the same Commons had rebuked George the Third for that threat—that whosoever voted for the India Bill "would be considered by *him* as *his* enemy."

In such remembrances was the House of Representatives conceived and framed into our Constitution. It was ordained to be the eye of the nation, the ear and the tongue, that seeing all things, and hearing all things, it might *report*.—Great is its efficacy in the making of the laws; great its faculty in gathering together the means of the nations and distributing the expenditure; great its power of relief—but greater is its virtue to REPORT! In that voice which speaks from the Capitol, the people ever recognize the night-warnings of the sentinel who sleeps not while others sleep,—the clear, far-sounding note of "All's Well," or the quick summons "To your tents, Oh Israel." They know that no stratagem of power, steal it never so warily into high places, may practise a step so soft that it shall not be heard under the dome of that Capitol; that no corruption shall wear so cunning a mask as to evade its sight, nor

dexterous villainy so counterfeit patriotism as to escape detection; that no usurpation shall carry so lofty a brow as to quell the valor of that sentinel; and that whatever may betide, the voice of an honest House of Representatives will speak with an echo that shall ring from the Atlantic even to the Pacific. Great is its virtue to REPORT! Of a truth, no surer bulwark of freedom may be contrived than the bulwark of knowledge! —such knowledge as the House of Representatives may impart to the people,—those perpetual resolutions of the secret doings of power;—intelligence welling forth at the centre and breaking in waves at the utmost verge of the circle.

The *making* of laws is the more ordinary and temperate function, and has, for the most part, but an occasional connection with that elemental labor of founding free-government which, in truth, needs but few enactments,—and such as it needs all men of our time, when Magna Charta and Bills of Rights and other such ground-work ordinances have grown to be the Honor Book of our schools sufficiently well understood. But in the *ministration* of laws lies the chief solicitude. In this service or duty no circumspection may boast itself so keen as to find an excuse to relax its watch. And then the first duty of him who watches is to report. What scourge does the evil-doer find like this advertisement—what incitement, the well-doer, like this renown of his good acts?

It entered, therefore, heartily and deeply into the scheme of the architects of this government to make this House of Representatives the great Censor. Its business is to inquire

How the laws have been observed:

How they to whom the execution thereof has been entrusted, have demeaned themselves:

What grievances the people sustain, and how such grievances may be removed.

And to the end that such inquiries may be full and perfect, it set up, without fear of the highest or slight of the lowest, this House as a Great Inquest endued with power to summon persons and to command the production of papers.

In this short summary of duties lies the great democratic power, and mighty it is to strengthen and preserve free institutions.

The Senate, in less degree, but still with strong infusion of the same quality, works to the same end. Yet between the Senate and the people is built much machinery—a six years' service, the interposition of the State Legislature,—that Legislature itself compounded of its own more or less popular branches,—its revolving changes, every two years shifting one-third of its elements, yet maintaining its identity in the ascendancy of its usages and opinions—as of old it was said that the famous Argonautic boat remained for centuries the same, though every plank had been many times renewed ;—all these qualities and conditions, by manifest stages, lift up the Senate above the primitive democratic platform and interpose as many inducements to deliberate counsel. Although remote from the people it still has its sympathy with the people in the essential representative character which constitutes the base whereon it is built, and yet more in the nature of its function, which, like that of the other House, is to watch, inquire and report.

In this structure of the two bodies composing the Legislature is the nursing-power of Liberty. It is the antagonist of all other powers in the government. Its duty being to seek out and redress grievances, to supervise and restrain, it is truly the sentinel upon all the other powers—and, therefore, antagonist.

The office of this Legislature is not light, nor sluggishly to be discharged. Night and day is its faculty kept upon the stretch. Its vice therefore, is,—not that too diligently and with hurtful excess of zeal it may pursue its vocation, but that unseasonably it may relax its application and grow aweary of watching, or that, yielding to the persuasions of ease or giving heed to the enticing voice of power, it may fall back from the rigor of its duty and permit the false servants of the people to indulge their own lusts without rebuke. In it is no spirit

usurpation nor encroachment, because usurpation and encroachment would only add to the burden of its labor by enlarging the field of its doings, and would impose increase of toil without increase of reward; for what is there in the orbit of legislation that should provoke a man, seeking his own advancement, to desire its enlargement? It has neither honors to bestow, nor wealth to distribute, nor power to confer upon the individuals who compose its aggregate. Such usurpation addresses no passion of the heart; and men are not apt to covet a barren addition of cares;—more apt are they to covet rest or lighter toil, and dispensation from the duty of watching—yea even to covet the bribe that shall seduce the warder to leave the wall and take his pleasure in the chamber of dalliance.

A free nation will note in these reflections how great a stake it has in an honest Legislature, and how deeply it imports the welfare of the land that the prerogatives of the Legislature be maintained.

Now the Legislature and the Executive are adversaries. The spirit to usurp and encroach is the instinct, the very passion and peculiar sin of the Executive. In all desires and duties, differing from the Legislature by the heaven's breadth, the Executive stands in need of laws, admonitions and persuasions which, on no pretext, may be addressed to the Legislature.

This Executive is the well-spring of honors, and official emoluments. It has directly to do with the pride, ambition and covetousness of men. It has a lust of self-glorification, aggrandizement and wide diffusion of its power,—that old master-passion which has made this earth a stranger to rest for so many a long year. Can we not comprehend, how, with such surrounding, the Executive should be solicited to the overstepping of his limits? Do we not know that the granting of honors and office makes friends; and that friends are followers, and followers partners in victory, and victory the extension of the frontier of power,—or, to speak it in other

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[illegible]

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[illegible] which in every separate bosom there
[illegible] an integral spark ready for combustion upon contact
[illegible] spark in all these bosoms? Irresistible and
torrent-like is the force of this combined power in directing the

course of legislation, of political administration, of judicial decree,—yea, even of custom, habit, manners, modes of thinking and modes of doing, in things the most trivial no less than in things the greatest.

No impediment can long interrupt its progress;—no monarch nor president, nor senate, nor judge,—no conclave in senate, nor assembly in public, has power to raise a barrier of the value of a cobweb's strength against it. It is the great ocean tide of free minds whose ebb and flow come with the awful energy of the Deity upon the waters. But let it be noted, this power of the public implies, INTELLIGENCE of the people. It is the congregated intellect—the reflecting, discriminating mind of a nation. It presents the ideal of a nation as an individual thinking Entity, exerting its single will in all things necessary to its own preservation, and which, for no instant of time, may tolerate any defiance of that sovereign will. Being an Intelligence, it has no necessary connection with NUMERICAL MAJORITY,—because the sentiment or will of a nation is not always, and by indispensable relation, known or attended by the numerical majority. Indeed from the nature of things, it is often impossible for the majority of members to express an original, undictated sentiment; first, because on every question, knowledge and reflection are requisite,—such knowledge as many men may lack the opportunity or the means to acquire, and such reflection as many may find no leisure to give; and second, because a thousand devices to mislead the uninformed or the weak-minded, are ever invented by the crafty, with a purpose to counterfeit a public sentiment favorable to some concealed design of the inventor: by reason of both which influences it can scarcely happen otherwise than that the opinion called *public*, is but opinion at second-hand and prompted. Free government is founded on *consent of minds*, not the *aggregation of bodies*: it is radically a matter *of intelligence*, not *numbers* only. And though it be essential to the nature of genuine democratic government that the public decree shall represent the sentiment, the wish and the command of the majority, yet such

majority must be the majority of minds in the nation :—not the ostensible majority of men speaking other men's thoughts or obeying other men's orders. Government is a thinking process :—laws are thoughts ;—measures are resolves of the mind ;—policy is a matter of reflection ; and these thoughts, resolves and reflections are determined upon and adopted by the greater number of thinking, resolving and reflecting agents. This is the true theory of democracy. Now, in no land has it ever been dreamed that the common mind or nation's wish was to be gathered simply from the majority of members ; but, with more or less exclusiveness, have all democracies of past time, ordained who should and who should not express the common wish : women, young men not yet at years of discretion or, of full age, as our law terms it ; foreigners not counted into citizens, though long dwelling in the nation,—have in all democracies been disallowed, yet such forbidden persons in number outreckon those who are allowed a voice in public affairs. We are at no loss to gather from this exclusion the theory of democracy which looks for majority of minds capable of weighing the business of the nation and inclined to take an interest in the welfare, not majority of persons ;—the import of narrowing this privilege to men of due age and to citizens, being to arrive, with what certainty it may admit of, at the thinking minds of the nation. Wherefore, I say that a true and healthful Democracy must be so constructed as to evolve the genuine sentiment of the majority of the people, and can, in no wise, exist upon an apparent contrived majority of opinions which, by guile and falsehood or slavish following of leaders, or neglect or incapacity to inquire, or from ignorance however compelled, or from worse than ignorance,—the dissoluteness and debauchery of manners,—the greater number of men may perchance be persuaded to call their own. For in that trick of false persuasion lurks the great enemy of all democracy. The demagogues are perpetually striving to suppress the democratic principle by smothering it under an ostensible and counterfeit opinion which, by their arts, they represent to be the opinion of the

many. Their system is to create an oligarchy, of which they are the chiefs, and the multitude the subjects—such oligarchy being the very antagonist to all free government.

The root of freedom is in the mind of the nation, and that root is nourished not so much by what is uttered as by what is felt. A virtuous people, sturdy and resolute in their virtue, having a due sense of what constitutes real freedom, are accustomed to cherish their freedom as a sentiment which at no cost of pain or suffering will they allow to be dishonored. Such people will not be deceived by forms, nor turned away from their devotion by ingenious catch-words or specious pretences of men who call themselves democrats; but will ever inquire after the substance of freedom, which, being found wanting, no mere image of freedom will they by any means allow to take its place. Thus does it come to pass that all true men in a republic will from the bottom of their hearts contemn that common notion of democracy preached by the demagogues, as a vulgar and savage despotism. The sway of numbers impelled by passion, and making their decree upon the prompting of a chief, or declaring their judgment on the instant, without thought, knowledge or deliberation, is the most arrogant and at the same time the most servile of all encroachments upon free government—the rankest and most unsparing tyranny among all the tyrannies that have fed the malice of mankind. It is the dominion of that old Abbot of Unreason frisking in a motley suit with cap and bells:—it is the triumph of John of Leyden unparalleled for its wicked fanaticism: it is the infatuation of the Fifth Monarchy men, and has its truest portraiture in the capricious and frightful democracy of Robespierre and the Poissardes.

In the framing of this Republic of the United States no thought was more foreign to the minds of the framers than the construction of a fabric which should admit of this domination of demagogues. Their great purpose was to embody the power of the people in a form which should bring the protection of that power to the humblest citizen, with such visible

efficacy as should assure him in the enjoyment of every which belonged to his position in the state. His rights reckoning them in the order of their intrinsic value,

First, of person, and

Second, of property—

Reckoning them in the order of their political valu were of property first, and second, of person:—for pr being more coveted by an invader than either a citizen's or his life, these rights of property in all nations, but in ours, engross the cares of legislation,—there being a sand laws on the statute books touching the protection o erty, for one concerning life or liberty.

Now the power of this government in protecting these of property and person, abides in that great democratic ple of which I have said so much, and is manifested, first privilege allowed to every citizen to express his individu in the management of public affairs, giving to that ind will the same force, neither more nor less, which is gi every other individual will in the nation: and second, in th damental law which is the life blood of freedom, the law secures to every man woman and child in the republic, th ervation of his rights against the invasion of the whole itself—which ordains that no majority however great sha a citizen of his rights.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

I.

BALTIMORE LONG AGO.

LIFE has a double expanse; one in the past, the other in the future: the present is but a dividing line—an isthmus, rather, between two oceans. Our retrospects widen every day; our prospects grow narrow.

I have come to that stage at which I live in the one as much as in the other;—puzzled to say whether I belong most to the antiques or the moderns. Why not confess it? To come smoothly and cheerfully up to the "great climateric," is, of itself a glory,—being an honest victory over time, and always a good token of a tranquil future.

The past presents a mellow landscape to my vision, rich with the hues of distance, and softened by a sunny haze, that still retains that tint of the rose—now sobered a little into the neutral—with which youth and hope once set it aglow. The present is a foreground less inviting, with a growing predominance of sharp lines and garish colors wanting harmony. So, I follow the bent of my humor and, for a while, renounce the present, to indulge my affections in the dalliance of old memories. I detest these babblements of young America, and seek a refuge from its impertinent innovations in a genial remembrance of the older days of our city.

"Earth hath its bubbles as the water hath." Many break before our eyes, throwing into air their little volumes of cherished desires: many glide onwards upon the stream to meet that fate beyond our view, of which we too plainly see the certain token in the swelling of the brittle globe, and the jeopardy that grows with its increasing compass.

These bubbles have been my study.

It is my fortune, now and then, to encounter some long ripened and—I reproach myself for saying it—some long *forgotten*, object of my early passion, with whom, when every look had a mysterious sympathy that controlled the beat of my pulse, and every word a tone that found a musical echo in my heart, I was wont, in the old time, to dance quadrilles and country-dances. Waltz and redowa and polka had not then invaded the mannerly modest reserve of female toleration. How changed is this same toleration now! Time is a ruthless conqueror! Be on your guard, my good, ingenious young friends. *Væ victis!*

That whilom neat little compend of wit and beauty which once inflamed my imagination by its vivacity and tenderness, its graceful outline, its aurora blush, its polished forehead, its jetty curls dripping to the round surface of an ivory shoulder—ah me, what has become of all these? Circe has touched that beautiful conglomerate with her wand. Who would believe in the identity of that past vision with its present domestic, motherly face, this superfluous double chin, this short, comfortable figure discreetly draped in supernumerary garments, and these four married daughters, respectable staid matrons,—the youngest of whom I sometimes meet in church with two boys draped like young Albanians! There is a remainder yet, I perceive, of that old roguish sparkle of the eye; and I think I discern the same lithe, well-turned figure, which I once followed with such devotion through the old ball rooms, in that granddaughter who is asking her mother my name,—as I perceive by her curious glance towards me. Not such ticklish ware, my old friend, I shrewdly guess, as in that triumphant day when you fancied you could banish me to the Desert of Arabia by a frown! My palpitations are not so distinguishable now; and I would venture to remark that you have altogether a more charitable and generally benevolent human reason than when I first knew you.

I can affirm with a clear conscience, that I approach these

›ld time idols without disconcertment, and even with an in-repid memory of the awful intensity of that passion which I ıave, more than once, known to endure without intermission ›r full six weeks. I am even hardy enough now—which, per-ıaps, is unbecoming my years and ought not to be encouraged —to venture on a comparison between the mother and the randdaughter, with an evident leaning towards a preference ›r the latter. It is one of the beneficent illusions of age, ıat we are apt to count ourselves *out* of that march in which ıe world is stepping along towards venerable end; at least, › fancy that we go at less speed than others.

I make several epochs in the onward, or rather I should ay backward, course of my recollections. One of my earliest ındmarks is the epoch of the old Court-House.

That was a famous building which, to my first cognizance, ıuggested the idea of a house, perched upon a great stool.

It was a large, dingy, square structure of brick, elevated ıpon a massive basement of stone, which was perforated by a ›road arch. The buttresses on either side of the arch sup-›lied space for a stairway that led to the Hall of Justice above, ınd straddled over a pillory, whipping-post and stocks which vere sheltered under the arch, as symbols of the power that vas at work up stairs.

This magisterial edifice stood precisely where the Battle Monument now stands on Calvert Street. It has a notable ıistory, that old Court-House. When it was first built it ›verlooked the town from the summit of the hill some fifty eet or more above the level of the present street, and stood ıpon a cliff which, northward, was washed at the base by Jones' Falls,—in that primitive day a pretty rural stream that mean-lered through meadows garnished with shrubbery and filled vith browsing cattle, making a pleasant landscape from the Court-House windows.

Of all the functions of municipal care, that which begins ear-iest and is the last to end in a thriving town, is the opening ınd grading of streets. Corporate vanity finds its great vent

in this exercise. The egotism of the young city run into streets. It is the only department of government that seems to be animated with an intense foresight for the wants of the future. Taxes get in arrear, schools are postponed, hospitals are put off, but the streets are always beforehand.

The old Calvert street came handsomely up the hill, all the way from the wharves to the Court-House, and the wayfarer, when he arrived at this point, found himself on the cliff looking northward over a beautiful valley watered by the roving stream which glided smoothly against the granite rocks that formed a selvage to the park belonging to that good and gallant old cavalier, Colonel Howard, and diverging from the foot of the park came, by a sweeping circuit, through the meadow under the steep and sandy hills that overhung it on the west.

The city fathers had grown tired of gazing over this scene of rural beauty, and had already begun to accuse the stream of an unbecoming departure from the true line of its duty. The circuit was an impertinence which called for correction. The surveyor's chain was already marking out a possible extension of Calvert street over the water-course. The work was as good as done. Jones' Falls was whipped out of the meadow as an intruder, and consigned to a new channel cut along the cord of the circular segment which it had pursued before Columbus broke his egg, and the decree was sent forth for taking down twenty feet of the hill on which the Court-House was perched.

And now the great question arose touching the fate of this majestical temple of the law. Was the street to give way to the Court House, or the Court-House to the street? For a time that question convulsed the councils and the public.

A mighty man in masonry in that day—Leonard Harbaugh by name—stepped forward: a man born to still great commotions of state. He maturely perpended the problem and amazed the whole generation of puzzled quidnuncs, including Mayor and City Council, Judges, Sheriffs and Clerks, with the brave proposal, at his own risk and responsibility, to preserve

the Court-House safe and sound after twenty feet were dug away beneath its foundations. The town could not have been more incredulous if he had proposed to suspend the honored building by a magnet in the air. But he was a man of will and confident in his genius, and so went courageously to work.

All the old men, and all the boys, and all the idle negroes visited the work daily. Many shook their heads and watched to see the Court-House tumble in ruins, and carefully "stood from under." But, day by day, Leonard adroitly knitted the masonry into buttress and arch, and, in good time, emerged that figure I have already described, of the old Court-House quaintly seated upon its ponderous and solid bench of stone. Why is there no full length portrait of the doughty Leonard Harbaugh hanging in the City Hall? Alas, our true men of might find no place in the galleries consecrated to the encouragement of the growth of shams! Both Leonard and his work, the old Court-House, have gone into dead oblivion.

The street commissioners came along once more, and decreed another reduction of hill. Another twenty feet or more were required. The Court-House had grown mouldy and superannuated; stock, pillory and whipping-post had gone out of fashion: Baltimore had become more ambitious. Stately buildings began to engross the square. The new Court-House arose,—a model of architectural magnificence to the eye of that admiring generation, only second to the National Capitol—and the old one was carted away as the rubbish of a past age. Calvert street straggled onward to the granite hills. People wonder to hear that Jones' Falls ever rippled over a bed now laden with rows of comfortable dwellings, and that cows once browzed upon a meadow that now produces steam engines, soap and candles and lager beer.

Still dear to me is the memory of the old Court-House. I have a sober faith that the people of the days of the old Court House and the old Court-House days themselves had more spice in them, were more genial to the kindlier elements that make life worthy to be loved, than any days we have had since.

The youth of a city, like the youth of a man, has a keener zest for enjoyment and finds more resource for it than mature age. Use begets a fastidious appetite and disgust for cheap pleasures, while youth lives to the delight of constant surprises and with quick appreciation and thankful reception of novelties.

Next after the old Court-House, and in vivid associations far ahead of it, my most salient memory comes up from the old Play-House. We had not got into the euphuism of calling it "the theatre" in those days, or, at least, that elegance was patronized only by the select few who in that generation, like the select few of the present, were apt to be caught by the fancy of a supposed refinement in the substitution of Greek for the Anglo-Saxon. The Spectator and Rambler and the Vicar of Wakefield supplied the vocabulary of that era, and I think Addison, Johnson and Goldsmith generally followed Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, and taught people to call it the Play-House. I dare say the actors—especially the young ones who were proud of their calling and were inclined to strut in speech as well as on the boards—had, even then, began to naturalize the new word. But there is such a perfume lingering about the old vernacular,—the aroma of flowers planted by it when all the world was fragrant to me—that I cannot give it up without risk of dulling the husbandry which yet keeps these fine odors alive.

"The theatre" would bring me to a later period, when the foot-lights were no longer fed with oil, when the glass diamonds and tinsel had lost their reality, and the stage had begun to reveal its tawdry secrets, to the disenchantment of that beautiful school-boy faith with which I plunged into this weird world of *féerie*.

This Play-House stood in Holiday street just where the present "theatre" now stands. What a superb thing it was! —speaking now as my fancy imagined it then. It had something of the splendor of a great barn, weather-boarded, milk white, with many windows and, to my conception, looked with

a hospitable, patronizing, tragicomic greeting down upon the street. It never occurred to me to think of it as a piece of architecture. It was something above that—a huge, mystical Aladdin lamp that had a magic to repel criticism, and filled with wonderful histories. There Blue Beard strangled his wives and hung them on pegs in the Blue Chamber; and the glorious Valentine overcame his brother Orson, by the clever trick of showing him his own image in a wonderful shield of looking-glass, which, of course, we believed to be pure burnished silver; and there the Babes in the Wood went to sleep under the coverlet provided for them by the charitable robins that swung down upon wires,—which we thought was even superior to the ordinary manner of flying; and the ghost of Gaffer Thumb came up through the floor, as white as a dredge-box of flour could make him—much more natural than any common ghost we had seen. Alas, what has become of Orcobrand's Cave and the Wood Demon and the Castle Spectre, and all the rest of those delightful old horrors which used to make our hair stand on end in delicious ecstasy in those days? This reflection gives me rather a poor opinion of the modern drama, and so I do not look much after it. In fact, I suspect this age to be greatly behind ours in these terrible fascinations. Young America is evidently not so easily scared as old America was: it has a sad propensity towards fast trotters and to that wretched business of driving buggies, which has spoiled the whole generation of young gentlemen, and made a good cavalry offier, just now, an impossibility or, at least, a virtuous exception, in one-half of the country. The age is too fast for the old illusions, and the theatre now deals in respectable swindlers, burglars and improper young ladies as more consonant with the public favor than our old devils, ghosts and assassins, which were always shown in their true colors, and were sure to be severely punished when they persecuted innocence.

The players were part and parcel of the play-house, and therefore shared in the juvenile admiration with which it was regarded. In fact, there was a misty confusing of the two

which destroyed the separate identity of either. The play-house was a compound idea of a house filled with mountains, old castles and cities and elderly gentlemen in wigs, brigands, fairies and demons, the whole making a little cosmos that was only connected with the world by certain rows of benches symmetrically arranged into boxes, pit and gallery, where mankind were drawn by certain irresistible affinities to laugh and weep and clap their hands, just as the magicians within should choose to have them do.

Of course, there was but one play-house and one company of actors. Two or more would have destroyed that impression of the super-natural, or rather the extra-natural, which gave to the show its indescribable charm. A cheap and common illusion soon grows stale. Christy's Minstrels may be repeated every night, and people will only get tired of the bad jokes and cease to laugh;—but Cinderella and her glass slipper would never endure it. The fairy bubbles would burst, and there would be no more sparkling of the eyes of the young folks with the delight of wonder. Even Lady Macbeth, I believe, would become an ordinary sort of person in "a run"—such as is common now. The players understood this, and, therefore, did not allow themselves to grow too familiar. One company served Baltimore and Philadelphia, and they had their appointed seasons—a few months or even weeks at a time,—and they played only three times a week. "The actors are coming hither, my lord," would seem to intimate that this was the condition of things at Elsinore—one company and a periodical visit. There was a universal gladness in this old Baltimore when the word was passed round—"the players are come." It instantly became every body's business to give them a good reception. They were strange creatures in our school-boy reckoning—quite out of the common order of humanity. We ran after them in the street as something very notable to be looked at. It was odd to see them dressed like gentlemen and ladies: almost incongruous, we sometimes thought, as if we expected to see them in slashed doublet and hose, with embroidered mantles

and a feather in their caps. "There goes *Old* Francis," wa
our phrase; not that he was *old*, for he was far from it, but be
cause we loved him. It was a term of endearment. And a
to Jefferson! Is there any body now who remembers tha
imp of ancient fame? I cannot even now think definitely o
him as a man—except in one particular, that he had a promi
nent and rather arching nose. In regard to every thing els
he was a Proteus—the nose always being the same. He playe
every thing that was comic and always made people laugh til
tears came to their eyes. Laugh! Why, I don't believe h
ever saw the world doing any thing else. Whomsoever he look
ed at laughed. Before he came through the side scenes, when h
was about to enter O. P. or P. S., he would pronounce the firs
words of his part to herald his appearance, and instantly th
whole audience set up a shout. It was only the sound of hi
voice. He had a patent right to shake the worlds diaphragn
which seemed to be infallible. No player comes to that per
fection now. Actors are too cheap, and all the hallucinatio
is gone.

When our players came, with their short seasons, their thre
nights in the week, and their single company, they were re
ceived as public benefactors, and their stay was a period of
carnival. The boxes were engaged for every night. Familie
all went together, young and old. Smiles were on every face
the town was happy. The elders did not frown on the drama
the clergy levelled no cannon against it, the critics were ami
able. The chief actors were invited into the best company
and I believe their personal merits entitled them to all the es
teem that was felt for them. But, among the young folks th
appreciation was far above all this. With them it was a kin
of hero worship prompted by a conviction that the player wa
that manifold creature which every night assumed a new shape
and only accidentally fell into the category of a common mortal.
And therefore, it seemed so interesting to us to catch one of
them sauntering on the street looking like other people. Tha
was his exceptional character, and we were curious to see how

he behaved in it—and, indeed, thought him a little awkward and not quite at his ease in that guise. How could *old* Francis be expected to walk comfortably in Suwarow boots and a stove-pipe hat—he who had, last night, been pursuing Columbine in his light suit of triangular patch work, with his wooden sword, and who so deftly dodged the police by making a somerset through the face of a clock, and disappearing in a chest of drawers; or who, the night before that, was a French dancing master, and ran away with a pretty ward of a cross old gentleman, who wanted to marry her himself!

It has always struck me that the natural development of player life has something very grotesque in it. It amounts almost to transmigration. The public knows an actor only on the boards, and there he is so familiarly known as, in fact, to make that his only cognizable existence. We see him to-day in one stage of his progress, to-morrow in another. He is never continuously the same person—often totally a different and most opposite one—so different in quality, costume, deportment, that all identity has disappeared. It looks like metempsychosis. Francis began—or was transmuted into it, at some early epoch of his life—as Harlequin and he grew and grew, through successive states of existence, into a Turkish Bashaw, and finally developed into a fine Sir Peter Teazle, from which full blown perfection he vanished out of the sphere of mortal ken. What was the growth of the man Francis, few persons gave themselves the trouble to inquire, though I am quite sure he had a manhood as worthy of being esteemed as the most of us; —but the gradual evolution of that mythic being, whose nightly apparition before the foot-lights enchanted our merry world, through all the metamorphosis of dramatic development, was as notable and conspicuous, within its orbit, as the career of Daniel Webster. It was the only Francis ninety-nine out of a hundred knew any thing about; the only one, we of the younger and simpler sort conceived to be natural or even possible.

The growth of a city is a natural process which creates no surprise to those who grow with it, but it is very striking when

we come to look back upon it and compare its aspect at different and distant eras. If I had been away during that long interval which separates the past I have been describing from the present, I doubt if I should now find one feature of the old countenance of the town left. Every thing is as much changed as if there was no consanguinity, or even acquaintance, between the old and the new.

In the days I speak of, Baltimore was fast emerging from its village state into a thriving commercial town. Lots were not yet sold by the foot, except, perhaps, in the denser marts of business ;—rather by the acre. It was in the *rus-in-urbe* category. That fury for levelling had not yet possessed the souls of City Councils. We had our seven hills then, which have been rounded off since, and that locality, which is now described as lying between the two parallels of North Charles street and Calvert Street, presented a steep and barren hill-side, broken by rugged cliffs and deep ravines washed out, by the storms of winter, into chasms which were threaded by paths of toilsome and difficult ascent. On the summit of one of these cliffs stood the old Church of St. Paul's, some fifty paces or more to the eastward of the present church, and surrounded by a brick wall that bounded on the present lines of Charles and Lexington streets. This old building, ample and stately, looked abroad over half the town. It had a belfry tower detached from the main structure, and keeping watch over a grave-yard full of tombstones, remarkable,—to the observation of the boys and girls, who were drawn to it by the irresistible charm of a popular belief that it was "haunted,"—for the quantity of cherubim that seemed to be continually crying above the death's heads and cross-bones, at the doleful and comical epitaphs below them.

The rain-washed ravines from this height supplied an amusement to the boys, which seems to have been the origin of a sport that has now descended to their grandchildren in an improved and more practical form. These same hills are now cut down into streets of rapid descent, which in winetr, when

clothed in ice and snow, are filled with troops of noisy sledders who shoot, with the speed of arrows, down the slippery declivity. In my time, the same pranks were enacted on the sandy plains of the cliff, without the machinery of the sled, but on the unprotected breeching of corduroy,—much to the discontent of mothers who had to repair the ravage, and not always without the practice of fathers upon the same breeching, by way of putting a stop to this expensive diversion.

The little river—the Falls as it was always called—gurgled along with a flashing current at the foot of these hills, washing that grassy cantlet, which every body knew as "the meadow," over which Calvert street now flings its brick and mortar, and where the railroad station usurps the old-time pasture ground of the village cows. Hard by the margin of this stream, "the spring" gushed forth in primeval beauty, from the curtilage of a low-browed, rustic cottage, shaded by its aboriginal tree, which in time was rooted up, to be supplanted by the pillared dome which now lingers a forsaken relic, dependant upon the slow charity of the city fathers to save it from pick-axe and spade and the overwhelming masonry of modern improvement.

The stream, in its onward flight from this point, ed[illegible]died under the high bank that supported the Court-House, [illegible]and, turning swiftly thence, foamed and dashed at the base [illegible]of a precipice, on the top of which stood the Presbyterian Ch[illegible]rch —only lately resolved into its original dust, to make roo[illegible] f the new court-room, which Uncle Sam, quite regardless o[illegible] threat of Mr. Jefferson Davis to liberate Maryland, is fast [illegible] ing up to administer the laws of the "more perfect Uni[illegible] which rebellion has been so savagely intent upon making [illegible] imperfect.

These are some of the more noteworthy changes w[illegible] have crept over the physical aspect of the city. Those i[illegible] moral and social aspect are even more observable. As c[illegible] munities grow in density and aggregation, the individualit[illegible] men diminishes. People attend to their own concerns

look less to their neighbors. Society breaks into sects, cliques and circles, and these supersede individuals. In the old time, society had its leaders, its models and dictators. There is always the great man of the village;—seldom such a thing in the city. It was the fashion then to accord reverence and authority to age. That is all gone now. Young America has rather a small opinion of its elders, and does not patronize fathers and mothers. It knows too much to be advised, and gets, by intuition, what a more modest generation found it hard enough to get by experience. If we could trace this notion through all its lodgments, we should find that this want of reverence and contempt of obedience is the deepest root of this mad rebellion.

Baltimore had passed out of the village phase, but it had not got out of the village peculiarities. It had its heroes and its fine old gentlemen, and its accomplished lawyers, divines and physicians, and its liberal, public-spirited merchants. Alas! more then than now. The people all knew them and treated them with amiable deference. How sadly we have retrograded in these perfections ever since!

Society had a more aristocratic air than now—not because the educated and wealthy assumed more, but because the community itself had a better appreciation of personal worth, and voluntarily gave it the healthful privilege of taking the lead in the direction of manners and in the conducting of public affairs. This was, perhaps, the lingering characteristic of colorial life, which the revolution had not effaced,—the, as yet unextinguished traditional sentiment of a still older time—of which all traces have been obliterated by the defective discipline of succeeding generations.

The retrospect which carries me back to that jocund time, when I admired and loved that old society, is full of delight and sadness. I have a long score of pleasant recollections of the friendships, the popular renowns, the household charms, the *bonhommie*, the free confidences and the personal accomplishments of that day. My memory yet lingers with affec-

tionate delay in the wake of past notabilities, male and female, who have finished their voyage and long ago, I trust, found a safe mooring in that happy haven, where we fondly expect to find them again when we ourselves shall have furled our sails and secured an anchorage on that blessed shore. Bating the ravages which time has made in the ranks of my compeers and comrades, it is a precious bit of the field of human life to contemplate. But those ravages! How few of the glories of that day remain. Some cord has snapped every year—even as we advance, every month; and, at each break, a dear friend, a familiar face, a genial form, upon which we were wont to hang our affections like garlands, has dropt out of sight and become a memory. A few sea-worn barks still sail on.

I grow too serious for the cheerful theme which my outset promised. Let me get back to my appointed task.

It was a treat to our ancestors to look upon this little Baltimore town springing forward with such elastic bound to be something of note in the Great Republic. They saw it just after the war of the Revolution, giving its first promise—a bustling, ambitious, I might say, rollicking young aspirant for municipal honors—growing rapidly, like a healthy boy, fat and frolicsome, and bursting incontinently out of his clothes in spite of all allowance of seam and selvage. Market street (this has grown obsolete now—they call it Baltimore street) had shot like a snake out of a toy box, up as high as Congress Hall (I forgot that Congress Hall, which stood between Sharp and Liberty, has also vanished), with its variegated range of low-browed, hip-roofed wooden houses, standing forward and back, out of line, like an ill-dressed regiment,—as a military man would say. Some houses were painted blue, some yellow, some white, and, here and there, a more pretending mansion of brick, with windows after the pattern of a multiplication table, square and many-paned, and great wastes of wall between the stories; some with court-yards in front, and trees in whose shade truant boys and ragged negroes "skyed coppers" and played at marbles.

This avenue was enlivened with matrons and damsels; some with looped-up skirts, some in brocade luxuriantly displayed over hoops, with comely boddices supported by stays disclosing perilous waists, and with sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow, where they were lost in ruffles that stood off like the feathers of a bantam. The whirligig of time has played its usual prank and brought these ghosts of the past back into the very same avenue. And then, such faces! so rosy, spirited and sharp;—with the hair drawn over a cushion—(they called it neither "cat" nor "rat," my dear young lady, but simply by the name I give it)—tight enough to lift the eyebrows into a rounder curve, giving a pungent, supercilious expression to the countenance; and curls that fell in "cataracts" upon the shoulders (much prettier, my pretty friend, than those netted "beaver tails" you fancy). Then, they stepped away in such a mincing gait, in shoes of many colors with formidable points at the toes and high tottering heels delicately cut in wood, and in towering peaked hats, garnished with feathers that swayed aristocratically backward and forward at each step, as if they took pride in the stately paces of the wearer.

In the train of these goodly groups came the gallants who upheld the chivalry of the age;—cavaliers of the old school, full of starch and powder: most of them the iron gentlemen of the Revolution, with leather faces—old campaigners, renowned for long stories,—not long enough from the camp to lose their military *brusquerie* and dare-devil swagger; proper, roystering blades who had not long ago got out of harness and begun to affect the elegancies of civil life. Who but they!—jolly fellows, fiery and loud, with stern glance of the eye and brisk turn of the head, and swash-buckler strut of defiance, like game cocks, all in three cornered cocked-hats and powdered hair and cues, and light-colored coats with narrow capes and long backs, and pockets on each hip, small clothes and striped stockings, shoes with great buckles, and long steel watch chains suspending an agate seal, in the likeness to the old sounding boards hung above the pulpits. And they walked with such a stir, striking

[illegible] the pavement till it rang again. I defy all [illegible] produce any thing equal to it. There [illegible] after the war, so visible in every [illegible] worth seeing, when one of these [illegible] a lady on the street. There [illegible] the whole width of the pavement, a [illegible] with a flourish under the [illegible] in a parallel line with the cue. [illegible] than the lady's return of [illegible] that brought her, with bridled chin [illegible] half way to the ground. And such [illegible]

[illegible] to see a good housewifely matron [illegible] through town in bad weather, [illegible] her arms thrust into a huge [illegible] about her neck and shoulders in as [illegible] of Laocoon, a beaver hat close over [illegible] in patterns that lifted her above all [illegible] clanking on the sidewalks with [illegible] Bleeding Nun.

[illegible] a scale of grandeur unknown to [illegible] none of your soft Italian skies [illegible] December. But winter strut- [illegible] the stage, as one who knew [illegible] trifled with, and took possession [illegible] in good earnest, flinging his snowy [illegible] to all comers, determined [illegible] to take it up and con- [illegible] seemed to be made on pur- [illegible] and crisp, and so inviting [illegible] in sleighs, spe[illegible] highway, echoing back th[illegible] street corner greete[illegible] And the horse-bells jinglin[illegible] and many a distan[illegible] that followed upon the trac[illegible]

Baltimore has altered since those merry days. It has grown up, since then, from a jovial, bustling little town into the dimensions of a fair city. The stages of that growth have been rapidly passed. Every year has witnessed a visible encroachment of the suburbs on the surrounding country, and every score of years the doubling of the number of the inhabitants. To my perception, the departure of each generation carried with it some precious remainder of the quality which made Baltimore an abode to be chosen by those who seek "to cast their lines in pleasant places."

It is no querulous temper nor predilection of age which prompts me to say that the later time has not repaired the losses of the old. I would not offend the present by comparison with the past: I simply note a fact in which, perhaps, some calm thinker may find a useful moral. There was more public spirit in the young Baltimore than in the grown up city, and it was nursed by nobler men. There was a grander race of merchants in those days;—don't be offended, my worthy friends of the Exchange, there is a broad space below the top line of that old company, which may be occupied without disparagement to your respectability;—they were larger in their views, and larger in their hearts,—gave more time and money to public enterprise, were more elegant and more generous in their convivialities, more truly representative of a refined upper class, more open of hand and more kind to the world, than any society we have had since. I speak of society as an aggregate, because I desire to leave room for individual exceptions in which the old spirit survives. They were of the Venetian stamp, and belonged to the order of what the world calls merchant princes;—not so much in magnificence as in aim and intention. What a roll could I call of those departed spirits who made their names the favorite household memories of Maryland and famous in the history of commercial venture in every port of Europe, and down along the coasts of either continent "to utmost Indian isle."

And then, passing from the merchants to the old Bench and

[illegible] and learning and eloquence was [illegible] sparkling good fellows [illegible] the new!—on such [illegible] so proud of each other; [illegible] Themis, numbering not over some [illegible] judges, clerks, students and all, [illegible] of notabilities, of renown [illegible]—enough to give a reputation to half a [illegible].

[illegible] divines and physicians, too, who could face all the [illegible] and make them envious of the excellence [illegible] most eager ambition would be satisfied to attain for themselves. Certainly, the city now fails in its emulation of [illegible] vigor of mental activity which made the former [illegible] so noteworthy in all its departments of municipal life. But this is casual and may be better by and by. Men of mould come in cycles, and we are in apogee just now. [illegible] and the wheel of time will bring better conditions around again. I prophesy something good from this great [illegible] of rebellion, which seems to be the travail of a [illegible] purification and the dawn of a new life for Baltimore. [illegible] a very stern and solemn reformation which, if I [illegible] will evolve much new faculty with much pro[illegible] in the future.

What is notable now is, that the city is care-worn and contentious. It is unpleasantly characterized by a struggle between generosity and selfishness:—many ready to give every thing and do every thing for the sake of the country in its need; many who will give and do nothing. It is cloven by faction, and it is more than the true men and women can do, by any persuasion or example, to keep it on decent terms of social toleration. There are sorrowful variances among us. Dissension has crept up to the verge of the altars, and invaded the firesides of the city, tainting both with an infection that good Christians are not accustomed to allow in such sanctuaries. Rebellion has vitiated the atmosphere of the marke

place, and flaunts its symbols on the street. Old friends keep apart, pass with unpleasant glances, or converse together without a topic and with a strange constraint. There was one point three years ago, upon which they had a difference of opinion—and this was a fountain of discord. What was it? Reducing the cause of quarrel to its simple element, as we sift it out of the protocols or counter-propositions which preluded the breaking out of this insane civil war, in the discussions of the opposing parties in Congress, it was neither more nor less than this:—Shall we have the privilege to plant Slavery in the bosom of the new communities which, in future time, are to inhabit that broad domain lying between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and condemn that coming empire to endure the curse which, in old time, we complained against Great Britain for inflicting upon us? The nation said no. And, thereupon, many in Baltimore thought there was sufficient reason for destroying our Great Republic! Marvellous, that any man or woman in Baltimore should even grow angry upon such a privation as this! Then, as the war goes on, things, of course, get worse; for rebellion is always creating new exasperations: it is, in its mildest type, a rough experiment, and not at all, as romantic young ladies think, sprinkled with rose-water. And so, we divide and become unhappy. Perhaps time will clear away the mist, and people, in Maryland at least, will see the folly of fighting for slavery in the Rocky Mountains and, in the end, the nation grow the stronger and the purer for this outbreak.

I perceive I am rambling towards a topic that might carry me into a long discourse. So I come to a halt, lest I should destroy the flavor of these kindly memories I would fain preserve for the pleasure of those who like to hear of Baltimore Long Ago.

II.

EXPERIENCES OF A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

BALTIMORE IN 1827.

No I.

I HAVE two wild nieces who have nothing to do but look ahead for pleasures, and being full of health and animal spirits, throw such a gladsome eye over life, that it is impossible to invent any thing which shall be so dull as not to amuse them. They are great favorites with me, and, bating a little vexation, sometimes, at being dragged from one end of Market street to the other, to look at all manner of gewgaws, and sometimes at being pulled out of my arm-chair, from a state of luxurious rumination, to scamper off with them, on a snowy evening, to a racketing ball, I work along wonderfully well with them, and, in truth, enjoy almost as much comfort in their good spirits as they do themselves. But on Friday last, fate, or that illustrious personage who was once renowned "for going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," put my philosophy to a trial such as the like before it had never been seen.

At tea-time, I found that my girls had concocted the whole scheme of mischief by making arrangements to compel me to go with them to Mr. Durocher's Practising Ball, at which was to be exhibited a grand entertainment, according to the Gazette, of the Ballet of Telemachus, to be danced by certain of his scholars, wherein was to be achieved the actual formation of the Islands of Calypso, the arrival of Telemachus, and various feats of that felon Cupid, who, whether he be mimic or real, seems to be the promoter of all misrule. In fact, they were actually bonneted and cloaked for the expedition, and had such a volume of anticipation in their eyes that my good-humor softened into perfect submission: so we set off, and arrived at the Athenæum at a little past seven.

I had some misgivings before we reached the door, for although it was an intensely cold evening the streets leading to

the ball-room were enlivened by the rapid transit of crowds of females, posting with hurried steps, under the convoy of a few hen-pecked husbands, or good-natured bachelors who, with myself, had been inveigled into a service of which they were ignorant, like fleets sailing under sealed instructions, to be opened at particular latitudes. When we entered the saloon, we found it filled to suffocation. There were belles in bonnets too large to be forced into a flour-barrel; there were ladies in ball dresses denuded and trinketed; some only half-dressed from the waist upwards; little *mignons*, not three feet high, were there, arrayed like puppets, and wandering, or rather scudding, through the room with great *empressement*. There were elderly matrons who never frequent the ball-room, but were brought on this occasion to countenance the exhibition; or by rank curiosity to see the pageant: there were fat, unwieldy women, dressed ludicrously tight, in the abortive thought to appear small; and thin and haggard dames, wrapped all in shawls, like silkworms. Some of this group wore grave and serious aspects, as beholding these vanities with scorn. Some looked wild and frightened, as if they were trespassing on forbidden ground. Some turned them round and round, and gazed inquisitively at the lamps, the mirrors, and the ceiling; and others looked as if they had lost their way, and could not tell how they had got there. Sparsely scattered through this group were bewildered gentlemen with countenances of horrible vacuity. Parties were seen struggling towards the middle of the room and, on arriving there, struggling back again to the wall; and more than once hove in sight a big fat woman, carrying a heavy press of feathers in her bonnet, and jerking a diminished, shrivelled pattern of a husband after her, like a frigate dragging her anchor. There was on all sides a slow, heavy, perpetual motion, like that of the dull heaving sea, and each one seemed silently marvelling what brought the other there.

At the upper end of the room, on a slightly elevated platform, were the destined elements of the Islands of Calypso, videlicet, four posts, with divers garlands of evergreen and flowers wreathed round them, with cords and pulleys to waft

the garlands on the desert air; each post surmounted with a nondescript flower-pot, wherein Philomela might be imagined to build her nest, or certain artificial white roses to take root—if they pleased: but alas! with all these facilities, both real and imaginary, the very spot where the islands were to spring into existence was inundated by the resistless tide of encroaching mortals, and not even the genius of Ocean himself, aided by the spirit of the immortal Vestris, with all their spells, could, at this moment, have transformed it into danceable ground. The son of Ulysses would never have discovered the unknown precinct, and the inconsolable Calypso would not have found one flowery turf whereon to rest her aching head: even Cupid himself would have hovered like a butterfly over this region, guiltless of a footprint, unless indeed the rascal could have contented himself to perch upon a bonnet, or nestle under a ruff.

The grand ballet was to commence at half-past seven, but it was now eight, and every moment the press grew heavier. The presiding deity of this scene had in the calm and suasive tone of courtesy beseeched the necessary accommodation from the crowd; but he spoke to the vasty deep. From this unavailing experiment he found it necessary to take a bolder resolve, and now began to make a Spartan stand against the invasion of the consecrated quarter. He invoked, exhorted, remonstrated,—but like Canute on the beach, the rebellious wave rushed to his very foot-stool. In vain was it proclaimed that Telemachus was blockaded in his dressing-room, with pumps chalked, and gloves in hand, and that Calypso would take cold if not permitted the free use of her limbs. In vain was it deplored that no scraper could draw his bow for want of elbow-room, and that not even a music-stand dared lift up its candle-holding front. Like the warder on the wall at the coming of the Red Cross Knight, "he bawled till he was hoarse;" but vociferation was vain: eloquence had lost its persuasion; entreaty had no touch: every effort of the orator was answered only by violent applause—the too common fate of eloquence. The front ranks could not retire, and the

nks, instead of giving way, only pressed forward like
ous myrmidons—to hear what was said and to see what
be seen. At length a heavy buzz arose, and it was soon
d that one fiddler, "more lucky than the rest," had
ed in making a lodgement hard by the destined field,
Orpheus-like, he forthwith essayed the power of music,
usic had no charms to soothe the female breast—the
ent was only *seen* in motion, the bow making hideous
es in the trenchant air; no sound of it was heard
the pervading din. So passed an anxious interval, and
r ranks at last believing that the ballet was concluded
ey were far beyond the reach of accurate intelligence
e frontier—began to give ground. Many retired to
orts awaited them, and many went home to talk over
entures of the evening. The arena was gradually open-
is retrocession, and thus the enraptured Mentor, who
long played to the life The Manager in Distress, was
not only to conduct his Telemachus to the opening of
ma, but even to summon the island itself into its pre-
l existence. Happy man! to see arise under the plas-
h of thy creative fancy, the rosy abodes of love and
nt, and by the same power to quell the seditious billow
tinent curiosity into a glassy surface of mannerly de-

as scarcely ascertained that the *spectacle* had actually
ced, when a rush was made towards the scene of action.
te were they who had gone off with the impression
was over. While those in front occupied their ground
e, those behind them, led by a laudable thirst for
lge, and a disposition to certify to the splendor of the
on the ocular proof, moved forward in regular files,
ing into a solid body. The chairs and benches, of
large supply had been spread over the floor, with a
that all should sit, were everywhere put in requisi-
d by their aid the company were soon built up into
ories, the first standing on the floor, the second on the

seats, and the third on the tops of the chair-backs, with here and there a minaret formed by the more prominent elevation of some little damsel on the shoulders of others. Such was the position of things when the ballet opened; I had forgotten to say that four large stoves, heated to their utmost, had diffused a tropical climate through the room, which was soon raised to fever heat by the multitudinous ardent temperaments which idle curiosity had thus assembled. My girls had long before this strayed away from me, and by carrying things pell mell, had contrived to get as near to the consecrated confines as their guardian spirit would permit; and I myself sufficiently wearied out by the early exhibitions of this *mêlée*, would have long before followed my better council, and sought the retirement of my own fireside, but that I was bound to other service for the evening. Involuntarily I was caught up in the current that forced its way to the front, and soon found myself in about the fourth rank, compressed into solid column, occupying the lower story of the mortal structure I have before described, jammed up between multitudes of women-kind, and serving, like a buttress, to support the airy superstructure of flaunting girls who constituted the second and third stories above me, and who were leaning on me from all sides to sustain themselves in their perilous elevation; myself no bad image of a pillar of rude masonry, constructed in a dark cellar to uphold the various fanciful and decorated arches, which the architect is wont to raise *ad libitum* from such a foundation. There I was in darkness and obstruction, undergoing the distillation of 120 degrees of Fahrenheit, rapidly thawing and resolving into a dew;—no hand to save, no eye to pity. My hat, alas! it was my best!—I knew not where to put it; it was crushed against it my side. I once succeeded in raising it, all deformed as it was, to my head, but it was instantly pressed down over my eyes and it bound my brows like a band of iron. In my bitterness I cursed it, and the man that made it, and the woman that bore upon it, and the ballet and every thing. And there was I left to ruminate like truth at the bottom of a well.

ht of Moore's song "Though a beam on the face of the
s may glow," and compared myself to the stream running
it—not in *coldness*, Heaven knows—but in darkness. I
ht of the solitude of a crowd—solitary enough! I thought
y and the smothering up of Herculaneum. I could hear
. They were of those who had so unceremoniously turn-
into a ladder, and I had the consolation to learn that they
little of the ballet as myself.
night have died in this dreadful abode, and my fall would
ave been like the giving way of the foundations of a gla-
he superincumbent mass would have sunk but to a low-
l. At intervals I heard the sound of music, but it was
tones of the Eolian harp which swelled upon my ear for
ant, and died in distance. Sometimes I heard a crash
aint screaming; it was only an *avalanche* of belles on some
neighboring heights, tumbled from their giddy summits.
a most opportune fainting fit of a lady in my vicinity,
ned the heroic and successful effort of a cavalier to pon-
the phalanx which environed her, and I availed myself
piece of good fortune, by slipping from under my gay
ture, and made my way to the remote parts of the room
wake of the retreating lady. It was like the exit of Wall
oonshine—a *very sorry* Wall—and a *very pale* Moon-

s tugged with disasters and resolutely swearing never
o be led away by my rantipole nieces, I stood upon the
f the crowd, gradually repairing my exhausted strength,
the same degree falling into a better temper of obser-
My attention was soon enlivened by the scene pre-
here among the unhappy miscreants whom fate had
d to this provincial distance from the capital. Here
sconsolate ladies stalking up and down, like Stygian
and impatient children prying into every cranny after
nner of terrier dogs; and here were silent and de-
mortals, who sat against the wall, looking in sad dis-
le on the dull floor; and here were grave and senten-

tious damsels, who were smothering, by the assumed dignity of indifference, the feminine curiosity which burnt in their bosoms; and here were malapert girls, venting their spleen and ill humor in satires on the crowd; one of these, who had been fattened on history in the erudite stalls of the boarding-school, protested to her companion that having read Telemachus in French, she had no desire to see it danced. And here was myself, like a whipped hound who had lost the trail, eyeing the hunter's askance, and dreading the return of the lash. Among other spectacles in this Cimmerian region, was a tall, emaciated and clerkly looking gentlemen, with a long visage and full orbed, starting eyes, having his hair cropped like a roundhead, and his ears like handles; he was waiting in torture until his *cara sposa*—a little dumpy woman—should absorb as much as her curiosity coveted. She was erected upon a step-ladder, to the sides of which clung some eager wretches, so grouped as to present a moral pyramid, as I have sometimes seen in the representations of Niobe and her children; or it might be better pictured by the graphic assemblage which the engraver has so faithfully portrayed in the illustrations of that edifying volume containing the history of the poor woman "who had so many children she didn't know what to do," for the particulars of which I refer to my reader of the nursery. The little woman was somewhat below the apex of the pyramid, and was stretching her short neck diagonally athwart the shoulders of a broad-backed dame fa by, and all in vain struggling for the luxury of a single glimps a luxury for which she had fruitlessly changed her positic twice or thrice, standing all the time on tiptoe in a state c painful attenuation, while the poor husband, whose melancho temper dared not vent itself above the whisper of objurgatio was ever and anon beckoning her to come down, and put hi out of misery by going home. She vouchsafed in reply bı an angry look and a threatening shake of the head, whic were accompanied by epigrammatical philippics on the i breeding of those around her.

In ludicrous despair, at last, and with the true heart-broken, poor-devil resignation, he retired to the same bench with myself, where in exile and obscurity we awaited our destiny, sitting in silence until the lapse of half an hour, when the clapping of hands informed us that the "long agony was over."

In an instant we flew to our respective charges. My wards had been pinned, or rather wedged against the wall, in full view of the dance, ever since we had parted. I found them pale, faint and *horrified*, and by main force, not less violent than that of the Sabine rape, I tore them from the room, dashing the group aside, where matrons, belles, boarding-school hoydens, maids and children, had met in such odd and fortuitous concourse, that I found myself repeating, as I passed out of the door, the incantation in Macbeth—

> "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,
> Mingle, mingle mingle, *you that mingle may.*"

No. II.

THERE is something in a frosty winter morning, when seen through the windows of a comfortable parlor, that to a cold-blooded old fellow like myself has a great smack of pleasure in it. It is like a lusty young man looking at age: the contrast enhances the sense of enjoyment. The inclemency of the season has a charm to domesticate the spirits, and to force one into that indolent contemplation which is the chief delight of every man who has passed his climacteric.

The morning succeeding the last concert was entirely of this kind. I had sat up late the night before, and it struck nine sometime before I reached the breakfast-room. There was a cheerful fire blazing in the hearth, and within the fender was ranged a goodly array of comforts, such as provident housewives delight to display, and honest livers to look upon; to wit, an old-fashioned silver coffee-pot, richly embossed with dragons and roses, standing erect, like a stately tower, as if

conscious of its ancient descent, and overlooking the circumjacent region with an air of princely protection; on one side of this venerable relic squatted, in vassal humility, a dish of most patient muffins, that were scorching into a crusty brown, without a murmur; on the other, a plate of ill-tempered sausages were peevishly hissing at the fire and weeping bitterly. Some few knickknackeries besides, scattered over this torrid zone, made up the components of a substantial repast, and contributed, by their wholesome and neat exhibition, to diffuse a genial glow of good humor over my feelings the moment I entered the room. My nieces had both made their appearance, and were waiting for me with that assiduous kindness which has mainly helped them to keep such vantage of my heart, and which has taught me, in defiance of mine ancient enemies, gout and rheumatism, to follow them through all the hey-day whims of their ever-teeming fancies.

The frigid aspect of the morning carried me for an instant to the window. The wind whistled long notes of interjection and astonishment, like a credulous man reading Munchausen. The sky was overcast with ridges of winnowed clouds of a sullen dun, through which peered, at distant intervals, a feeble, chill, consumptive ray of sunshine. The smoke bounded in haste out of every chimney, and danced off with the grim northwesters, in fantastic waltzes, towards Fort M'Henry. The two dissenting weathercocks of the Presbyterian Church in East street, whisked their tails about with unwonted vivacity, and for once actually *agreed* with each other; a fact much to be remarked. A colony of pigeons which I had in view, ranged along a southern wall, were looking wistfully out of their doors, like serving-maids on a Sunday evening. A gallant cock, who had been for two years the undisputed lord of the *bona waivata* of our street, was backed up against the lee-side of a locust tree, where he stood upon one leg, with his eyes closed, and thinking (or so I guessed) that it was the severest winter he had ever felt; and across the street, at a second-story window, sat a staid and sober cat, prying gravely into the concerns of the

passers-by, and following them with the motion of her head, from their entrance to their exit, as children watch the figures of the magic lantern. Now and then a little tatterdemalion boot-black would shuffle past the window, in a huge pair of old boots, twisted down at the heel, with his body half bent, his shoulders ensconcing his ears, and his arms thrust for warmth up to the elbows, into a pair of ragged trousers, that looked as if they had been originally made for a man that might have put him into his pocket;—his face as long as his body, and seamed with sundry piteous tears, and his whole appearance bespeaking the aggravations of a cold morning, an idio-syncratic aversion to winter, and an unreasonable taskmaster—in fact a walking thermometer, ten degrees below zero. A few straggling wayfarers, buttoned up to the chin in great coats, and trotting gingerly along the slippery pavement, after the manner of Tartars on the Danube, gave to the whole scene a character of briskness which constitutes the most prominent feature of such a morning in town. Nothing can be more harmonizing to the feelings than the *coup-d'œil* of such a prospect, when the spectator looks upon it in the circumstances I have described. When such turgid, blustering bullies as Boreas and Cecias and Argestes and Thrascias, are turning every thing topsy-turvy out of doors, the very simmering of the tea-kettle is music, and the jolly faces reflected back from the polished globes of the andirons, scarcely seem to be caricatures of the honest contentment of all within.

Attuned by these causes into a feeling of sober pleasure, I sat down to my morning meal with the anticipation of a tranquil day before me, and the hope of paying off certain arrears of friendship, in letters to the few whose hearts beat thirds and fifths with my own. In this temper I had finished my breakfast, and was drawn up to the fire with the morning paper in my hand, when a violent ringing at the bell started me from my day dream, and before a servant could have reached the door, a horde of young Vandals made an irruption into the room, with a clatter that would have hushed a Babylonish

tea-party into silence. Never was sober-sided wight so confounded. There were some half-dozen frozen imps of girls, with faces blooming like peonies, bundled up in pelisses, cloaks and shawls, and looking as merry and as mischievous as May at the side of her January. While they screamed salutations to my nieces, they were thrusting their hands into the fire, and surrounding it with such a rampart of fine forms, as almost converted my little parlor for the time, into an Arcadia, thronged with Hamadryads, and Loves and Graces—in which, by the by, I found myself about as well treated a gentleman, as old Pan; for neither my great leathern arm-chair, nor my gouty foot, nor any defences I could make on the instant, prevented me from being galloped down by these she-dragoons, with as much lack of ceremony as a squadron of cuirassiers at Waterloo would have ridden over the chaplain of a British regiment.

The occasion of descent on my pacific fortress was explained by these *belles sauvages* all in the same breath. Clamorous were their ejaculations of intelligence, that Miss Patterson had just received a splendid assortment of millinery; and they had come thus early to apprise my girls of the good news, not doubting that, by the ordinary process of insinuation, I was to be cajoled into a visit with its concomitants, that is to say, a purse, on the return, some jot the lighter for the excursion. —Ah, well aday! How was I to escape the impending evil? Captivating Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths that they were!

Like a mariner grown familiar with capricious skies, and who can see the approaching hurly burly when it is a speck "no bigger than a man's hand,"—I prudently prepared for the fate that awaited me, well knowing that whatever vial of wrath was to be opened, resignation would at least mitigate what it could not avert. I protested my surprise however, at their proposition, and could have lectured them with down-right severity, to see such a pack of runagates crazy to face the wintry wind, which blew as if it would have whirled their gossamer frames across the basin. Indeed I had begun to

expostulate in a rebellious tone, and should probably have carried my point, but that my younger niece, Sophy, looking archly in my face, with one of those softening touches of regard which fall on me like a vernal sun upon a mimosa, besought me with such kindling earnestness, that I was fain to let go my resolve, like Herod when he promised the head of John the Baptist. St. Anthony! What honest-hearted bachelor is there that can resist these appliances! It is only your experienced husband that is imperturbable.

Rolling myself up, therefore, in an immense shaggy great coat, with a red silk handkerchief bound round my neck (for the tying of which I was indebted to no less than the hands of the whole party at once), I scudded up Market street in defiance of "stormy gust and flaw," at the head of my rosy cohorts, who flew with the speed of a flock of Mother Carey's chickens in the teeth of the gale, each of my followers individually resembling a flying Camilla.

The little cur-dogs barked at our heels, and the school-boys shouted as we travelled over their sliding places. When we reached Miss Patterson's it was after ten o'clock. The sun had partially thawed the surface of the streets, and my light-slippered "Fair Discretions," as Sir Piercie Shafton would have called them, found the luxuries of wet feet added to their pleasures;—for this prunella generation, rather than commit the sin of wearing thick stockings, will let a Tertian lurk in one shoe, and a consumption in the other, from the fall of the leaf to its renewal in the Spring.

The good dame, not in the least overawed by this incursion, which to one unused to such visitations was like the coming down of the Assyrian upon Judah, received us as if long practised in these sudden forays. We were the first who had ventured out through the perils of the morning; but in a short time not less than three or four carriages arrived, bringing new levies to this mart of custom; and many caravans of marvelling beauties from time to time poured in on foot. There were to be seen on the pavement before the door, unwieldly wooden

cases, huge as ancient sarcophagi, which had been emptied of their contents, and by their extravagant dimensions, denoted that they had been the receptacles of cargoes of bonnets; which, indeed, constituted the principal item of this rare show, and were the great attraction that brought together the busy throng within. Around the shop was displayed a profusion of those precious toys which find so much favor in female eyes—laces, lamas, curls, bandeaus, and all the other coquettish small arms of destruction. A huge pile of bandboxes, built up into a pyramid, as sacred for its contents as that of Cheops, or looking, perhaps, more like a structure of bomb-shells on a battery, occupied a conspicuous station. Around the walls hung the various weapons of offence, and pieces of armor constituting the panoply of a belle. I felt that I was on consecrated ground, perhaps never before visited by bachelor footstep; or as if the Grand Turk had given me a peep into the Harem, or like the bewildered Roman, who had intruded into the mysteries of the Bona Dea. The scene was all animation. Groups of women, in picturesque confusion, pervaded every recess of the apartment. There were all the varieties of costume; thick and heavy plaids, dangling from meagre shoulders; costly velvets embracing forms where "every God did seem to set his seal" grotesque and bloated eider-downs investing little sylphs, like chestnut-burs; and fancifully quilted silks, with quaint trimmings, wrapped in their ample folds the patient and inquisitive beauties. Some of this phalanx were dragging from their depositories, the shapeless and gigantic fabrications which the tyrant fashion has imposed on our fair sisters under the name of bonnets, with their superserviceable appendages. These were alternately handled, examined, and lifted on every head in company. Thus arrayed, some stood before a mirror, where they practised every gesture, from the lounge of the sofa to the flaunting toss of the street, setting the object of inspection forward upon the brow, and back, and a little to one side, and ogling it through all the manual of coquetry. There were all manner of figures,—the little fairy proportions in the tenor, and

the increasing octaves, and the heavy bass: and there were all complexions, the pale, the fair, the red, the golden, the Lalla Rookh. Elder sisters grave, with chattering teeth and frosted faces, waited impatiently in a corner, until their youngers could be satiated. Some were merry even to the full measure of the heart. Amid this general engrossment, two bonnets were produced which heightened the tumult into a storm: "of more than mortal size towering they seemed." "Dark green they were, and edged with flaming red," like the lurid Dragon Arum, their steeple crowns guarded with palisades and abatis of wadded silk, impregnable as the "armed rhinoceros," and the rims extending with vastly sweep, before, behind, around, like the rings of Saturn. The sevenfold shield of Ajax might have been hid in either ample disk, and certain lustrous excrescences of crimson were appended to the lower surfaces, as if to throw their light upon the brow; and over them were scattered hot-beds of flowers, and roods of interminable ribbon. They were the wonders of art—the last efforts of imaginative millinery; they were *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*. Sophy's eyes glistened like basilisk's, and my elder ward, Laura, danced in her singleness of heart. Let it suffice, both Behemoth and Leviathan became the possessions of my household;—and did this fickle age permit any thing to outlast a day, with what wonder would these heir-looms be gazed on by posterity. Anon the full chorus of conversation broke upon the ear, and volleys of laughter resounded through the apartment. Lady-like politics were debated in soprano tones, that would have silenced babbling waterfalls, and it seemed as if every one asked a question and answered it in that same moment. Not the dissertations of the Academy, nor the polemics of the Lyceum, nor the discourses of the Areopagus, nor the harangues of the Synagogue; no, nor the murmur of the Exchange, nor the clatter of the Theatre, rivalled the voluble eloquence of this female Divan, where all the haberdashery of fashion, and all the rhetoric of woman, combined to produce the greatest variety of subjects, to be illustrated by the greatest variety of sounds.

As early as I could, I made my escape, preferring to this tornado, the hyperborean blast without, and convinced from what I had seen, how fruitless it is to complain of the preposterousness of fashion. In spite of my old apophthegms, which have grown as much out of season as myself, even the little world I command is in obstinate rebellion against me, and Laura and Sophy, the very pupils of my eyes, laugh at my "wise saws and modern instances," and may now— while even the chimney-sweep weeps in the rigor of the season, be seen almost daily sparkling in the narrow strip of sunshine in Market street, and crowned with the umbrageous glories of BEHEMOTH and LEVIATHAN!

I would not for the world tell Sophy—but it is true—that she is too small for her bonnet, and if I might speak boldly, when she has it on she looks like a mushroom—(a very pretty mushroom)—in a huge flower basket.

III.

CHRONICLES OF THE COURT-HOUSE.

SHOWING HOW MR. SOBERSIDES HAD THE COAT TAKEN OFF HIS BACK BY MEANS OF THE LAW, AND HOW FRANK TAYLOR WON HIS WAGER.

IT was in the days of Judge Dorsey—I think in 1817—the dockets will show—that I first got acquainted with that mad cap Frank Taylor. He was a merry, broken down gentleman, who wore greasy pantaloons, and a black silk handkerchief round his neck—and had a smattering of law which sometimes made him very eloquent. One day Frank, in his usual way, fell to abusing the courts, and the judges, and the legislature, and the whole pack of them, in such a style that I was quite shocked to hear him. The more I rebuked him, the more he railed, and at last he offered me a bet, of the value of a coat, that he would take that which I wore from my back, *by the*

aw, and that I should never have any thing to do
n as long as I lived. Well, I didn't suspect mat-
so bad as all that neither—in fact, I didn't think
t it, or I never should have made the bet,—but I
p, and we parted. The next day Frank goes to old
ı and gets out a replevin for my coat, and comes
the sheriff and takes it off my back, and immedi-
t on his own, and looked a good deal the better for
I go to Mr. Gibson's office, to inquire how this
ere I find myself very decently docketed on a list
March term 1818. Frank Taylor *vs.* Simon Sober-
:700—and there was a bond given by Frank, and
ım Straw, to restore me my coat if Frank could not
e to it upon a trial in the Court-House. I asked
. when this matter was likely to be settled,—for I
the looks of it,—and he told me, very politely,
d be for trial in March, 1819. Frank was always a
ard fellow on a coat—and I began to run over in my
a pretty looking concern this coat of mine would
h, 1819. However, I waited patiently for the time,
ın as the court was opened there was I in person,
wynn my attorney, to make a dash for my coat.
: *only* eighteen hundred cases on the docket to be
erm, and mine had been promoted to No. 1500.—
attending till June with Mr. Benson, the tailor who
a witness, I found that by that time, they had tried
:d and fifty cases, when Judge Dorsey and the law-
ı go off to the Court of Appeals ; so the court was
be adjourned, and I had to pay my witness some-
een thirty and forty dollars—Mr. Gibson can tell—
very politely told by Mr. Gibson that I must come
September. So in September I came again with
:nd Benson. My case was now on a more respect-
g; it had grown older, and stood No. 1200 on the
he court kept very busily at work all that fall, and
of the month of January they adjourned at the re-

quest of Mr. Gibson, who told them that the interventing time between that and March was indispensably necessary to him to make up his dockets for the next term. This time they got through three hundred cases, and Mr. Gibson again *very politely* told me to pay my witness and call again in March. In March, 1820, it was just the same thing, only that Taylor *vs.* Sobersides stood at No. 750. Well I began to think this no joke. God knows what had become of my coat—it was now better than two years since I had made my rash bet;—however, my pride was roused, and would not allow me to *give it up*, so I pushed Mr. Gwynn again with another fee to let him see I was not daunted. Two hundred cases more were got rid of *that term*, and—to make the story short—it was in March, 1822, that my case was called, when Mr. Thomas Kell, the attorney for Frank, stated that his unfortunate client had, a short time before that, died suddenly of an apoplexy—which Mr. Kell called, I think, *suggesting a death.* And I suppose Frank was buried in my coat. So I had to wait until the next term for a new party to be made. Mr. Kell stated, moreover, that poor Frank had left no effects behind him, and died utterly insolvent and good for nothing, which was a very hard case—I was afraid to say any thing about the bet, lest Mr. Kell should seize upon it as assets in my hands. As Frank's was therefore a matter of moonshine, that very worthy old servant of the court, Mr. Michael Hedinger, was put in Frank's shoes as his administrator, on the docket, and with great courtesy, in September, 1822, confessed judgment in my favor—Mr. Kell not being aware of any right that Frank had to this property. After this I asked what I was to do, and my friend Gwynn told me that the coat was made into brown paper by this time, and that my only course was to sue Tom Straw. Well, sir, said I, Mr. Gwynn, any thing you please—in for a penny in for a pound. So I paid off all the expenses of my replevin suit—which I had *gained*—I think the amount, taking it altogether, was about sixty or seventy dollars—and I prepared myself for the pleasure of getting into my new suit—at law. Accordingly, in

March term, 1823, I started upon the world in the character of a plaintiff, Simon Sobersides *vs* Thomas Straw. This case has advanced with great vigor, considering that it is a contested case in which Straw—whom I don't think much of—has put in a great many pleas—and has also brought a cross action against me for the amount of the bet, in the name of the administrator. These two cases stand like twins upon the docket, and we expect to have them tried at the same time. Mr. Gibson tells me now that I may confidently calculate upon terminating the controversy about the coat sometime in the present year, provided there should be no appeal; if there should be, God help us! he says—he would not undertake for the next ten years. It has been an amazing fine suit and has flourished under a great many judges;—Under Dorsey, and Bland, and Ward, and Hanson, and Archer, and has at last come into the times of Judge Kell, who, being well acquainted with the case before, has determined that it shall be finished this year in spite of the—Egad! it's a case worth considering—it has seen such changes of parties—and like a thrifty and good politician of the present period, it has not the least scruple to turn its coat twenty times in a year, if it can only succeed in getting value for it. I recommend it to the serious consideration of my fellow-citizens, and implore all those who are as fond as I am of the luxury of attending court and paying witness' fees, and keeping alive an old controversy, to join with me in every kind of opposition to the nefarious scheme which has just been set on foot by some meddlesome lawyers, to get up a new court in this city, by which even a *very stout* lawsuit might be brought to a natural death in the course of a few months. Heaven forbid such cruelty say I!—Magistrates forbid it! Constables forbid it!

If any man doubts this history of my case, let him go and ask Mr. Gibson.

SIMON SOBERSIDES.

January, 1828.

IV.

THE FANCY BALL.

A MERRY WORLD, MY MASTERS.

"I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds."

"ANDERSON, has Scotti sent home my beard?"

"Your beard!" said the respondent, pausing for a moment with astonishment,—"Not that I know of, sir."

"Wasn't there a pair of red morocco boots with gold trimmings, left here for me this evening?"

"Red morocco boots, sir!—I didn't see them."

"The devil!—I shall be disappointed at last in every thing!"

"Was there *nothing* came for me to-day?" said the first speaker, raising his voice to a more peremptory and fretful tone.

"Oh, yes, sir, there was a sort of a shirt made of red velvet, with bits of gold on it, that the woman, I think, said was for you: and there was a lady's bonnet, made of the same sort of stuff with four white feathers in it—that was left too, sir!"

"Ah,—very well. Now, go to Ackland, and tell him I must have my red boots immediately, and stop at Scotti's and bring my beard and mustaches; and there is a sword for me at Gelston's, with a handle like a cross—bring that too, Anderson, and be back directly."

The servant bowed, and with his lips pursed up with a suppressed laugh, left the room saying, "Master Charley, that Fancy Ball! a terrible *quare* thing!"

This conversation passed between a young gentleman and a sober-visaged negro domestic in a boarding-house in Baltimore, on the evening of the 26th of February. I had just arrived from Washington, and was sitting silently by the fire,

which the old servant was then repairing, when the first speaker ıbruptly burst into the room with the *brusquerie* of a person n great haste—his cheek rosy red from the winter wind, and ıis body closely enveloped in a dark gray surtout, buttoned p to the chin. He stood during the whole of the dialogue, bove detailed, with his hand on the door handle, and the .oor itself half opened; and as it was in the twilight hour, it ras evident that my presence was not observed. As soon as he last command was given, the gentleman made his exit.

"True," said I to myself, when alone.—"The Fancy Ball:—must be one in that party, as I hold it in no wise to be overooked. The old order of things has grown futile, and threadıare usages have become unmannerly and not longer to be olerated—they have no companionship with this age of railoads, phrenology, animal magnetism and fancy balls. A hilosopher should note the signs betimes, or by the mass; e may go to bed a modern, and wake the next morning as bsolete as Cratippus. To my poor thinking this spirit of ıange is of the best, and deserves to be cherished. Shall e for the sake of being national have a crust to grow upon like a tortoise—for a whole century of the same dull color?), no, my masters, give me the sloughing system—your gentleın-like, snaky quality—cast the old skin when it gets dim, d come out with a glittering spanking new one."

I had no time to speculate, and therefore rose from my ır, rang the bell, ordered my servant and despatched a e to my friend, Colonel —— (there are so many colonels Baltimore that I did not risk publishing my worthy friend this indication)—and in less than half an hour found myan authentic and unquestionable candidate for the rare dainty revel of the evening.

At an early hour I was at my toilet. "James," said I to valet, whom I always consult in chamber matters, "have heard whether they permit masking at this ball to-night."

"I rather suspect they do, sir," replied the flippant servman—"for I heard a gentleman down stairs say that he l a'*most an elegant nose*—and it must have been a wax one,

for his own was as sorry a thing as any gentleman, 'most could have—to *be* a gentleman—I guessed from that he was going to the ball in a false face—"

"That looks very much like a *non sequitur*," said I, musing before the dressing-glass.

"I don't know what they call it," rejoined James; "but, besides, there's a great deal of scrummaging about the house among the servants, and there is one gentleman has got two bandboxes down in the hall which are to be sent to the Assembly Rooms for him to dress there,—there's a fiddle and a shabby old coat, and some woman's clothes in one of the boxes, for I peeped into it. And another gentleman says he's going in a *dominum*—I couldn't tell you half what's going on in the house," added James, "but there's one gentleman that's got on a pair of boots already, with silver tassels to them," said he giggling,—"and he's *such* a sight!"

"I'll go in character myself," said I, looking up at a long red curtain that hung across a gilded spear from the top of a window in the room. "James, can you get me down that curtain with the big red tassels?"

In a moment it was on the floor—

"I'll go as the pyramid of Cheops," said I.

So after dressing myself in a common ball-room habit, I took the bellows from the fireplace, and tying them to the end of a long broom handle, and pinning one end of the curtain to the snout to which I attached two or three of the tassels, and then raising the whole fabric in my hand, I ensconced myself among the folds in such a manner as to make a tolerable pyramid of which the apex was the snout of the bellows, about eight feet high, and so adjusted as to leave an opening opposite to one eye, which was left at liberty, somewhat after the fashion that a Peruvian lady looks out of her mantilla. Thus apparelled, I stalked about my chamber by way of practising my part. Finding the experiment entirely to my liking, I carefully unfolded myself, rolled up the whole apparatus in my cloak, ordered a carriage, and straightway set off for the lists

d by my man, who was to see me habited before I
rooms.
fter eight o'clock when I arrived in the vicinity of
f action. The narrow street was blocked up with
at were successively but slowly depositing their
n a platform which extended from the door, across
nt, to the curb-stone, and over which a constella-
›s cast a lurid and coarse blaze upon some two or
:ed mirth-bestridden, apprentice-boy faces, that
ıg from their dusky confines upwards, towards the
ıd which were kept from encroaching upon the
ance by the constant and querulous remonstrance
›olice officers, armed with staves, and serving as
ıe grotesque beings that were poured forth from
s. In this wondering and delighted group of
'as to be seen many a mouth, distended to the
:he broadest laugh, or just forerunning the burst
new arrival excited;—the whole scene from its
bscure images sinking into the dark perspective,
›uth visages, illuminated by the blaze in the fore-
rding no very unapt type of some of Martin's
strations of the Paradise Lost.
ıccession, I was brought up to the landing-place.
' the carriage was opened, and as James stepped
d tassel which hung out from the cloak was the
:hat met the light. This was greeted by a uni-
from the multitude, as if anticipating some strik-
e, which, however, like a false alarm, sank in a
› a disappointed silence as my further development
I came in no stranger guise. Passing onward
passage I paused, for an instant, before a large
the hall, where sundry Jews and Gentiles, as it
e tarrying to warm their feet, and then ascended
tairs close in the train of a silvery Sultana and
n lord, with some peasants making their way to
art above:—all moving with that peculiarly im-

portant, solemn and half testy air that belongs to most actors just before they make their *debut*. In a dark nook, which I found under a private stairway leading to the orchestra, I was in a moment transformed into a most majestic, animated and ruddy pyramid, and so invested, stepped forward with even more than Egyptian dignity into the principal saloon.

Whatever surprise my most unintelligible outside might have excited in the spectators, it could hold no comparison with the same emotion which took possession of myself upon the first burst of the splendid and gorgeous scene that was before me. Two large rooms, capable of the convenient accommodation of five or six hundred persons, seemed filled to the extent of their capacity. I have no competency of arithmetic, and therefore will not attempt to compute this crowd. The principal of these two apartments was the first I had entered. It was adorned by rich crimson hangings and brilliant mirrors, while from the canopy hung a firmament of lights, which to reckon would have been as bootless a task as to count the stars in the galaxy ;—these cast around them the brilliancy of day without its fervor, and lit up a multitude as gay, fantastical, and picturesque, as magnificent and as beautiful as are wont to throng the fairy bowers or enchanted halls of the Genii, in the enraptured imagination of Eastern Story-tellers.

The bewilderment of this scene was increased by the pervading hum of incessant conversation, the exchange of delighted greetings, out of which occasionally arose, like lashing surges, the frequent burst of some note of admiration ; and over the whole swept the quick melody of violins, flutes, clarionets, and tambourines timing the measured beat of countless footsteps in the dance. The first impression produced by the survey of this spirited picture, seemed almost to take away the power of discrimination. A motley group of gaudy and uncustomary figures, representing various tongues and tribes, bedecked in the most brilliant of what belonged to each, mixed up with the darker masses of our grave *Frank* costume,

ole moving to and fro in the rich light of the place, took such possession of the mind by its general ft no room for observation in detail. To me, it if I had been suddenly ushered into that whilom n of people, nations and languages, where the vernors and captains, the treasurers, counsellors, l all the rulers of the provinces were gathered to-orship the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up, y ears were already assailed with the sound of the e, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds hich were used on that memorable occasion—so plied by my fancy were the objects before me, and ng to the ear the din of the full orchestra. Grad-ing from this illusion, and stalking forward into the e throng, my attention was fixed upon the several I encountered them. "Certes, this is a goodly d Sancho, with store of beauty in it, and I warrant worthy and noble Castellano,"—said a tall figure hite armor of the most exact pattern, even to the d spur. The brazen basin on his head was in-gnized as Mambrino's helmet, and the long lance l visage, left no doubt that I stood before "The e Rueful Countenance." Sancho, like a trusty squire, hose and doublet, and with a stolid bearing of the Governor of Barataria, followed close behind his er and anon taking from his wallet some of the s wherewith the larder of the castle was furnished. pretty Peasant Girl crossed his path—"I'll make ip acquainted with my Teresa," said the squire, arm of the peasant and presenting her to the Don; pretty daughter Sanchita," said Sancho, bringing fairy that was just skimming past him—"Benedi-ter," cried out a bearded Palmer, known by his the red cross upon his shoulder, and palm branch have just returned from the Holy Land—his sun-k showing him to have journeyed "to many a fayre

and farre countree." He spoke to the beautiful Catharine Seyton, "decked in gems of richest hue"—"Benedicite and the Peace of Our Lady be with you—here is a relic for you that hath wondrous power—it is a pebble from the "Hills of Armenie," picked from the very summit where the ark rested; it hath a charm; to guard you against evil thoughts, and a quality to make you talk in your sleep of those things that you never tell waking." At this moment a noble Saxon stood before me,—a bow-bearer to some ancient British king, arrayed in the most accurate costume of the time; like Chaucer's forester—

> "He was clade in cote of grene;
> A shefe of peacock arrows bright and kene,
> Under his belt he bare ful thriftily—
> And in his hand he bare a mighty bow."

A lovely modern Cottage Girl, in defiance of the anachronism, was leaning kindly upon his arm, while the whiskered archer seemed well content to bide her arrows, rather than use his own. Isaac and his charming daughter Rebecca sauntered through the crowd, she in the magnificence of her prototype, and he in his russet gaberdine and purple tunic, and looking, in despite of his gray beard, more fit to fill the relation signified in Scripture between two of the same names than that which the author of Ivanhoe assigned him.

Father Aymer, the jolly prior of Jorvaulx, was seen laughing in the lamplight. His shorn head was covered with an embroidered crimson cap,—his hood, lined with white silk, hung on his shoulders, his cassock adorned with fur, and his bare feet embellished with a pair of costly sandals of the best Spanish leather,

> "And for to fasten his hood under his chinne
> He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne,—
>
> And his face as it had been anoint,
> He was a lord ful fat and in good point.—
> He was not pale as a forpined gost."

This gleesome and goodly personage was not culpable in his

devoirs to the fair dames of the Hall, but bestowed his good humor and his courtesies with more than conventual kindness;

> "Ful swetely herde he confession
> And plesant was his absolution."

He was observed to have an especial eye to a beautiful Helen M'Gregor, who, in despite of tartans, dirk, pistol and claymore, was the least formidable figure in the room. I thought I could afterwards discern the timid glances of this dark-eyed chieftainess peering through the silver tissue veil of Venella, while the same fragile and graceful figure was supported by the arm of a "verie parfite gentil Knight," who had been honorably enrolled among the chivalry of two hemispheres.

Hard by these and conspicuous among the joyous spirits of the place for her grace and beauty, might be discerned a gentle dame arrayed in Polish guise: the square cap of the lancers imitated in blue satin, a splendid robe of the same material reaching to her ermined boot, and her soft blue eye, beaming with an expression half gay and half pensive as she glitted through the fairy scene, made her confessedly the most imaginative picture in the assemblage.

In another part of the room, Selim was to be remarked for his magnificent turban and splendid eastern attire, accompanied by an Aga of the Janisaries in the most picturesque costume of the Turkish empire. They were enlisted in the gay pageant of two brilliant Sultanas, whose fine forms and costly array would have bewildered the Grand Vizier himself, surrounded as he may be supposed, by the rarest beauties of the seraglio of Circassia.

> "Their dress was Moslem, but you might have guessed
> That these were merely masquerading Tartars,
> And that beneath each Turkish fashioned vest
> Lurked Christianity."

In this Paynim band were two grave and stately figures, Mede or Persian I cannot say,—habited in the long Indian

tunic studded with gems from Golconda, turbaned and slippered,—grandees, perhaps, from

> "———the destined walls
> Of Cambalu seat of Cathaian Khan,—or
> Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul—"

or perhaps, some still more outlandish region, affording, by its distance, a pretext for wearing solemn faces, large mustaches and gorgeous trappings. *Tros, Tyriusve* they were certainly not deficient in devotion to ladies, nor as I might judge from their performances at the supper-table, imbued with any unwholesome prejudice against the knife and fork, or Mussulman's aversion to champagne.

Dame Gillian's arch and laughing face, heightened by a tasteful and grotesque straw-colored dress, was seen in the crowd, throwing out its lures from an old-fashioned muslin cap with a curious frontlet of red; she had taken convoy of "The Gregarach," a sturdy, fierce Highlander in the genuine dress of his clan, armed to the teeth, whose volume of dark plumes shook above his bonnet, as—

> "Stately stepped he east the wa'
> And stately stepped he west."

Margaret of Anjou, in all respects varying from the harsh original, looked like a serene and beautiful queen from beneath an antique and fanciful *coiffure* which sorted accurately with the splendid regal mantle of blue, that hung from her shoulders, and gave an additional grace to the delicate and flexible figure of the wearer. Close in her train, by one of those anomalous associations which are the peculiar prerogative of the fancy ball, stood the gallant Quentin Durward, in his blue embroidered surcoat, distinguished by St. Andrew's Cross upon the breast:—his saucy eye prying from beneath his bonnet,—his cuisses, greaves and gauntle exposed to view; and on his arm instead of buckler, there hung a royal Peruvian dame, glittering in the costly appendages of her state, among which was conspicuous a tiara of gaudy feathers which, as she moved,

ıed "her proud portance and princely gest." A pil-
ext to these, known by

> "His cockle hat and staff
> And by his sandall'd shoon,"

ounting to a brace of Swiss Peasants and a quaint little
Girl of exceeding *naïvete* and most graphic drollery of
:, his ghostly penances, and the wonders of many a
'isited in his pilgrimage,

> "From Salem first and last from Rome."

aysanne from Burgundy, decked as was never a sun-
ne-dresser before her, with a taste and precision which
high-born ladies might hope to rival, and presenting a
gaging picture of her original, remarkable withal, for
ness and beauty of the material, was, at intervals, seen
with the Inconstant Page who, habited in a rich em-
:d purple garb of the Italian fashion, hovered about the
-clad Burgundian in downright contumacy of her skill!
r it were a national or nothing more than a common
', natural to country girls, I do not inquire, but it was
ıat to be remarked that although this wanderer so far
ıme, was actually in the same room with one from her
ovince, and might have been expected to seek out her
ntrywoman they scarcely took an interest in the meet-

: second was a little sprightly sylph, of peerless beauty,
ightsome step spoke a heart full of glad feelings and a
ıg pleasant temper that seemed never to have been
l by a cloud. Her scarlet boddice and petticoat, her
ron and fanciful little bonnet accorded with the *espeglie-*
er manners, and made her fully as dangerous from her
ity as her countrywoman was from her refinements;
ould perceive that this arch little Burgundian had al-
alf demolished a Pilgrim, a Turk, a Spanish Nobleman,
very costly, graceful and well-shaped Figaro, to say
; of a Mexican Caballiero, who not understanding her

[illegible] much confounded by what he could trans-

[illegible] with these imperfect and pass-
[illegible] the quarter nearest the door
[illegible] new [illegible] of interest. This be-
[illegible] the frequent bursts of laughter that
[illegible] was found in the *entree* of a Rot-
[illegible] green-silk coat of the
[illegible] of his dress to conform.
[illegible] spoke in the broken accents
[illegible] a gentleman of laudable
[illegible] acquainted with all the
[illegible] recommend himself by that
[illegible] exclusive hereditament of
[illegible] agreeable things to the young
[illegible] the older ladies, was merry
[illegible] manner with the wits, and quite
[illegible] came in the way of his sundry
[illegible] spirited and jocose stranger hath
[illegible] so modest and so gallant.
[illegible] part of the charac-
[illegible] The richness and
[illegible] by the impres-
[illegible] individuals in detail;
[illegible] wanting. Here was
[illegible] but rich materials—the
[illegible] the magnificent with the
[illegible] costumes showing research
[illegible] creations of mere fancy,
[illegible] to embody antiquarian study.
[illegible] accidental combinations
[illegible] flung together like the
[illegible] At one time might be seen a
[illegible] a Scottish Warrior and
[illegible] together for the gratification, ap-
[illegible] in the most complete costume

of the English court. At another, that image so long the favorite of the nursery, "The Little Red Riding Hood" of the story-books, personated by a most bewitching and fanciful figure, might be seen grouped with a pair of Highland Lassies, and the little Peasant of Burgundy, forming together a quartette which might safely challenge a continent for its peers. Then in the rapid evolutions of the waltz, some twenty couples took the full sweep of the room, displaying a gorgeous and glittering wheel, in whose circumference shone every color of the rainbow in the most fantastic relations—Figaro, with his netted cap hanging down to his shoulder, whirling round the crimson lady of Burgundy—Selim and a magnificent Sultana lustrous with gold,—"The Magregor," and a Turkish lady not less resplendent in silver—Don Juan and Fenella—Cherry deserted by Fair Star, but fully as well content with a lively Greek—Rosina followed by Flower Girls and Peasants—and all the multitude of forms in which beauty chose to array itself, flinging through the sprightly measure and incessantly varying the scene. In the group of idle spectators was, "The Kentucky Hunter," side by side with a Chippewa Indian, most cuningly counterfeited. And there was Catharine Seyton, beaming forth in loveliness from the folds of a rich crimson mantle, and looking upon a second copy of the same original, arrayed in the richest treasures of gem and jewel;—and "Kate the Curst," too, not less remarkable for the spirited propriety of her dress, than for her wit—Gentle, Godwot and tame.

> "Besides so qualified as may beseem
> The spouse of any noble gentleman."

The pensive Queen of Scots might also be seen looking calmly upon the festival, "mannerly, modest, and full of ancientry and state"—as beseemeth so fair and sorrowful a queen. And there was myself, too—"The disinherited Knight,"—"The Man in the Mask"—"The Disowned"—"The Unknown"—whom nobody has yet discovered—my impregnable pyramid carrying mystery in every line as it

"———— above the rest
In shape and gesture, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

I had retired towards the end of the evening, and re-appeared again without disguise, and was happy to find, also, without suspicion. About the moment of my re-appearance, a distressed couple of ballad-singers, the wife carrying a child at her back, had entered the room, and to the screeching of a miserable fiddle were singing to a listening group that most plaintive of ditties—"Oh Cruel were my parents, as tore my love from me!" This farce, well prepared and acted with great comic effect, seemed to be a signal to the more discreet part of the company to retire; and counting myself among the prudent, I took my departure, filled with an infinity of pleasant emotions and agreeable images—and promising to myself a happy night of dreams. I have now left the city, and as some return for the divertisement afforded to my stay, I have ventured to record, in my loose and unskilful way, these light sketches, partly that *they* may laugh who like it, and, partly, because I thought it proper to furnish some clue by which the good people of Baltimore might, if they thought it worth while, discover

HIM OF THE SCARLET PYRAMID.

V.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OFFICE-HOLDER.

I AM a man with a wife and five small helpless children. My wife was reputed an heiress, having some swamp lands in Kent County; and I kept a Latin school in Chester-Town. Swamp lands, after all, are no great inheritance when a man has a family; and teaching Latin in the country, did not go far to help me out; so I was a good deal puzzled to get along

was brought to a great push in the year 1824, which we
great run against the old Federal Senate: and out I
on that occasion, like a man. The Senate went to the
and my active exertions were crowned with the most
te success. I had great joy in the event, because there
thing *half-way* about me, and my good genius had got
e ascendant. A man with a wife, and the prospect of
y on his hands, ought not to be modest. He has, pos-
no right to be so. The world never believes half
good of any man; but of a modest man, it believes
; he is downright superfluous; the most inefficient
iving. I was determined not to let *that* stand in my
I gave my boys a holiday, and looked very naturally
n office, for turning out the old Federal Senate. Every-
hat is, of *our party*, for I now belonged to *the party*,—
my recommendation almost the very day after the elec-
My memorial was six feet long with signers, and no
did Governor Sprigg cast his eyes upon it, than down
me for an office in the city of Baltimore. I got it for
ood reasons; first, because I was an Eastern-shore
hich is always a great recommendation, as there are
of my countrymen in office in the city of Baltimore;

"that reposing *especial confidence, etc., etc.*" It added, I am sure, a cubit to my soul, if not to my body;—I felt all at once sagacious and statesman-like; a thousand new emotions agitated me. I was suddenly mystified and transfigured, and felt like Brutus and Cassius, and Horatius Cocles, and Old Putnam, and Mark Antony, and General Jackson, and Governor Sprigg himself, by turns. My school was dismissed with a patriotic valedictory, and I repaired to the duties of my new function. It was my determination to sustain my post with dignity. My wife's brother Richard, who had always called me Zachariah, was admonished in public to address me as Mr. Winterbottom; and my mother's nieces, the Grubs, dropped "Cousin Zack" for "Cousin Winterbottom," as more consistent with the honors of my condition. In fact, many changes take place, naturally, on such occasions—and reason good, a man is twice a man who represents the State and himself in his own person, and who connects his name with the history of his country for the benefit of his posterity—that is, if he be a man with a family or the growing prospects of one. Let my posterity go to the clerk of the Council and search the documents, and if they are not proud of the name of Winterbottom, they are no posterity of mine.

The vainglorious have their reward. Gentle reader! if thou didst but know how fulfilment hath played the rogue with promise; what a wormwood face experience hath put on; and how she hath put a spider into my cup, and flies into my pottage, and a toad in my chamber, and colored the very inmost walls of my sanctuary with a sombre color and painted blue devils on every inch of them, thou wouldst turn thee, incontinently, from all office-hunting and office-holding, and abjure and renounce them, as unworthy to be named or thought on, and only to be given over as corner-stones for the dogs of the city. I held on steady to my office, but in what *misery*, I have now to tell. The world is a chess-board and we are poor pawns. Every year new moves were making, and I kept myself on the winning side; but it was a matter that required

a sharp eye, and being a timid man, with a wife and helpless growing family, it gave me many a heartburn. First, there came the great quarrel of 1824, in which I contrived to keep pretty quiet and wide awake ;—but the fact is, I did not vote in that election, except for City Council, where, thank God, a man may be independent without paying for it. But this quarrel was followed up every year, and the more it was followed up, the hotter it got. I am a timid man by nature, with a wife and five small and helpless children,—as I said before,—and as I hope to be saved, I had but one single thought, and that was to keep my office in peace and quiet: and sticking pretty much to it, I was, in fact, fit for nothing else, so that it was a sort of *sine qua non.* But the elections grew very serious, and all the patriots wanted offices, and the parties wanted voters, and I began to think, very naturally, that my vote, as well as my office, was wanting among them. So I determined to be very *impartial*, and made a sort of a bargain with myself, that if both sides would support me, I would support them ; and accordingly I subscribed money to defray the expenses of abusing Gen. Jackson and Mr. Adams both at the same time. But there was a terrible bawling out for "*good men and true.*" Now unless a man is an office-holder, with a wife and family, he can form no conception of the horrible import of these words. "Good men and true" is a phrase which, *ex vi termini*, excludes the very idea of a cautious, considerate, circumspect officer,—which I profess myself to be. It can comprehend only your devil-may-care fellows who have nothing to lose,—neck-or-nothing gentlemen, without chick or child to provide for, who go the whole. But to me these sounds are full of unmitigated terror, and not a good night's rest have I had since they were first set up. I used to think the month of September, when I lived on the Eastern Shore, bad enough, with musquitoes and agues and bilious fevers, and always felt happy when the frost came ; but all these evils turn into blessings in comparison with the Septembers I have passed since the "good men and true"

have come in fashion. September is now a villainous, scourging, purgatorial month,—a quarantine on board a plague ship,—a coward's period of rumination before a battle—a school boy's interval between playing truant and getting whipped for it.

I wish it to be observed that, being a timid and cautious man, with a wife and five small and helpless children, I never was *decidedly* for either Adams or Jackson, but *measurably* in favor of both. And here was the State of Maryland equally split up between the two; and fierce as dragons on both sides. Now the vexation of my case was this, that it was not only required of me to be, but universally believed that I was as fierce as the rest. It belonged to my office to be so:—What right had a man, who was serving the people, to be prudent and reflecting and sensible? God knows! I was willing to be as ferocious as they could have wished, if I could only have foreseen where things would settle down. I had a frightful presentiment that the offices hereafter would be confined to the diabolical "good men and true," but on what side, it puzzled me to tell. Maryland had been last year against the old General, and it was a deep speculation to find out how many turncoats there would be on the first Monday of October. I never was so distracted in opinion, and yet I was obliged to be as decided as if I knew all about it. I watched the bets,—but fools will bet on any thing. I understand *reaction* pretty well—we had experience enough in that last year—but I confess I could form no idea where it would hit this time: Harry Clay's dinners might or might not work miracles, and feed the hungry in Maryland, as well as in Kentucky; but I felt considerable doubt. Besides, Maryland never fights with much heart against the General Government. Our people are sensible, and have objections, like myself, to minorities. Then the newspapers! —Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was gospel to them:—it was like children building with cards, one party set every thing "erect," and the other laid every thing prostrate. I never had such difficulty to make up my mind in my life. Yet, notwithstanding, all this time I was obliged to be thoroughgoing, on both

sides, and give the people the worth of their money. There was a kind of horror, among the belligerents, of all neutrals. *In medio tutissimus*, was mere nonsense—you might as well stand with one foot on the cross of St. Paul's. Moderation, which was once a virtue in a man with a wife and five small and helpless children, was clean out of fashion. What signifies it that Zeno has said, "Seek the Golden mean;" and Socrates, "Suit your action to the times;" and Confucius "Stand in the middle, nor bend to either side;" or that St. Paul advises, "Be all things to all men;" or that Euclid demonstrates that the means are equal to the extremes; or that Suvarof commands, "Duck your head to a cannon ball;" or that the celebrated Vicar of Bray supported seven administrations? all this philosophy is dust in the balance when a legion of good men and true want the philosophers' office. Some idea may be formed of my perplexities when it is considered that I was, strictly, a good and true man, on both sides—and yet, what so opposite in nature? I consulted with a few confidential friends who were as unfortunate as myself, and we gradually began to form a little club and exchange opinions. What a miserable set of wretches we were! Our society took in the holders of office, and the moderate editors, and we cheered each other up during the ravings of the storm. The editors made out better than we poor devils—they determined to print nothing, on either side, unless paid for it as an advertisement, or if they did venture into the field at all, to keep a running posted account, of debit and credit, for both sides; one column of "Table Orator," and another of the "Battle of the Penny posts"—Amos Kendall Cr., Toby Watkins Dr.—and, in this way, it would have posed a Philadelphia lawyer to make any thing out of them. But our case was horrible—A mistake in mathematics, or metaphysics, or in any matter of opinion, except in politics, is mere moonshine: but in our luckless vocation, the slightest straying out of that inscrutable path, which the wretched traveller can only keep in by chance, takes the very meat out of his pot, and consigns him and his

helpless progeny to the charity of the good men and true—from which, St. Nicholas deliver us! I never ventured abroad without encountering the dismal memorials of these mistakes. At every corner I could hear of some "good man and true" who had wasted his breath and substance in his zeal to retain his office, expiating his rashness in retirement; they were like stranded sharks, floundering on the sand and showing their harmless teeth. The wreck of an office-holding world was around me—Styx and Avernus, with their ghosts, could not have frightened me more. It would be my very case, if I were found out. I dreamed of these skeletons at night, and grew nervous with them all day. I fancied that I saw, in every man I met, an aspirant after my office. My servants and companions were converted, in imagination, into spies; there were mines and torpedoes beneath my feet. If I read the papers, it was only to look at the advertisements, lest some stander-by should be watching my countenance, to gather my opinion of the administration. I became suspicious and equivocating on the most harmless subject of conversation. In another year, I am sure I shall be fit for the stage, so successful have I been in my late performances. A rampant politician would sometimes seize upon me to cheer me with our successful prospects. I would brighten up, smile, and say with an admirable significance of manner, "Let *us* alone, my dear fellow, for contriving the thing." And I would say exactly the same thing, with the same success, to a teasing declaimer on the other side. Special committees were my abhorrence—of course I never attended them—a public officer ought not to be expected to take an *open* part. But the pain of this continual watchfulness!—and worse than that, the perpetual fear that two antagonists might, perchance, meet and find that they were confidential friends of mine—or, that I might, in some incautious moment, take a bottle too much, and realize the dreadful proverb, *in vino veritas;* or that some vile conjunction might fall in my horoscope, that should commit me, by circumstances. Never did man drag a more miserable chain.

On the day of the election I was sore beset; at first I thought of having a letter written to me, informing me that my grandmother, or aunt, or cousin was desperately ill, and summoning me instantly out of town; again, it occurred to me to be ill myself. But the truth was, I was in that nervous and restless state that I could neither remain in my house nor leave town; a spell seemed to be thrown over me. Just in this condition of mind, a rantipole whip and spur Jacksonian burst into my room. I would as lief have seen the hangman. He came to take me to the polls; it was equivalent to being caught *in the manour*, to be seen going to the polls with him. "Poh, come along,—not sick—we can't afford to have a *true blue* like you sick to-day."—Blue enough thought I. "It's a beautiful day for it," said I, assuming a jaunty manner to show my heartiness in the cause. "No time to be looking at the weather—we must be up and doing—if you want to keep your office you must stay at the polls all day."—"Never fear me," said I—"keep up your spirits—don't wait for me, I'll follow you time enough." So off he went—and, *time enough* it will be when I follow him. He was hardly gone, before a sober-visaged, deeps-cheming old stager, who had been a kind of polar star on the other side, came in to exhort me to perseverance and zeal in the cause. I nodded, looked thoughtful and said in an expressive whisper. "My dear sir, you know *how far* you can depend on me"—and, strange as it might seem, this satisfied the old gentleman, and off he walked, thinking, absolutely, that he knew *how far*.

Well it is now very certain that we have won the election, and I hope to be rewarded for my troubles. For the last three or four days it was very doubtful whether we had got *the State*, and, until that was known, my difficulties were not over; I had to condole with the disappointed, and to rejoice with the victors of this district, and, I must say, I did it admirably.—"How *do* you account for *the thing?*" I would say, with an earnest nod of the head, and in a confidential undertone, to a long-faced leader of the beaten party. While to a gay strag-

[illegible] as we swung past each other in the street, [illegible] a broad laugh and passing cheer, "I [illegible] close on Monday." But now, thank our [illegible] is settled. *We* have won the State, and [illegible] can afford to have an opinion (which [illegible] is in favor of the old General), and [illegible] among the "good men and true"—a class of [illegible] I have the highest respect, and of which, though [illegible] I have always been, *at bottom*, a zealous member. [illegible] me from a repetition of the suffer- [illegible] Mr. [illegible] has worn me to a thread- [illegible] dripping;—a bore by day and [illegible] night. It has given me the dyspepsia; added [illegible] my diaphragm; obstructed the [illegible] the pancreatic juice, and almost [illegible] of nerves. I am afraid if this state [illegible] neither Swain's Panacea nor Judkins' oint- [illegible] save me. Such is the immeasurable vexation of hold- [illegible] with a wife and five small helpless children, in these days when Reform flourishes like a pestilence.

ZACHARIAH WINTERBOTTOM.

[illegible] 1840.

VI.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF MR. ARISTIDES POP:

EXPLAINED IN A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

MY DEAR SIR—I am in a great perplexity, and I know no one whose situation enables him to afford me more relief than yourself. It has been the rule of my life to render public and private interests harmonious,—an undertaking which, I assure you, is attended with many difficulties, but which I have, never

ertheless, been enabled to accomplish by invariably moulding the public concern to fit the private one, since the first is infinitely the more flexible of the two. You will, doubtless, see the wisdom of this, when you reflect that the welfare of the public has a vast multitude of champions, while that of the individual depends generally upon the unassisted wisdom of himself alone. It is a thousand to one; and humanity, therefore, impels a noble nature to take the weak side.

My present embarrassment is this. It has happened that in the course of my struggles with the world I have fallen into possession of two lots of ground; one is at the lower end of Howard street, south of Conway—the other is also on Howard street, but north of Franklin. So you see my possessions are very wide apart.

I am not certain which of the two lots is the most valuable; that at the upper end of Howard street is not so large as the other, but property there brings a higher price. What one wants in intrinsic worth the other makes up in extent. Now, sir, you will perceive that at this moment, when all good citizens who own property are brought, as by a general impulse of patriotism, to enlighten the directors of the railroad company upon their true interests, and to make those benighted men acquainted with the right road to wealth, I am almost the only man in the city of Baltimore who is not in a position to give them the benefit of his counsel. It would be a plain enough case, if I owned one lot instead of two. If, for instance, I was the proprietor of that at the lower end of Howard street only, every motive of patriotism, public spirit and liberal feeling; every consideration of wisdom, justice and benevolence would urge me to recommend to the directors to bring the railroad into town by any southern route that passed in the neighborhood of Conway street. I could recommend this suggestion by showing that the great interests of the West and even, to a remote degree, the prosperity of the United States, were concerned in giving the road a direction that should traverse that quarter. Is it not manifest, sir, that the farther

south a railroad is located the less apt is it to be impeded by winter frosts and deep snows? Would not the people of the west prefer entering Baltimore near the Dutch Church? Is not this route nearer to the Chesapeake Bay by half a mile than any other? I could sum up many other equally conclusive reasons, if my lot near Conway was the only one I possessed—but I forbear.

Then on the other hand, suppose my lower lot were obliterated from the face of the deed that makes it mine, and fortune had left me singly blessed, with my upper possession,—I should be equally free to indulge in those disinterested arguments that every public-spirited man must feel happy to have an opportunity to offer his countrymen when the good of the country is in question. In such a case, I trust, it would be perfectly apparent to you and your worthy coadjutors that the road ought, by all means, to be brought into town by Conway street. If so plain a proposition requires proof, read the luminous resolutions, and that felicitous concordance of opinion which have been furnished you in the published accounts of the late proceedings of the divers worthy citizens who own property in that neighborhood. But, in addition to what they have urged, I would say there could be nothing clearer in mechanics than the broad affirmation that elevated sites for roads are preferable to lower ones on account of their superior dryness—a consideration too palpable to be lost sight of in the location of this road: and further, sir, it would not be denied that Centre street is nearer to Reisterstown than any street south of it;—that this location would be particularly favorable to all travellers who might wish to ride round Baltimore and take a view of its environs;—that in time of yellow fever it would be indisputably beyond the reach of all infections; and if it be true at all, sir, that a railroad is a blessing to the age, it must be obvious that the longer the road the greater the blessing.

But, my dear friend, imagine my situation. I am utterly precluded from insisting upon either of these topics from the misfortune of holding two lots instead of one. I have scan-

ned the subject in my mind to see if I could not take a middle course, and, I assure you, it is no small relief to me to find from the public papers that there are several persons who seem to be placed precisely in my situation; for I perceive that there are some pretty sharp writers,—sober, long-headed wights, I'll warrant you,— who have bandied about the idea of running the road upon some central ridge, from which—say they very learnedly and shrewdly—you may draw off as many lateral branches as you please. For it, sagaciously enough, occurred to these good people that a railroad was like a stream of water, and would run only down hill, and consequently that the main stream should be on a high ground, like the water-works. It was a merry thought and a deep one,—in the sober-sides,—to have all the wealth of the country pouring into our city like a running river, and no way for it to get back again! It was making Baltimore the den of Cacus, with the tracks of the cattle all going in and none coming out. It tickled me a good deal; and I assure you, my dear friend, I was for some days a staunch Ridge man as well as the best of them. My faith, however, is a little shaken in this proposition by the difficulty of ascertaining the precise topography of this Ridge. As far as I can learn it does not take exactly the course indicated by my notions of public spirit. There will be a difficulty in defining it. I am not quite sure but it might go entirely north of Howard's Park;—and, moreover, I think I discover in the wags who talk about the Ridge, that their design is that the road shall go through some grounds of their own. Now it is a fundamental principle with me, that admits of no compromise, to object positively, on the score of public spirit, against any plan that may incidently benefit any man's property,—unless, indeed it should happen to be near either Conway or Franklin streets. Since I have been obliged to abandon the Ridge men I have settled into a more contented state of mind by attaching myself to the Depot party—I mean that considerate, grave and cautious party who, for the present, are firmly persuaded that the road ought not to ad-

vance one inch further than it is now. Indeed, my dear sir, upon a careful review of all that these gentlemen say, I think there is a great deal of reason in their opinion. In the first place, we cannot make up our minds whether it is best to turn right or left—as I have shown you, in my case, very conclusively—and, you know, Dr. Johnson says that a contrariety of equal attractions is equal to a state of rest: in the second place, there is a great convenience in having the road at that distance, because it is a wholesome walk and a preventative against dyspepsia. In the third, it keeps off a great deal of annoying business from the road, such as the hauling of flour, coal, iron, lumber and such like disagreeable burdens which the people within twenty miles of this city would be constantly intruding upon the road. In the fourth, it furnishes a great number of citizens an opportunity of seeing that "Slough of Despond" which our good City Council and the Turnpike Company together, have agreed to preserve at the upper end of Pratt street, as one of the curiosities of Baltimore. In the fifth, it gives the hack-drivers a rare harvest, by enabling them to charge double for carrying passengers to the road. And, my dear sir, we have also hit upon a sixth reason, for which we are indebted to a sly old friend, remarkable for his philanthropy;—it is, that by keeping the road a mile or two from town we shall give employment hereafter, to a large number of carters and draymen, with amiable and interesting families depending upon them for bread, who will, by this arrangement, be furnished with as much business as they can attend to,—until we, of the Depot party, sell out, or get a branch of the road down to the water exactly where we want it. But, sir, to tell you frankly, our greatest anxiety is to stop the road here for the present, because we are afraid of building up Philadelphia at our expense, and New York too, sir,—which,—however, you may laugh,—I take upon me to tell you is the gravest and most solemn argument in our whole budget. I am in earnest, I assure you. Now, my dear sir, I have but one proposition to make. You are, perhaps, under an impres-

sion that my mind is made up on the subject? You are mistaken. If you can by any means bring it about to make two branches of the road to enter Baltimore—one by Franklin street, and the other by Conway, you will relieve my mind from a very anxious burden. I should then be prepared to commend your procedure upon the only ground that I can ever consent to appear in the newspapers—as the unqualified friend and advocate of all public works, that accord with my ideas of private duty.

"Self-love and social are the same."

In order to keep my judgment entirely free from all improper bias upon this momentous question, and to entitle the purity of my motives to your applause, I have carefully refrained from subscribing to any stock in the railroad;—and I shall be equally attentive to enforce it upon you, that in whatever direction you should determine to enter the city—even if by Franklin and Conway streets—you must do it entirely at your own costs and charges. I will not lie under an imputation of the slightest pecuniary prejudice.

My dear friend,

Very sincerely yours,

ARISTIDES POP.

FEBRUARY, 1831.

VII.

THE BROWN PAPERS.

No. I.

MY father, old Mr. Hardy Brown, used to say that a good head and a good arm were two of the fastest friends a man could have in this world. So he sent me to school to make a good head, if it was in me, and gave me his own trade, which was that of a blacksmith, with a certainty, if any thing could make an arm, that calling would do it. Upon this capital I

have come up to fifty, and have raised a family of nine children, who are all respectable and well to do in the world. There are seven boys, and the two oldest are now working at the anvil,—clever lads, with a good education, and likely to cut as good a track for themselves as any two boys in this city. This smithwork is the oldest and most honorable of trades. Honest sweat, dingy and coal-mixed as it was, was that which gathered on the brow of old Tubal-Cain! What would the world have been but for him and his craft? We are the tool-makers wherewith all other things are made, the very corner-stone of all crafts. We are the true builders of this world, and build up every art. Our business is to manufacture Power, and we send it off from our hands, to fashion all things for man's use, even from that little wood-chisel which scoops out the features of a doll's head, up to the steam-engine of six hundred horse-power, which has turned the wind-power into a second-rate thing, and brings a palace across the great deep flying like a pigeon. We smiths are an old family, and of the true aristocracy, say what you will against the word, Messrs. Loco Focos!

I have something to say to my fellow smiths, and through them to all crafts,—hoping that, like considerate men, as I know many of them to be, and as I believe the greater part of all men who earn an honest livelihood by the work of their hands are, they will take in good part these out-speakings of a brother who has seen somewhat of this world, and kept not so closely at the hammer but that he could spare an eye for what was going on around him. There is so much of this trick of blinding the people practised nowadays, that it is every man's duty, who can in any wise set things on their true bottoms, to speak his mind, and therefore I come now to speak mine; and I beg every man who can get this paper to sit down and read patiently what I have to say, because I mean to tell the truth as plainly as I can come at it.

In the first place, I would have you take notice of one thing that has come to pass of late, and that is how, almost in a single night, there grew up all over this land a crop of NEW DEMO-

CRATS. Go where you will now, you will meet some man who will take great pains to let you know that he is a *democrat*. Open the newspapers, and, if they belong to Mr. Van Buren, you will read in every column, and mostly in every paragraph, that the people who favor these papers are all *democrats*. If Mr. Van Buren's friends carry a constable in some little town in Illinois, you will read in capitals, GREAT DEMOCRATIC VICTORY —TOWN OF WILD CAT ERECT—or something in that strain; and if they want a common ward meeting, you will see it announced in the Republican with a heading in large letters, DEMOCRATS AWAKE, etc., etc. Now all this is very significant. It shows, first, that these good people begin to find out that their old name has lost its charm. They used all to be JACKSON men, and as long as they could swear by the old chief, they had no need of another name. But now the old chief has gone, and has left them a small man in whose name no man is willing to trust his cause. Jackson, with all his faults, was a man who could lead men like a true soldier, and therefore those who followed him were not ashamed to boast of their chief;—and so they were proud to call themselves *Jackson* men.

It is not so with the successor. Who is proud to be called a *Van Buren* man! If there be such a person, I have never seen him. As Van Buren would not do,—that was no name to conjure with,—the managers had to look about for something to take its place, and it occurred to them, as in Mr. Jefferson's time, the word "Democrat" had a great charm; if they could only stick that upon their foreheads, they would carry all before them. So, all of a sudden, up goes this name, and in a night this whole army was dipped in the vat of their patent wash, and daylight found them a new-fledged brood, all of one feather, but unlike any thing that was ever seen before,—something between hawk and buzzard with a great chattering of democracy; and thenceforth, wheresoever you went, "DEMOCRAT" was written in capitals on the door posts of their houses, and was marked upon their raiments, and

printed even at the bottom of their kneading troughs. This change signified not only that the hickory tree was getting out of fashion, but it showed, moreover, that the host was ashamed of their leader,—otherwise they would not have called themselves *Van Buren men*, and not resorted to the unpleasant and somewhat laughable expedient, of calling themselves *Democrats*. I say the unpleasant and almost laughable expedient, because it does most singularly so happen that, of all the words in the dictionary, there is not one that suits these ingenious name-takers and banner-raisers so ill as that they have pitched upon. It is a downright and flagrant satire upon the topmost men of the party. Everybody knows that the chief of General Jackson's friends were got from the old Federal party. You remember that the Federalists from all quarters, after the General wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. Monroe, advising him to bring Col. Drayton into his cabinet, and saying a great many sweet things about breaking up parties and taking the Federalists into favor—you remember how these Federalists crowded under the old General's colors; and you know that these same Federalists stuck by him through thick and thin, and walked into every office that was open,—aye, and hold these offices yet! They had an old grudge to pay against the Democrats for long exclusion from office—and they have paid it, my friends, with interest. Who are the chief men now of the NEW Democrats? Look around you, good people, and answer me. Who have got the snuggest berths about town? Good people, answer me. Who are your leaders in the state and in the city—who are your candidates—who are your committees? I can weed out of them a very pretty handful of these same old Federalists. I say, therefore, it was an unpleasant and almost laughable expedient, to force these friends so suddenly to wear your new colors. Do you think you have washed the spots out of the leopard with your patent wash? These good gentlemen blush now, when they are together in private, to read *Democrat* opposite their names:—and to put them to this open shame! I say

it was cruel, and worse than laughable. But there is another thing about this change of name, which is liable to make men wonder at the boldness of those who took it, and that is, that it in no wise agrees with the principles of the old Jackson party. The General had not an ounce of Democracy in his whole composition. He was the severest man for assuming power that ever lived in this country. It used to be his motto —that what he thought necessary to be done must be done, according to law, if it happened so, but without law or in spite of law, if it could be done no otherwise. He thought that a citizen attending a seditious convention ought to be hung under the second section of the articles of war. He played off the veto power as a child plays with a toy. He was headstrong and self-willed, and would have his way in spite of the people. If he did not like a law passed by the people's representatives (which is the same thing as the people themselves), he would refuse to sign it, or if that would not do, he would keep it and not send it back to be acted on again by the representatives. He has even told the representatives that if they had consulted him he would have informed them what sort of a law he was willing they should pass, and as they did not consult him he would veto their act. Now, none of these modes of doing business have any kindred to the "democratic principle." According to the old fashioned democracy, as I understand it, the will of the people is the supreme dictator to the public servants. It is the spring or fountain of all the public measures. This was not so in the General's day. Besides, he had some notions about Executive power that were very much in the old Federal vein.

I remember hearing it said by a man who knew the fact, that when the Proclamation concerning the Nullifiers was read to Gen. Jackson and his cabinet, some of them thought it was rank Federalism, and they told the General so in plain language; —but he was as plain as they were,—for walking up and down the room, while this discussion was going on, he cut the matter short by turning suddenly upon the speakers, and saying

pretty sharply—for the General swore sometimes—" Federalism or no Federalism, gentleman, by —— I like it, and I'll be —— if one syllable of it shall be altered"—and it was not. Ritchie of Richmond, and Blair of the Globe, tried their best to explain it, but they have not washed out the Federalism of the Proclamation to this day.

Now, I think no man in this town, who goes with Mr. Van Buren, will have the courage to say, that he has any more democracy than the old General had; and in the General's time as I have said before, we heard nothing about democrats. The truth is, that the party which opposed Gen. Jackson are the identical old democrats of 1812. Look about, and you will see nine out of ten of that old party just standing where they did with Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe, whose democracy no man can dispute. They have always complained that Gen. Jackson's system was to strengthen the Executive power and weaken the influence of the popular will in the representative branch of the government, and upon that principle they opposed Gen. Jackson, and, on that principle, still oppose Mr. Van Buren. They go for the popular will; they wish to see the people stronger than the Executive; they desire that the people shall suggest and pass their own laws, without being dictated to from Washington, and they hold every man to be false to the democratic principle who strives to strengthen the Executive arm against the popular will. They want no laws to be forced upon the country because the President wills it; but on the contrary, they want to see the President bow with respect to the commands of the people, and content himself with executing the laws which the people make. Whosoever does not join them in this wish, however he may be dipped and dyed, and whatever name he may suffer a junto of party leaders to stamp upon his forehead, he is neither a republican nor a democrat, but a counterfeit, spurious representative of a republican, a mere COPPER-WASHED DEMOCRAT.

And so, my friends, that I may not weary you, I say no more for the present.

No. II.

OUR country is unlike any other in the known world. In the first place, our constitution and laws are exactly such as the people wished to have them; and they can be changed, if it should be necessary, just when the people please. In the second place, all men here are on an equal footing as regards rights and duties. And what is the most glorious thing of all, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand are the makers of their own fortunes. This is a nation of working men, and there is not one among us worth a fig's end, who has not made himself what he is. We begin in the world with more or less education, a clear mother wit, a good pair of hands, and an upright, straightforward, honest resolution to do justice by ourselves and the world. There never was a man who set out with this stock in trade that did not find himself becoming every day a better and more useful citizen, and most commonly a richer man. Industry is every man's birthright, and its fruits are, to gather around his fireside the comforts of life first, and then its business and superfluities afterwards,—so that by the time he gets to middle life, it shall go hard with him if he has not a comfortable, happy family smiling in his face, and a great many of his fellow-citizens to do him honor as a worthy and good man. This is the glorious privilege of our glorious country. It is a blessing, that in it nearly every rich man has once been poor, and that every poor man may become rich: and it is another blessing, speaking in a political sense, that wealth will not pass through many generations downward; wherefore it is that every man is obliged to educate his child to a useful calling, in order that when his patrimony is gone, his hands or his head may find him sustenance. Wise was it in our first lawgivers, when they ordained that wealth should not descend from generation to generation, but that each man should take the chance of winning a livelihood by the talents which God had given him. This makes the American people a land of

brothers, bound together by common fortune and common affections; the rich man and the poor man children of the same family, helping each other, supporting each other, and as citizens loving each other. Now, I say the man who will go about to separate these from one another, to sow discord between them, to preach dissension, or to persuade the poor man to dislike the rich, or the rich man to dislike the poor, is a villain, and entitled to no quarter among good republicans. I say, moreover, that that print or newspaper, or that public speaker or orator, or that convention or committee, or public address maker, that seeks to foment this dissension, or to spread this doctrine, and thus sever the citizens of this Republic, is morally a traitor print, orator, convention or committee, and should be detested and execrated,—yes, and will be detested and execrated by every right-minded man in this nation.

Now, there are certain persons, emissaries of party, who do go about in this city, and everywhere through the land, to cry up their own democracy, and to cry down everybody else's. These men call the opponents of Martin Van Buren by a name which they suppose will sound very fearfully in the ears of the people—they call them the *aristocracy*. They, themselves, these COPPER-WASH DEMOCRATS,—and the only true friends of the country, and the Whigs are the aristocracy! What does aristocracy mean? As these teachers of the people wish it to be understood, it means a privileged order of citizens who claim to be better, in a political sense, than their neighbors. I say to my fellow-craftsmen, that I have known this town, man and boy, through a long period, and I know the people who live in it, and upon that knowledge I affirm that the great body of the Whigs of Baltimore are the mechanics, the solid column of working men,—that, next to them in point of numbers in the Whig party, are the merchants and traders, great and small, and after these, the professional men, making a small but patriotic body of sterling Whigs; and I add, that that man lies in his throat, who insinu-

ates that these mechanics and working men, these merchants and traders, these lawyers and doctors and divines, are not as deeply inspired with the love of liberty, of equal laws and equal rights, of the great principles of democratic government,—that they have not always been and are not now as ready to defend the country with their lives and property,—that they are not as sincere friends to every interest, national and domestic, and as strenuous in the support of every bulwark of freedom, as the best men, no matter what name you give them, in this land. I say besides, that their democracy is not a lip-service, or something from the skin outwards: it has a better foundation than this loud talking at the corners, or this crying out from the house-tops; it is a *sentiment* that lives in their hearts and shows itself every day in their actions,—it has no *copper wash* about it.

It is not every man who has time to keep himself informed of the public affairs. A working man, who has a family looking to him for their daily bread, is obliged to take a great deal *upon trust* from others who have more leisure to read than he has. Now, it is this very thing that has built up Loco Focoism in this country. There is ever some cunning man going abroad to make himself corporal of a squad, in order that when office is to be distributed he may be in the way. He gives himself great consequence as an instructor of the people, and it is he who puts into their heads these fables about the poor and the rich, the aristocrat and the democrat. Believe him, and there never were men who had such a love for the people as he and his friends, nor were there ever such enemies to liberty, as the people who are too wise to be deceived by his cajolery. I ask every candid man, who will coolly think for himself, without the aid of one of these corporals, if it is not the greatest insult that can be offered to the people, to palm upon them such miserable and unnatural falsehoods. The people are generous, and are apt too readily to trust those who come to them in the garb of friends, and therefore they are imposed on; but it does not often happen

that this imposition lasts very long, so that in the end it generally falls out that the cheat is discovered and the people come back into that path to which their interests would have led them at first, if they had been left to themselves.

There is one thing I constantly remark in the copperwash Democrats,—that however they may rail against wealth and rich men, there are no people who pay such court to a rich man as they do, when he belongs to their party. They fondle him and make much of him, bow down before him, flatter him, and raise him up to whatever office is in their gift. I have seen this more than once in this town of ours, and have often wondered to see how amiable they had grown to their own aristocracy. This only shows that their outcry against the rich men is a mere trick, and their democracy what I have always believed it, a mask put on to juggle with.

No. III.

I HAVE a word more, fellow-smiths, to say to you about this trick of separating rich and poor. At the very bottom of this thing there is a falsehood, because, in fact, there is in this glorious country of ours, properly speaking, no rich and no poor classes. There are rich men and poor men, I grant,—but they are not *classes*, because they do not last long enough to make a class. He who is rich to-day is poor to-morrow, and he who is poor to-day is rich to-morrow, so that this rich and poor is all one class, and that class is the WORKING MEN OF AMERICA.

Now, in all monarchical countries, such as England, for example, the rich and poor are truly in classes, and by the operation of their laws and scheme of government, continue rich and poor through generations. If you will take the trouble to sift this matter to the bottom, you will find that this vile trick to separate our fellow-citizens from each other is altogether of foreign growth; it is not natural to our country; it nev-

er started up in an American brain. Some stranger has come among us heated with the iniquitous oppressions which he has seen practised upon the poor by some rich lordling in other lands, and thinking to turn the indignation which every free man feels against such oppression into political capital in our market, has raised this cry. He has mistaken his hemisphere; his scheme has nothing to feed it among us; it is altogether *anti-American*. There is old Mr. S——, my neighbor, who is now a rich man, and as good a Whig and, what is still more, as genuine an American as ever lived on this side of the Atlantic. I suppose he is worth well on to half a million of dollars. He began life in this town as a poor boy, apprentice to a wheelwright. Not a farthing had he in the way of money, but a good capital in a sound head. He worked his way onward, by rising early and doing his duty both to God and man. Day by day, he found the world brightening on him, until at last he has come to be one of the wealthiest in this city. After having worked at his trade for many years, he found his capital increasing on his hands so fast that he embarked it in commerce, where it brought him in the returns that have made him what he is. He was not a man to let his wealth lay idle, but kept it always in service. He built vessels, houses, factories; he employed workmen in a hundred ways—in truth, his great fortune has been the big wheel that has turned the machinery by which fifty families, if not more, have been fed and clothed, and made happy from year to year. His sons are now following his example. I want to know if Mr. S—— is an enemy to the poor man? What copper-wash democrat in this town will dare to say so? Yet the case of Mr. S. is the case of a thousand owners of capital hereabouts,—except that he has more capital than most men, but in the spirit which they show towards the prosperity of the town they are just what Mr. S. is. Now I ask one of your stirrers-up of the poor against the rich—do you want to drive the rich men out of our town?—do you think we would be better off without them? Are they such bad citizens that they cannot be trusted with a voice in

the public affairs? Fellow-craftsmen, mechanics, working men —who are your friends? Will you find friends, in the hour of need, among the men who go about barking the word *democrat* in your ears all the day? Will you find them among the noisy brawlers in the streets? Are they your committees of vigilance? Are they your drum-beaters, and banner-bearers, and painted-lantern men? Are these copper-wash patriots who are striving to persuade you to hate your neighbor because he happens to have a little more pelf than you have, the men who stand by you in your need, and make common cause with you, and build up your fortunes with their own? Or, are not your true friends rather among those who are at work to make Baltimore a great city—the men who toil at their business, from morning to night, and who set in motion all this mass of glorious working power; who furnish the wherewithal to keep in action this vast amount of mechanical genius and talent, this matchless skill in handicrafts, this physical energy of our own spirited and independent working people,—such people as build up cities, states and nations, and make them unconquerable? Do you think such men *can* be your enemies,—let locofocoism preach till it be hoarse? We are all embarked in the same ship of government, and our voyage is only to be prosperous by the harmony and good-will with which we work together in managing the ship. I do not quarrel with a man because he does not think as I think, in regard to this measure or that measure,—but I do quarrel with a man who strives to make me odious to my neighbor, by slandering me as an enemy to my country or any of its worthy citizens, because I cannot bring my mind to believe that his political hobby-horse is the best possible hobby-horse that any man ever dreamed of.

Let me say to you my friends and fellow-craftsmen, speaking from old experience and knowledge of the world—that when you find a political man flying away from a cool argument on the merit of public measures, and betaking himself to abusive names, by which to bring his adversary in disgrace, it is a pretty good proof that he is afraid of his cause, and knows

that it has some weak point which he cannot defend. And let me say further, when you hear a man in this country charging upon large and respectable masses of his fellow-citizens hostility to the principles of free government, you may set him down as a fool or a rogue; and when you see a man deserting the Christian charities and endeavoring to plant discord in the bosom of society, by insinuating that this class of citizens are enemies to that class of citizens, and that they ought to keep apart from and hate each other, and revile each other,—you will not go wrong in accounting that man a hypocrite, who will do *you* an ill turn to-morrow, if it should suit his purpose, just as readily as he defames his neighbor to-day. Beware also of the flattery of such men, because, when they flatter it is to serve themselves. I give this advice especially to the younger men of this town. The young mechanics and working men of Baltimore are answerable for the future welfare and strength and glory of this city. It will not be long before their industry, frugality and exemplary life shall place them in the rank of leading citizens, to whom the destinies of this town will be committed; they, like us, who have gone before them, will be assailed by demagogues, who will call them aristocrats and enemies of the country,—for it is in the nature of these busybodies to look with a malignant eye upon every man's prosperity—and to defame the character of every man who thrives—therefore, I say to our young mechanics, look at this in time, and judge for yourselves in the affairs of the country: let no corporal of a squad with his domiciliary visits to your firesides come there to poison your minds against your fellow-citizens, or teach you how you are to vote in an election, or in what fashion you must think. Remember, you are freemen by birth, and God has given you understanding and courage to know and perform your duties without a prompter. So, beware of the corporals of the squad,—beware of all demagogues,—and especially beware of COPPER-WASHED DEMOCRATS.

These words are from your true friend,

JOHN BROWN, of Hardy.

SEPTEMBER 1. 1839.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL ABROAD IN 1866-68.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL ABROAD IN 1866-68.

CHAPTER I.

IN GERMANY; SOUTHERN FRANCE AND NICE.

Incident at sea; Saltzburg—Austrian troops—Worship of the Virgin; Story of the Red Blanket; Nuremberg; Stuttgardt; A Yankee itinerant; Paris life; French theatre; Visit to J. Stuart Mill at Avignon; Hyères; The Toulon Arsenal; Cannes; at Nice; Visit to Lord Brougham; The Colorado; The Italian Question; A Naval Ball; Duke of Argyle.

AT sea, Wednesday, a poor distracted bird is seen flying far out at sea. The wind has driven him from the shore of Newfoundland, and he strains his wearied pinions to reach our ship. After much circumvolution and beating against the wind, he effects a successful perch upon the main yard. Hunger has subdued his timidity and he descends to the deck. We throw him crumbs, which he eagerly snatches up. We tempt him with a saucer of water, and, while he drinks, we steal behind and capture him. There is a general participation in this pursuit. Every one, even the rough seaman, is curiously eager in it; every one guided by a strong humanity to assist and comfort the poor prisoner; a most natural and pervading sentiment, this at sea, to relieve the unfortunate even in so humble a shape as this poor bird! The sense of present or possible danger to any created thing of the land, in this vast inhospitable waste of waters, is a quick prompter to that universal humanity which has planted some germ of goodness even in the harsest natures. How honorable to our kind is the peremptory resentment of the world to any refusal or omission to perform the duty to which this sentiment points!

The affrighted bird is in danger of being suffocated,—killed by kindness. His heart palpitates audibly against the many hands that caress him. None of us have science enough to assign him his place in ornithology. Even the captain has failed here. He is brown, streaked with yellow, not unlike a bobolink, one man says, or perhaps more like a lark, another; the captain looks more minutely into the matter, and finding him not webfooted, says, "decidedly not aquatic." Some of the ladies, who are intently regarding the proceeding, reannounce this opinion—"not aquatic," apparently much satisfied by it. After considerable discussion from which nothing is elicited, the bird is consigned to a basket converted into a cage and sent to the stateroom of a gentleman amateur, who professes great interest in the experiment of domesticating him in England. This incident has enlivened one whole day. It has supplied a subject of importance in our present estimate of such things. We have come near to breaking into schools upon it.

Saltzburg, Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1866.—The day spent in rambling about this beautiful place,—certainly one of the most attractive localities in Europe—if not indeed the very finest for picturesque scenery and charming landscape.

The Austrian troops are now on their return from Italy and the Upper Danube. They come by, in regiments, almost daily,—looking as weary, as travelworn and as dingy as our own soldiers at home at the close of the war. The difference between them is that ours came home in buoyant spirits, rejoicing in victory and the consciousness of duty well performed, and were received by crowds of friends to greet and cheer them and to load them with comforts,—while these poor fellows look dejected, or at least indifferent to the condition of their country, and in no case that we have observed in our sojourn here, have they received a single salutation from the people, or the least notice of their return. I can hardly understand the apathy both of people and soldiers at such a moment as this,—or account for it upon any other theory than that which supposes these populations to feel very little interest in the results of the war, or to care

much on what side the decisive events it has produced may cast them. In truth there is no nationality in the Austrian organization. The subjects of the Emperor do not constitute "a people." They are a forced combination of populations of different tribes exhibiting very distinct and marked antagonisms.

The passage of the troops here gives us occasion to remark how much the general aspect of armies here and in America are alike. To see these regiments passing under our windows, we scarcely notice a trait of order or discipline or general appearance, that would distinguish them from the troops we saw daily on the march at home.

One thing very observable over the Catholic portion of Germany, and more particularly within the Austrian Empire, is the constant recurrence of the little shrine to the Virgin, and of many others to various saints, and above all, of the crucifixion. Hundreds occur on the highway, and in almost every field there is a shrine to the Virgin or an image of the crucifixion,—very often as large as life. I read in these ceaseless repetitions of the Saviour, the Virgin and the Saints, the struggle of an overladen, wearied and dejected peasantry, to find consolation for the hardship of their lot. It seems to disclose the sad consciousness of a life which, having but little to hope for on earth, seeks its refuge in the contemplation of future protection in Heaven. These poor people know but little of the pleasures of this world,—much of its pains,—and they fly under the impulse of a natural instinct to the Virgin and her Son as a present defence against their troubles, and a certain solace when his life is ended. The temporal authorities, they feel, have no sympathies with them, and in their rude uncultivated estimates of the inevitable necessities of their station and of its inherited and unalterable lowliness, they teach each other to believe that the saint of the locality, or still more surely the Blessed Virgin, will be their friend and will hear and comfort them when wealthy governors will not. This idea is so vividly possessed by the whole mass of the peasantry that there is scarce-

ly a house, as far as I have had an opportunity to observe, that has not somewhere about it,—either on the front, or within its enclosure,—one of these little shrines. This custom is very touching when interpreted in the light in which I see it, and suggests to me the pathetic devotion of a people filled with a despairing conviction of the inexorable temper of the social law which condemns them to a perpetual exclusion from the ease and comfort they see in the higher classes of the country. Every "Ave Maria" and "Ora pro nobis" breathed at their shrines I imagine to come forth from the heart, as the wail of a simple ignorant peasanty, over the unmitigable rigor of their earthly lot.

Thun, August 19th, 1866.—I observe that our beds here are supplied with blood-red blankets, of a very fine quality. This color, which I have never seen before in a blanket, recalls a story of Spanish adventure I once heard from Ned Weir:

THE STORY OF THE RED BLANKET.

In the year 1820, when I was in the Legislature of Maryland, there came, in the depth of the winter, to Annapolis, a gentleman well known and greatly liked by a large circle of friends in Washington,—and indeed, quite popular as a companion almost everywhere in the principal cities of the United States. This was Ned Weir, who had been, I think, in his early life a midshipman in our Navy. He was now past middle life—over fifty—a bachelor, a most good-humored and obliging fellow, with great capacity to make himself agreeable to everybody. He could tell a good story gracefully and graphically, was a first-rate judge of wine, knew a great deal about cooking, and could give excellent instructions for preparing and entertaining a dinner-party. He was, therefore, with all these qualities, a large diner out, by which he came to know almost everybody of note, and to be considered, in a great degree, one of the most necessary men of Washington ociety. Mr. Madison liked him, and so did Mr. Monroe,

Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Wil-
Pinkney and a hundred others on the same plane of social
ience,—liked him and had him at their table. All the
commodores knew him, and had a warm accost for him.
was generous of what he had,—though he had not much
ie way of worldly wealth—and divided his crust with his
ds; and he had gentlemanly tastes—and was thriftless,
o fell into poverty, and lived in out-of-the-way lodgings,
ich discipline, aided by a strict economy, he was able to
nt a fair and prosperous-seeming front to the world.
is friends were very good to him and freely supplied his
sities. Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams used to send him
d from time to time, as a bearer of dispatches, and would
given him, I have no doubt, some diplomatic station, if
d been at all fit for it; but Ned's talents did not lie in
ty of business affairs. Then he often had a private con-
on sent to him to lift him up when he got down. I re-
er once when dining with Mr. William Pinkney, a letter
rought to him, from the post-office, to which my atten-
as attracted by the large impression of its seal on red
This Mr. Pinkney permitted me to examine. The de-
vas a globe with a man's body introduced half way
h it, and under it the legend, "Help poor Ned through
orld." The letter was from Ned Weir. In the course
same evening I saw Mr. Pinkney folding a letter he
ist written, and into which I noticed that he placed
bank notes. Accidently, I learned some months later,
his was a remittance to Ned of five hundred dollars.
at Mr. Pinkney said to me was—"that Ned was a good
, and had done many kind acts to him and his family
he was residing as Minister of the United States at St.
sburg, and elsewhere, and that he (Ned) now stood in
of a friend!"
ese incidents serve to describe or give a hint of the
cter of Ned Weir, who had now just arrived at Annap-
whither he came to take the Norfolk boat, in order to

reach a government vessel there, ordered to convey him, as a bearer of dispatches, to some port in South America,—to which Mr. Monroe had just given him an appointment.

It was a pleasant, crisp winter night, when I went from my room at Mrs. Stewens', down to Swain's Hotel, to make a call on George Winchester, who was a member of the Senate. I was shown into his chamber up stairs,—a large, old time, lofty apartment, with three huge windows, through which the sharp northwesters whistled and shrieked, and cut into the backbone of the inmates like a saw, until a fresh supply of logs,—brought by a negro servant who was constantly busy in this vocation,—was piled upon the old iron dogs of the old, broad, and deep and battered fireplace, and raised a conflagration that might be noticed through the window panes, by persons at the furthest end of town. These fires, which were peculiar to Annapolis, or at least more remarkable there for their great volume and roasting quality than I remember to have ever seen elsewhere, were the only masters that could subdue these huge, cold old rooms into an habitable temperature, and this they were able to do in spite of the fiercest winter wind that swept over the dreary hills of sand and pine around the old city. Here, in this room, I found George Winchester, Upton Heath and Ben Forrest—three pretty jolly fellows, in those times,—intimate associates and always full of glee in their enjoyments. Along with them was Ned Weir, who had come over in the mail coach that evening, from Washington. The bay was full of ice above Annapolis; and the Baltimore steamboat for Norfolk could get no higher than this point,—so that its trips were—during the continuance of the ice,—begun here. Ned had come to get this boat and go down the Chesapeake the next day, to find the frigate in which he was to sail, in Hampton Roads. Having, therefore, a night on his hands, he had ascended from the supper-table to spend an hour or two with Winchester.

While I sat with this party our conversation ran upon Ned's expedition, and this naturally led to a narrative of some of his

r adventures in this service, under the orders of the Gov-
:nt. It was in this current of story-telling that we got
story of the Red Blanket.

: had dispatches to deliver in Madrid," said Ned, when
d started him upon his story. "It was just after the
that followed the battle of Waterloo, and Spain was full
gands, and travelling, of course, very unsafe. I landed
liz, and was advised by a friend to get a good pair of
s, and take a servant with me and make my journey on
ack. I followed this advice, and was very fortunate in
ring a very trusty fellow—an Irishman, who had served
ough the war in the Irish Brigade—to accompany me.
orses were excellent, and Mike and I were armed to the

We had a pair of horse pistols on each saddle, and a
:r pair in our belts. We took the road to Seville, and
here across the Sierra to Madrid. We were several days,
rse, on the roads, and we got along remarkably well ;—
l that I thought I should have no adventure worth tell-
-but sometime after we had left Seville, and got into the
:ains, things looked a little more promising and suspi-

One night, when we were within a few days of the end
journey, we came, quite late, after nine o'clock, to a sol-
ittle "Posada" (Ned gave a broad rich accent to this
which had a romantic flavor in his utterance) that stood
: roadside. Here we were obliged to halt. There was
wn within three or four hours' ride, and the night was
lark and chilly and we were tired ; so we made the best

I got down and Mike soon brought my portmanteau

and in less than half an hour I was very comfortably disposing of a roasted fowl, which would have been better if it had not been just treated with a dose of garlic.

"Mike came into the room, after I had finished my supper, and whispered in my ear that he did not much like the looks of the fellows in the other room, and thought it would be well for us to pay our score to-night before we went to sleep, and be ready to make a start at the first peep of day—'*if not before*,' he added significantly. I agreed to this, and gave him the money and left him to take his own way,—and then getting the landlord to show me where I was to sleep, I followed him up a narrow stair which was little better than a ladder, into a loft, of a very dreary aspect, and which just afforded room enough for a small and coarse bed. The host left me here with a little tallow candle, that gave me no more light than sufficient to show me the complete wretchedness of my accommodation. But I was too tired to be critical, so I took off my coat and waistcoat, and my boots, and turned in. There were no sheets on the bed, and I observed that I was supplied with a very heavy and rather dirty, brown quilted coverlid, which was my only covering; and that under it was a red blanket, a very common thing in Spain, upon which I was to sleep. I never make plaints at my condition, when an argument can do no good," said Ned, "but take things, in such cases, as they come. I therefore resignedly stowed myself away between the quilt and the blanket, and soon went to sleep. I think it was between two and three o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by a rough shake, and the imposition of a broad hand upon my chest, which so startled me that I drew my pistol, and in an instant would have discharged it, if I had not recognized the voice of Mike, who, with his mouth almost in my ear, said to me, in a low tone, 'kape quiet—don't make a noise, but get up in a jiffy; them blackguards are plotting some mischief against us in the back room down-stairs. I hearn them from the little cuddie I slept in, arranging matters to make bad work of us, so I jist

got up and went out to the stable shed and saddled our horses ready to be off before the rogues could know it. So, come down as quietly as you can, and I can take you out by a side door and we'll give them the slip!' You may suppose," continued Ned, "it was not long after such a warning before I had on my boots and coat and was following Mike as silently as we both could creep, down the little steep stairway, to the back door, which he had reconnoitred before he came to me and had unlocked, removing the key to prevent its being closed upon us. Having got out, we stole away to a great open stable, which was more like the inside of an old ruined church than a habitation for cattle, and there I found our two teeds ready saddled, with the portmanteaus strapped on and very thing in condition for an immediate departure. We prang into our saddles and set off without an instant's delay, nd having got fairly on the road, put off on a gallop for a ll mile before we drew a rein. Mike laughed with joy at s successful conduct of our retreat, and we pursued our way excellent spirits, at a brisk pace,—listening with some anxy to determine, by the clattering of hoofs in our rear, whether not we were pursued. As we got further away we began feel more assured that our escape had not been discovered, least in time to make a close pursuit. Mike's story of the te of our case was, that we had fallen into the nest of a nd of brigands; that the Posada was their rendezvous, ere some eight or ten met by appointment, and from the nversation he had overheard, it appears that they had tracks us upon our journey up to this place, and had resolved to us before morning. They had set down to a game at ds, and were drinking freely of the wines of the house, ring a greater part of the night, seemingly to divert themves until the appointed hour should arrive for their attack on us. Mike, who understood Spanish perfectly, was atcted by some words that reached him, as he lay on his ckle bed in a room divided from theirs by a thin board partin, which led him to pry further into the matter, and finding a

crevice through which he could see and hear all that was going on, he became acquainted with their purpose to commit some violence upon us, as soon as they should finish their game. Mike took advantage of their engrossment in their play to come to me and to hurry me away before the party should rise from the table; he having, at the first moment of the discovery of the plot, stole off to the stable and prepared the horses.

"Now, the question was, where were we to go? Mike knew the road very well, and was able to give me good counsel. About ten miles ahead of us, he said, there was a convent where we should find a hospitable reception. We accordingly pushed on, and about an hour before day, gained this place, and were admitted at the gate with a kind welcome. I observed," continued Ned, "as I ascended to a chamber that was pointed out for my accommodation, that the old friar, who bore a light before me, seemed to scan my figure with a peculiar interest. He said nothing, but looked somewhat earnestly at me, and as if he meant to ask me a question, but I suppose he saw that I couldn't speak Spanish, and as *he* could not speak English, he remained silent.

"Now," continued Ned, "when I threw off my coat to undress myself and jump into bed, to finish my night's rest which had been so unpleasantly interrupted, what do you think I saw?"

None of us could guess.

"Sir, my shirt sleeves and collar and bosom were red with blood. I was as bloody, sir, as Banquo's ghost. I sent for Mike to come to me directly. Said I to him, bring the old friar up here, and ask him if he can give me any clue to this most mysterious phenomenon. Mike went out and returned in a few minutes with the holy brother. Explain to him in Spanish, said I,—where we came from last night, and what happened. Mike did so. 'Why, Signor,' said the old friar, 'you have made the most wonderful escape. The Pasada where you halted is notorious for the murders committed

It is the resort of the most wicked batch of brigands Andalusia. There is hardly a week goes by without ıring of some traveller being beguiled there, and hav- throat cut and all his money and other property made ith. It was only last night, signor, a few hours before rival, that we heard of a man being murdered in his :re about daybreak, yesterday morning. It is a hor- ace.' Mike, said I, ask him what bed the man was sleep in when he was killed? The friar made an ex- eply to this question, which I shall never forget. 'It ed they kept for the express purpose in a little, out-of- closet of a room, in the loft, immediately over the .' The very room I was in, I exclaimed."

ow do you know," said Ned, "that when I laid down bed, I thought it felt damp, and supposed that a little ght have trickled through the roof upon it, but while I ditating upon the question whether it would hurt me in a moist bed, I sank into such a profound slumber an end to all inquiry. Now, the fact was, I slept in y bed in which that poor fellow was murdered the before we arrived; and the dampness I felt was from am of blood which had been poured into it by the And the blanket, you see, being a deep scarlet, one red blankets they have all over Spain, I could not see n. Was not that a narrow escape?"

I put this last question with a very earnest look of in- ion, and a silent pause of some moments as if to al- to express our horror at his danger and our con- ions for his deliverance, then rising and taking his hat, ırked that it was late and as he had to be up early in rning, he must bid us all good-night, and so took e. When he had gone, Winchester, who had been absorbed by the interest of Ned's story, remarked ıvely, after a space in which we were all mute for some , "Ned Weir has had an extraordinary life. That extremely critical escape of his. How lucky for

him that he had such a brave fellow with him as Mike!"—"Do you believe that story, Winchester?" asked Ben Forrest. "Undoubtedly, every word of it!"

"Heath, do you believe it?"

"Indeed," replied Heath, "I don't know why I should not." Forrest put the same question to me. I evaded it, but rather affirmed my inclination to put faith in the story, as I wished to draw our friend into the expression of his opinion. "Well, gentlemen," said Forrest, "I will bet a thousand dollars to a hundred that there is not a red blanket in all Spain!" There was an explosion of laughter all around, in the midst of which I left the room, and so ends my story of The Red Blanket.

Nuremberg, Friday, Oct. 19, 1866.—We have had three most interesting days in Nuremberg. This is, by far, the most striking and curious of all the old places we have visited. The traveller, on arriving here, finds himself suddenly transferred into the middle of the fifteenth century. The houses are all massive, substantial and in good repair, but for the most part, unchanged in the aspect they had two and three hundred years ago. The history of the town is legible in every street. The monuments of the past are innumerable. I have got a large number of photographs of what is most conspicuous in a cursory review of the city, and can only refer to them as a means of description, which would be endless if I attempted it with my pen. The most curious things we saw were collected in a museum which occupied an old church and cloisters:—there were old monuments, relics from old chapels; old armor of all kinds: old books and manuscript; old furniture, and some fine paintings,—particularly a magnificent one by Caulbach, of The Visit to the Tomb of Charlemagne,—one of the strangest and most vigorous pictures I ever saw. Another point of curious interest, is a chamber in the old castle, in which are collected all the old instruments of torture used by the magistracy of this place when it boasted of its being a "free city."

In a deep dungeon connected with the castle, among other

horrors, is the celebrated "Maiden," of which Murray gives the history. For a free and Protestant city, these tortures are a sad exponent of its quality; but, thank Heaven! those wise people—our ancestors—of whose wisdom some of us, of this generation, are always discoursing, have ceased to rule the world. *Antiquity* has run out its stock of virtue, and *modernity* is beginning to become respectable for its own inventions, both in the way of physical comforts and Christian morals! The chamber of St. Libald, of St. Lawrence and the Frauenkirche (the only Roman Catholic church in this town), are all beautiful, and what is very notable,—the Protestants have preserved all the best of the ornaments, the paintings, the statues, the tombs, the sculptures, the windows and other peculiarities of the Roman Church, in all these fine old structures, which have been converted to the use of the reformed congregations. One can see but little change in what must have been the general or special aspect of St. Libald's or Saint Lorenzo's before the reformation and since. The tomb of St. Libald, in the first of these churches, is particularly beautiful. We visited the cemetery —a most noteworthy spot. It has the strangest aspect. The tombs are strewed thick over the surface, leaving scarce a pathway between them. They are all alike,—great heavy, clumsy, dark (granite I believe) blocks, lying flat on the ground, about six feet long and three feet wide, and nearly or quite a foot and a half thick. There is no inscription carved on them, but simply a number, though many have a cast-iron or brass tablet inserted on the upper surface to note the family or individual whose bones sleep below. These huge stones are removed for every new interment,—and the number of tenants of each must be crowded into this narrow allotment of earth without any respect for the undisturbed repose of those who have first occupied it. The depositories are not vaults—nor even I believe, protected by a walled enclosure. There is now, apparently set up of late years, a new division of the cemetery, where interments are made with all the decencies and elegancies of modern custom.

In driving about the city, we visited the new quarter built up outside of the walls,—very pretty, and neat, and in strange contrast with the singular antiquity of the rest of the town.

Stuttgart, Saturday, October 19, 1866.—Beautiful weather,—quite cool, Lizzy too sick to get up. Mart and I walk out. The town very pretty. It seems to be overburdened with palaces. It is clean and neatly kept, and, I have no doubt, a most pleasant town to live in.

I got some small photographs, and only two or three were stereoscopes,—there being none here but those of Paris manufacture, which I can get when I go there. I have pleasant little portraits of the King of Wurtemburg, Karl and the Queen Olga. They are handsome, if the photographs tell truth.

After two, M. and I visit the new palace, and make a most extensive tour through the rooms, which occupies an hour. I suppose we see about fifty out of the three hundred and sixty-five which the palace is said to contain. The general air of the royal apartments is more comfortable than we usually see in these great buildings, and some of these are really grand for their magnificence and beautiful architecture. The new palace is only one of several, and to all appearance, it would seem that the enormous houses here which are said to be appropriated to the royal family and its dependents, would give comfortable rooms to half the city.

Oct. 20.—At two, M. and I drive out (E. not strong enough to accompany us) and make a circuit through the palace garden, as far as Caunstadt. On our way we are passed by the Queen mother, who drives by in an open carriage,—a good looking lady quietly dressed.

Oct. 21.—Set out on a stroll into the old district which occupies the central part of the city. At the market Platz,—a broad triangular area in the middle of this section, surrounded by tall quaint old buildings,—many with balconies at each story, gables to the street, and some of them built in that queer old-time fashion which made each floor, between the pavement and the roof, project over the one below it, reversing the

order of the pyramid. In this open space, where a market is usually held, we observed a small crowd gathered around a wagon which bore a small shed or stage of a theatrical aspect. It was decorated with gildings, some devices I could not understand, and a flag. On a little platform in front, was a man and a boy. The latter, I should suppose, was about fifteen years old. He was addressing the crowd in very voluble French, which from time to time, the man translated into German for the benefit of the audience. We discovered that the business in hand was the sale of some patent invention for sharpening knives and tools. The little fellow was exceedingly smart in illustrating the value of his commodity, and amused the company by his sallies of humor. After watching him attentively for some minutes, we come to the conclusion which his appearance and manner strongly justified, that he was a Yankee boy who had come over here with this invention, and had learned French enough to commend it. An occasional phrase pronounced in German, which made everybody laugh by the archness of his manner, showed that he was making progress in that language. Next year the patent sharpener will have the benefit of his eloquence in the Teutonic.

Paris, Nov. 20, 1866.—We get along here in the Hotel Westminster as well, I suppose, as the greater part of the crowd of our country people manage to do in this Imperial city; that is to say, we eat well, stroll along the streets, *flanér*, I believe the French call it,—look in at shop windows —hunt up manifold purchases of things we think we may want and which we buy for want of something to do, start off, every now and then, with a resolution, that has the air of a desperate duty, to leave cards among our American acquaintance, of whom the city is full, in return for cards they have left for us; and having got through this, begin again *da capo* and repeat the series of occupations with an occasional variation of a visit to the theatres, and a drive into that everlasting Bois de Boulogne, which in Paris is reckoned one of the gravest, the most constant, and the most natural of moral

duties. Very dreary all this! I think if I could only *see* France and Frenchmen, if it were but once a week; I mean if I could get even a few steps inside of French society—that I might learn something of the nature and character of real French life,—find out its sympathies, understand its culture and share in its regards, I should find, I am sure, great amusement and profitable appropriation of time. But all this is denied to us,—particularly to us, *Americans*, who are, in truth, so much misunderstood, or rather, so largely ignored in Europe, and who are moreover, I am sorry to say, so much *misrepresented* by many of our own people, that we excite but little interest to attract the regard of the best society here, or, indeed, in any of these monarchies. The ruling classes on this continent do not like our Republicanism, and still less *now* that it has proved itself so formidable as a power in the world. Besides, the French are not a people to take much trouble to win the good opinion of foreigners, and especially of the Saxon stock. I could write a chapter on the Latin race which would explain this. It is very curious to see how the distinctive characteristics of that race pervade the habits, manners, occupations and most trivial pursuits of the people, and how these separate them in sentiment, in morals, religion, political institutions, and in personal quality from all nations that speak the English tongue. But this is no place for the discussion of such a subject.

I only remark the sense of inanity and of conscious disquiet at my unprofitable idleness, which takes hold of me in this great capital, where I am constrained to be both deaf and dumb. All great cities are, in truth, great solitudes to the stranger who is denied access to the inner life of the people. I soon weary of sight-seeing. Shops, crowds, equipages, theatres, costumes, *Bals Mobiles*, *Demi Monde*, *Bois de Boulognes*, *etc.*, may last for a month, but I suffer a sharp *besom de parler*, and the want of opportunity to know something about the people and their thoughts. I have some excellent letters given to me by my friend Count L——, which I cannot now

as most of the persons are at present out of town, and
ause I intend soon to go off to the South, hoping to
here to the Exposition when I shall have more op-
y and leisure to meet them.

– is getting better; she comes into the parlor, and will
, on Buckler's recommendation, as soon as the weather
w. That matter of the weather is one of the grave
s here at this time. They call it a good day when it
t rain: but, in fact, there is no genuine honest good
he calendar of this season. Harsh winds, muddy
lamp air and fickle sunshine,—as fickle as any thing
'rance,—will describe six days out of seven.

lescription of Cendrillon inspired M—— with a de-
e it, and I—— being well enough to be left in charge
ring the evening, M. and I took a carriage on Sat-
ight last, and drove to the Chatelet. The piece,
'ery splendid in spectacle, I find does not bear repeti-
is so tedious and long,—holding out till 12, and con-
much nonsense in the way of childish jokes, that it
tiresome. At my first visit, I went to the theatre
piece had begun, and came away before the last act.
e we sat it out.

Parisians cannot be accused of being pleased often,
le or false wit,—but this thing is full of both. The
king joke in it is one that is repeated in a dozen
nd always seemed to be successful in bringing out a
King T—— is a grand specimen of the Royal Buffoon.
e minutes he calls to a little page who attends him—
—*Mon monchoir*," so Hercule rushes up to him
sents an immense *foulard* silk handkerchief. The
es it with a solemn gesture, doubles it over his right
ings it, in a flourishing manner, to his nose, throws
l back, and then, bending forward, blows with great
s,—while the prima basso of the orchestra draws his
ss the lowest string of the base viol, and the heavy
unites with it his deepest puff. And so the king

blows his nose as often as he thinks the audience in want of a little stirring up. Of course, the people who laugh every night here—I think this must be near the one hundred and ninetieth night of representation—cannot be Parisians. They could never stand it. It must be the swarm of strangers who are constantly coming into the city who furnish the chief audiences, and perhaps the whole of the laugh at the nose blowings, or, at least, to all after the first three exhibitions of this feat.

Avignon, Dec. 7, 1866.—Beautiful bright day. I have a letter from M—— H——, which she gave me in Paris, to introduce me to her friend J. Stuart Mill, the distinguished English philosopher, who has shown himself all through our war so friendly to our country. He is now living about a mile out of this city, where he has purchased a small villa, and where he comes every year to spend a part of the winter. I resolve to visit him and present my letter. I accordingly take a carriage and drive out. The road pursues the banks of a canal, parallel with the course of the river, along a flat plain from which the view of the mountains, on either side, is very picturesque. In less than a quarter of an hour, I arrive at a small wicket gate on the road, from which there is a walk under some shrubbery, of a hundred yards to the house,—a plain, square and small country dwelling, of rather a dreary aspect at this season of the year. I send my letter and card to him by my servant, and have an immediate invitation to come in. The owner of the house receives me in his study,—a small room well furnished with books,—with a very cordial and kind accost, and I spend a pleasant hour in conversation with him. We talk a great deal about America, and he expresses the highest admiration for our country. I take Mr. Mill to be about fifty or fifty-five years old. He is bald on the front of his head, and has a slight stoop in his walk which I perceive comes from a lameness in one leg. His countenance has a cheerful, kindly expression, and strongly marked by habits of study. His height, I should say, is about five feet ten. His person is slender, and

his frame somewhat indicative of muscular weakness, though with every appearance of activity. He is said to be busy just now in editing the works of Buckle, upon which he is probably writing a commentary. I was very much struck with the accuracy of his knowledge of the affairs of the United States, his intimacy with the history and nature of our government, and with his just appreciation of the political position of the country at this moment.

He expresses himself distinctly against the course of policy recommended by Mr. Johnson, and thinks the people of the South ought to be entirely content with the conditions of reconstruction proposed by Congress. He speaks with great regard of Miss H., and desires me to tell her with what pleasure he has received her letter. At parting, he wishes me to call on him in London when I get there in the spring, and assures me he will take great pleasure in making my time agreeable there.

Hyères, Dec. 13, 1871.—We have now been at Hyères since Saturday evening, and intend to go to-morrow to Cannes, where I learn the crowd is so great as to make it a matter of difficulty to get good rooms. We have secured the best to be had by dispatching a telegram. Having a promise from the keeper of the Hotel du Pavillon. The climate at this place, Hyères I have found to be too relaxing to be pleasant. It is too warm for the season, and as there has been no rain here for some weeks, the roads are unpleasantly dusty. The landscape is varied by mountains in the rear—a lower range between the town and the sea—and, in an opening through that, a fine bit of ocean view with Les Iles d'Or scattered over the nearer surface of the Mediterranean. We have found a pleasant drive to this margin of the sea, and along it on a beautiful road. The landscape of this region would be very fine if it had the benefit of any skill or taste in its improvement; but as it is, though not destitute of beauty, it has something of a ragged, untrimmed aspect, wanting good herbage, and disfigured by the boundless monopoly and incessant intrusion of the little

gnarled, scrubby, deformed olive tree, which it seems is required not only to supply the country with oil, but also to furnish fire-wood, which it contributes by a most cruel course that cuts down all attempt at expansion, and gives the tree a gouty protuberance of the joints and a most deformed and stunted configuration. Subjected to an English system of culture, this country could be made very beautiful.

Nothing can be more dull than the outward countenance of society, as we see it here. The town is full of invalids, who wander about like ghosts, or sit on the benches placed under the palm trees, which are rather ostentatiously displayed here, —these benches being on a dry and dusty gravel terrace; and here these sad ladies and gentlemen,—English, Russians and French, sit in the sun,—the hot sun, even at this season,—with white parasols over their heads, basking in the bright, dazzling glare of an atmosphere that would bring incurable blindness upon this unfortunate company, if it were not that the amusement of these sitting, becomes too intolerable to last.

We drove over this morning to Toulon, and spent a few hours there, taking lunch at *Le Croix d'Or*. Our object was to see the town and visit the arsenal. The latter requires a special permission from the Superintendent—at present the Comte de C——, and the admission is only at 2 o'clock. It was 12 only, when we arrived. Our courier, in making application for us, told the officer that I had been formerly Secretary of the Navy, or, as he represented it, "Ministre de la Marine des Etats Unis"—and this at once opened the gates to us. A servant was sent to conduct us over all the establishment. So much for an official title in this country! Our circuit was very interesting. The establishment is large and very complete, like the best in England and in our country. There are from eighteen hundred to two thousand *forcâts*—criminals sentenced to labor—kept here. These men are dressed in prison uniform —a loose brown or white sack, yellow trousers and woolen cap. Those confined for a term wear a reddish brown cap, those for life a green. They are seen in various employments all

over the yard many of them—wicked fellows—are chained two together. A large number of them are Arabs, brought, I suppose, from Algeria. Our conductor speaks of these generally as *mauvaises sujets*. At the entrance of the yard is a room which is kept as a store, where the work of the forcâts is sold. This room is attended and served by some eight or ten of the prisoners, who are described to us as the best behaved, penitent and orderly in their lives, and have, therefore, this privilege accorded to them. The wares for sale are very pretty and ingenious, being chiefly carvings of the rind of the cocoanut—fashioned into boxes, pipes, drinking vessels, etc., very minute and elaborate work, and some of it highly artistic. We purchase a number of these toys, which are singularly cheap for the amount of labor bestowed on them. Some of these little baskets have employed the workmen eighteen months, working, of course, in their spare hours of each day.

While we remained in this store, a gentleman came in, under a special order similar to my own, who, walking with us in the general circuit of the walks, introduced himself to me—giving me his card—as M. Emile Peill, Consul de S. M. Le Roi D' Italie at Cologne. He is a Prussian, and in conversation showed great pride and exultation in the recent achievements of his country; and he did not fail to appeal to my pride in the recent demonstrations of the power and patriotism of the United States, which he praised without stint. This has grown to be so common a topic now all over Europe, and is discussed with such glorification of "The Great republic!" as to become almost the inevitable theme of all discourse between a stranger here and an American.

Cannes, Dec. 20, 1866.—We have been here at Cannes nearly a week. Our accommodations in the Pavillon, where we have large rooms, all fronting the sea,—but in the third story,—are not very good. This place is crowded with English, who have made it almost an English town. To us it is dull, notwithstanding its delicious climate. We have fine drives in the neighborhood and make free use of them, and

there are some improved places open to visitors, where we see a luxuriant display of flowers. There must be some twenty hotels here, and, I am told, about seventy villas—the whole very neat and attractive. Lord Brougham has a fine Italian villa in the principal highway of the town, with quite extensive grounds. He arrived here a few days ago for his winter sojourn. It is said that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, who are both now at Rome, are expected here in January. They have, as one of the specialties of this place, a pretty, light and neat little carriage with four seats, besides one for the driver, and another behind for a footman, which is much in use by the visitors. These carriages have the body made of basket work, and are without tops,—very airy and easy of draught; M. was so much pleased with their convenient accommodation and pretty style that she has ordered one to be made for her and sent to Paris in the Spring. She thinks it will exactly suit Newport and be admired and imitated there. The man who is to finish it for her is named Lambert. He is to deliver it in Paris in April, and to receive twelve hundred and fifty francs for it, M. to pay the packing and transportation charges besides. Although we are everywhere in company with the English visitors here, at table, in the shops, promenades and drives, we make no acquaintances, except with a Rev. Mr. R——, a schoolmaster and his wife, relations of Dr. B——, and to whom he gave us a letter. We exchanged a visit on each side, and that was all.

The mountains back of the town are picturesque, covered with olives and oranges, and the landscape enlivened by the great number of villas scattered over the slope of the hills. The villages are embosomed in these mountains and add greatly to the beauty and life of the scenery.

Nice, Jan. 21, 1867.—The day is a little cloudy. Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who has been here during this and last winter, invited me on Saturday to accompany him and our Consul on a visit he had arranged to Cannes for to-day, which invitation I had accepted. The object is to visit Lord Brougham,

and the Bishop proposes that we shall take the train at 11, to arrive at 12 at the station of Cannes, where Mr. Woolfield, of that place, has appointed to meet us. We are to lunch at Mr. W.'s, and then call on the old statesman.

The morning is a little doubtful, but still there is sunshine enough to give us hopes of a fine day. I drive to Mr. A.'s hotel at half past ten, and there find Bishop Stevens. We take the the train and arrive in due time at Cannes, where we find Mr. Woolfield awaiting us at the station with his carriage, and we are soon driven to his house,—a beautiful villa at the further end of the town. It joins the Cannes English Church—a very pretty and tasteful building erected by Mr. Woolfield himself, who seems to be the great patron and dispenser of bounties to the town. His house and grounds are in the finest English style. We meet here quite a pleasant party; Mrs. W. and too young ladies, her daughters, with a female friend, Miss F., Mr. H., a widower, the father-in-law of Mr. W., Mr. Hoare the Rector, and also Mr. K., a gentleman well known at the British Bar. There are also young Lord Vernon and a few others. We have a somewhat elaborate lunch, which might well pass for a dinner, at two o'clock, after which Mr. Woolfield drives us to Lord Brougham's villa very near—the Bishop, Mr. A., and myself.

Our visit is made to the veteran Peco by his own appointment at this hour. We are told that he can only be seen between eleven and three, because every day he drives before the first and after the latter of these hours.

We are shown into a large room, with a very smooth and slippery inlaid floor. In a moment after this Lord Brougham comes tottering in, sliding his feet along the floor about six inches at each step. His face is radiant with smiles, his accost very cheerful, and I perceive in his eye that piercing bright and expressive twinkle which I noticed nine years ago, when I heard him speak at the Scientific Association in Liverpool. His hair is milk white and lies in a thick mat over his head, apparently unthinned by age. His hearing is somewhat im-

paired and his articulation made imperfect by his loss of teeth and the loose hold of the artificial substitute for them, which I am told becomes occasionally entirely detached.

This occurred lately at a critical moment when he was making his last speech,—the *last* (as he writes in a recent letter to his friend Berryer, the eminent lawyer of Paris, which I have read in the newspaper) that he will ever make, being the closing speech of his long career. While going through this effort, his whole circlet of upper teeth fell into his hand, and compelled him to come to a pause until it was restored, when he threw his audience into a laugh by remarking, before he resumed his discourse, "that his teeth had always given him trouble ever since he had first cut them."

He was very cordial and kind in his salutation, taking each of us by the hand and saying how much he was gratified by our visit. He spoke of his long residence in Cannes during the winter seasons,—some thirty-five years, I think,—and boasted that he had given it the first impulse that led to its present growth. He desired us, while speaking on this subject, of which he appeared to be fond, to follow him into his study, where he would show us some pictures. Then, rising and sliding through the door and across a broad passage during which he refused to be assisted by allowing any of us to give him support,—he conducted us into the opposite apartment, —a snug little library, comfortably carpeted, and warmed by a blazing fire on the hearth. Here he pointed out to us, among several pictures on the walls, two large paintings, one of which as he told us, represented Cannes when he first came here and purchased the ground on which his house is built. It presents a view of a wooded hillside stretching down to the margin of the Mediterranean,—altogether unimproved,—without a house. The other painting shows the same landscape, studded over with villas, among which his own stands prominent. It is a large country house, of the best modern Italian style, accommodated to the English idea of comfortable disposition of the rooms on the lower floor,—

having a broad and easy entrance from a spacious terrace. I suppose it to be one hundred and fifty feet front. It is built of stone and stuccoed,—entirely white, and decorated by a few carvings, light balconies, etc., after the Italian fashion. Lord Brougham is now eighty-nine years old, and is manifestly too feeble to endure, without discomfort, a long interview. So, after about half an hour's conversation in his study, we rise to take leave. He repeats his gratification at our visit, comes with us to the door, and even descends the steps to our carriage which is awaiting us there, shakes hands with us, and adds a kind "God bless you," as we drive off.

From Lord Brougham's we drove to the house of Mr. K——, immediately opposite Mr. Woolfield's. Here we go, at his invitation, to look at some pictures, particularly, a very beautiful one of two boys, by Sir Joshua Reynolds,—which, we are told, are portraits of Mr. K.'s father and uncle. He showed us, also, some good engraved likenesses of Lord Lyndhurst, and an autograph letter of his, written to Mr. K—— when the writer was near ninety. He has some autographs also of Lord Brougham, of which he gives me one. In Mr. K.'s study we met Mr. Prosper Merimée, of the French Senate,—distinguished equally in literature and politics, and, as it appears here, an artist, as he was now engaged in making a copy in water colors of this painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Nice, Jan. 24, 1867.—The day a little cloudy. Admiral Goldsborough wants us to make a visit to the Colorado this morning. He has invited some others. We drive with him over to Villa Franca and arrive there at one. Our party includes Mrs. Shaw and her children.

On reaching the wharf, we find the admiral's boat waiting for us. The Mackillops and the other visitors are behind. I find, as I accompany our troop over the gangway, the ship all prepared for a salute,—the officers in line, who take off their hats as I come on deck,—the mariners drawn up and presenting arms, and the crew all in position. This was a pleasant surprise which the Admiral had kept secret from me, and for

which, therefore, I was altogether unprepared. Goldsborough had told E. of it, and she gave me the first hint that the salute was intended for me, as a former Secretary of the Navy, and so enabled me to receive it with the proper ceremony. Fifteen guns were fired and we were then allowed to ramble over the ship—one of the finest in our Navy, and a peer to the best in any other.

Nice, Jan. 28, 1867.—A meeting this afternoon at two, at the church, to hear a report on the Italian question. The chapel of the church crowded with visitors. Bishop Stevens presides. We have a full statement from the Rev. Mr. Hogg, a clergyman who has been in every part of Italy in the last year. The movement of the Government of Italy at this time to separate the church from the State, and to initiate a reform, comes so near to the great Reformation in its principle and scope, as to create great interest in the Protestant world, and has given rise to the formation of an Anglo-American society to assist the new church, which appears to be dawning in Italy.

At the meeting, to-day, I meet our friends Mr. Woolfield and Mr. Hansbury, who have come over from Cannes to attend it. Mr. W. tells me that Lord Brougham was greatly delighted with our visit, and proposed to come over to Nice to return it; but Mr. W. and others dissuaded him, on the score of its being too severe labor for him, so he determined, as a substitute, to send us each his portrait in photograph. This Mr. W. tells me he has brought with him, and will call to-morrow morning and give me mine.

Nice, Jan. 30, 1867.—A fine day. There is to be a ball to-night on board the Colorado, given by Commodore Steadman and the ward-room officers. We are congratulating them on the prospect of a mild evening. We make some visits. In the evening, as I have some invitation cards left with me by the officers, I give one to Mr. and Mrs. P——. E. and M. are unable to go—E. having a bad cold. Goldsborough sends his carriage for me at seven, with young Menzies his secretary, and I reach the ship at eight o'clock. The guests pour in

after this, and it is not long before some four or five are on board. The ship is splendidly fitted up with and flags, and presents one of the most striking and l scenes I ever saw. An admirable band, belonging iip, supplies the music for the dance. The women,— f several nations,—Americans, English, French, Rus- l Italian,—appear to the best advantage—many of ry beautiful, and prominent among these, our own vomen. I am introduced here to Henry R——,— London, once of Boston,—the writer of many famous nd to Mr. D——,—a friend of his,—a London mer- believe. To Lord Ernest Bruce, son of the Marquis bury, and to Lady Meux, a very pretty women. I also acquaintance with Mr. Herman, the son of a wealthy merchant,—who proffers his attention to me if I visit . I meet many acquaintances who make the evening asant. Mr. and Mrs. P—— express themselves grate- the enjoyment they find from their invitations. I am eleven, and get home at twelve, the ball having only gun. Harry P—— came to this city this morning rolic from Civitu Vecchia. He was at the ball, and nself very useful to a score of young belles.

30.—Yesterday the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, iere at our hotel, Le Grande Bretagne, and remained s morning. They, with Sir George and Lady Gray, lling direct from Rome to London. They all came to *d' hote* to dinner. I fell in with them on leaving the id was invited by the Duchess to go to their parlor, sat with her and the Dnke for half an hour. They ed me with a friendly remembrance of my visit to their Camden Town, Argyle Lodge, nine years ago. The kes a warm interest in our American affairs, and has shed himself by his frank and strong advocacy of our through the war. He was evidently gratified when I how kindly his interest in our behalf was appreciated nited States. He is anxious to be well prepared for the

discussion of the Neutrality laws, which our remonstrances against the course of the English government, in respect to the Alabama, has brought into notice; and he asked me if I could furnish him a reference to any good treatises upon these questions. I told him that Mr. Bemis, of Boston, had just published a most valuable pamphlet in which the whole system of Neutrality, as expounded in the decisions and practice both of England and the United States, is ably reviewed. I also referred him to Dana's edition of Wheaton's International law, in which he has discussed, in notes, the recent cases which the war has brought into notice, touching the vessels fitted out for the Confederates in Great Britain. I could only give him a reference to these two works, with a promise to take some means to procure them for him, if he should not be able to find them in London. He appeared very earnest in his wish to acquire correct and full information on these topics, and told me that he hoped all questions of difference in relation to them would be settled by our two governments with a cordial intent to promote justice and good feeling on both sides. The Duke and Duchess had an engagement for the evening, and their servant having come in to tell them their carriage was at the door, I took my leave, receiving from both a kind invitation to visit them in London.

This morning it was my purpose to send them an invitation, which I was authorized to do, to the ball on board the Colorado, and to endeavor to persuade them to stay for it,—as I knew the officers of the ship would take a particular pleasure in showing attention to one so conspicuous for his friendship to our country in its day of trial as the Duke;—but they had gone off immediately after breakfast,—taking the omnibus from the door of the hotel to the railroad so quietly as to escape notice.

CHAPTER II.

ITALY.

Antiquities of Rome; Opening of the Italian Parliament at Florence; Presentation to the Pope.

Rome, March 11, 1867.—We go through the long Galleria Lapideria,—then the Braccia Naovo—the Chiaramonti,—the Musco Clementino, and its adjacent cortiles or porticos—peep into the large vista of the Tapestries of Raphael and the Chamber of Maps, and finally break down with fatigue when only half through. What a profusion of grand art in the statuary! One's head grows confused with the effort to classify it. What a profusion, too, of wonderful old Greek and Roman rubbish;—any bit of which would be a notable relic in a private house; but which here crowds upon the eye in such extravagant abundance as to suffocate the mind, and render impossible the attempt at individual criticism. I think with dismay of the thousand wagon-loads (four-horse teams) of broken stones—epitaphs—funereal urns—sarcophagi—torsos—full-length heroes, nameless caricatures and demigods, which stand in orderly array, on either side, or are plastered into the walls for nearly a mile of hard walking on the smooth and cold pavements. How can any one study or even *see* the hundredth part of these, in a whole day's or twenty visits? It seems to me that the time has now come for a readjustment of this huge amount of matter, and that it would be a real contribution to the welfare of art and artists if all the master pieces of every kind, now gathered in the Vatican, were brought into a few chambers convenient of access, and practicable in the facility for study, and all the rest were condensed into a narrower compass, as an inferior museum open to the visits of the curious on such conditions as would leave the visitor

the choice of as much or little inspection as his inclination might prompt.

Rome, in truth is, from one end to the other, a great museum which defies all light and careless study. To me it is as wearisome as an old curiosity shop, where I am constantly oppressed with the feeling that I have no time to see any thing with that tranquil delay which is essential to a fair appreciation or a satisfactory enjoyment.

At three o'clock, having been in the Vatican since twelve, I am completely prostrated by fatigue. My lame leg grows painful from its old wound of the hip joint, and I can scarcely hobble down these terribly long and tedious flights of stone steps to the court-yard; and it is with a most grateful sense of relief, when at last, I get seated on the cushion of the carriage—the first rest I have found for hours.

Rome, March 17, 1867.—Our presentation to Santo Padre is appointed by the billet for half-past five this afternoon; so we get ready by four. The orders require the ladies to be in black "*velo a tèsta.*" I am in full dinner toilet—black—with white cravat—but, *no gloves*—that is the rule for man and woman. We drive over to St. Peter's and arrive in the court-yard of the Vatican about half-past four, ascend the Papal staircase—several magnificent flights of stone steps and of sublime height—I should say one hundred and fifty—of white marble and very grand in their surroundings. At every stage we encounter a Swiss guard, with halbert in hand and his Michael Angelo uniform of the jay or flecker kind; the great architect is quoted in the books as the author of this uniform, very strange to look at in these days. Arriving, at last, at the upper story, which opens upon the *loggie* of Raphael, we are met by a gentlemen who demands the "*biglietto*"—our pass, which I give him. We proceed through a series of grand apartments, renowned for their magnificent frescoes and beautiful mosaic floors, so hard and smooth that the heels of my patent leather bottines, which I wear under the name of "scarps,"—required by the instructions,—slide over the polish-

ed surface and nearly upset me. From the time of our entry into the apartments until we get through them, we are attended by a special class of servants in a very rich crimson, silk damask livery, of the fashion of the middle ages. At last we reach the ante-chamber,—a plain and large room, with a common scotch or kidderminster carpet on the floor, an ugly table in the middle,—and plain chairs and sofas around the wall. There is no ornament here except a few pictures in oil, and an elaborately frescoed ceiling. In this room we find some twenty or more persons waiting to be presented. They are all seated and all in black, except an English officer, a general, I suppose, who is in a scarlet uniform, with his military chapeau folded to his breast and its tall white feather rising vertically to his eyebrow. All the rest of us are in very deep black, the ladies,—two-thirds of the company, —veiled. We are all silent, or speak in whispers. Now and then an official of the place, as black and as solemn as ourselves, stalks stealthily and mournfully through the room and out of the door. Never was any thing so dismal and funereal. I have beheld scenes of the same kind among the invited guests assembling in a private house, to render the last offices to a departed friend. We sit in this sad state a full half-hour. At last, the door opposite that at which we entered, opens slowly and without noise, and a little fat man, in black priestly cassock, enters, and in a low, subdued and mumbling voice calls for Monsieur ——, I could not hear the name; when, immediately, an old, squat-looking, rather melancholy man and three melancholy ladies, rise from their seats, slip quietly, with downcast looks, across the room, to the door where the little fat man awaits them, and then disappear. The door closes silently after them, and we all remain mute in tranquil anticipation of a similar call.

Some five portentous minutes pass by, without a breath of noise or sound of human voice audible to any ear. Then the little fat man reappears and makes a second mumbling call, equally unintelligible to me as the first, and another grave and

ast the audience chamber is opened again, and we now see a ›ortly and handsome ecclesiastic, in a long pink-colored robe, 'ery distinctly English in physiognomy, who calls for Mr. —— ınd Mr. ——. It strikes me that he pronounces my name n this sequence, and I accordingly rise and ask him if I am :alled. "You will all go in," he tells me in English with unnistakable English accent; "all the rest who are here will go n together," he repeats aloud. At this moment we meet the 'hole crowd of the privileged visitors, returning to the room, and s soon as the doorway is free, we move with somewhat disorlerly haste,—an eager crowd of some fifteen or twenty perons,—to the august presence of the Father of the Faithful. have been much exercised in my mind during the hour of ıeditation afforded by our delay in the ante-chamber, in thinking ver the question of what I should say and do in the ceremony f the presentation, and I had resolved that I would avail ıyself of the opportunity to say something to the Holy Father bout the Catholic church in Maryland, in case I should find ;im inquisitive on that point. I had understood that the Cathlics who were presented to him were favored with the privlege of kissing his ring, and that the most devout kneeled and :issed the cross on his slipper, and that we might be allowed o waive even the ring if we had any conscience in the matter. But everybody told me that we must make profound obeisance ınd kneel when his Holiness offered us a blessing. While unning over these thoughts I follow the company who are sumnoned to the presence,—leading the way for E. and M. I think hese are some very anxious and ignorant strangers, ignorant as I ım of what we are to see and do, who go ahead of us. There ıre two doors in the thick partition wall which separates the ınte-chamber from the Hall of Audience. When the second loor is opened and we enter, I perceive, at the further end of ı room some thirty feet long,—a room furnished with a crimson carpet, and, I think, crimson-colored walls, an elderly person, seated behind a mahogany writing table, arrayed in a :ream-white gown or cassock, with a cap somewhat elevated

into a pyramidal form,—not quite a mitre, and not much less,—of the same cream color. He looks pale and aged, and it strikes me fatigued. A little off to his left is the hearty English prelate in pink, whom we have seen at the door—Monsignor Talbot, perhaps, and there might be one or two others,—but I did not accurately observe them.

We march forward from the door, the greater number of our company deploying to the right, in single file,—all bowing and bending their bodies at every step. E. and M. follow me with an assiduous effort to do all that is needful in the exhibition of the expected reverence. Those behind us seem to be in doubt whether to lead off in a new file to the left or to increase our side by keeping close at our heels. Before me walks a tall, full-bodied Englishman, the leader of our file, six feet six, I should guess, who marches gravely and dubiously towards the writing table at the head of the room,—bending his neck and head in slow vibration, at each step. As we advance, the Santo Padre rises and comes in front of the writing table. His cream-colored cassock reaches his ankles, and this is held to his body by a broad band or belt of the same cloth which comfortably swathes his stomach, and displays rather too closely for artistic drapery the rotundity of his figure. He looks upon us with a benignant face, in which the bright twinkle of his eye is quite remarkable; and finding that our flock is manifestly in need of a shepherd to bring it into order, he immediately applies himself to that function. Our right-hand file, under the six-foot-six Englishman, has already attained its proper point of advance;—but the left, being led by two ladies and a little girl, timidly halts on the march, and produces some confusion in the rear, whereupon the good Father, like a good general, personally interposes,—steps forward a few paces, points his hand towards the lady and her followers of the faltering file, and quickly repeats several times in succession, beckoning with his arm as he does so—"*avanti—avanti a sinistro!*" So the file takes heart, obeys the call, and in a very brief space, we are all quietly stationed in two

lines in the right and left flanks, from the great head of Christendom down to the door of the *salon*. All being thus adjusted,—we wait to perform our respective parts in response to the flattering accost we are to receive from his Holiness. I am quite impressed with the belief that he means to say something to each of us, and I have prepared myself to tell him how much our government regrets the misrepresentations which have been circulated about the refusal to allow American Protestants to meet for Sunday worship within the city of Rome,—there being, in fact, no interruption to that service, which is held now as it has been for years past. I determined to say to him, that we all regret the circulation of this story, because we know he has always been very friendly to the American Union and our cause during the late rebellion. When my time comes to speak to him, I think I will say something else to revive his good will to us.

While this thought is floating in my mind, His Holiness proceeds to business. He turns somewhat quickly to the ladies at the head of the left file, who stand quite near him with the little girl. "Vous êtes Americaines?" he says, addressing the mother. "Oui Americaines," replies the rather frightened lady, bowing as if this was the blessing, "Vous parlez Francais?" asks the Pope of the little girl, as he pats her head and bends down a little to put the question to her. "Pas beaucoup," replies little Miss. "Pas beaucoup," replies the Father, patting her again. "Tu apprendra." He now turns to our side, and coming up to the tall Englishman, he says "Vous êtes Anglais," "Oui Saint Pere." He now crosses back to the little girl and says, with a pleasant smile, "Pas beaucoup!" which the little girl repeats, blushing, while her mother and the other lady smile and recognize the honor of the interview as emphatically as they can. These are the only cases of direct personal attention which occur. All my anticipations prove illusory. The Holy Father manifestly does not mean to have anything like a personal communion with us. He is too tired, and the whole thing is obviously a bore. It is a disagreeable Sunday

drill,—for he undergoes this every Sunday, I believe,—and to-day he has had heavy service of benediction and slipper kissing with his own friends, before we were allowed to see him. He now appears quite at a loss what to say to us; so he cuts the matter short by proceeding to bless us. He stands but a few paces from the tall Englishman, and I am but three feet further off. He begins a personal address,—looking at my file-leader and myself—"Je ne le parle pas Anglais, et il me faut vous addresser en Français. Vous comprenez le Français?" "Oui Saint Pere," said I, for the first time opening my lips. "Oui Saint Pere" says the bold Briton. "Je m'en vais vous benir mes amis," he continued, sweeping around the whole circle with his eye, "C'est un mauvais monde dans lequel nous vivons, et c'est toujours bien de recevoir in benison. Il nous gardera de plusieurs maux, ou nous faisant toujours penser de la bonte de notre Bon Dieu. Nous avons tous notres epreuves et notres peines, qui nous chatissent pour notre bien etre mais la benediction de l'Eglise nous soulage dans la plus severe de nos souffrances." "Vous avez plusieurs objets que vous voudriez que je benisse," he added, addressing himself particularly to the ladies, who had come with a load of beads, crucifixes and other articles to be "blessed"—and which were now conspicuous to the observation of the Saint Pere, as they hung from the arms of those who brought them,—"Ils sont tous benis," he said with a flourish of his hand, that seemed to be intended to comprehend in its sweep the entire exhibition of "objets;"—and having performed this part of the ceremony, nothing now seemed to be left but the fulfilment of his promise to bless the whole company. He paused a moment and said, "Vous recevrez la benediction," whereupon we all kneeled, and he pronounced the blessing in the form used by the church and in the Latin Rubric. "Benedicat vos, Omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus, Amen!"

This was received with earnest devotion by all, and we arose from our knees with a due acknowledgment of the kindness and Christian charity and conscientious desire to do good,

of the amiable old man whom we, united with others, had wearied down for the gratification of an idle curiosity, and the right to boast hereafter that we had been presented to the Pope in the Vatican.

He now waived his hand as a sign for our departure, and as we sidled out of the room, a very awkward proceeding and particularly disagreeable to me who had to practise this backing step from the upper end of the room, all the way to the door; and which, if I did it as comically as the tall Englishman, who was now behind me in the retreat, must have been enough to make Pius IX. and Monseigneur Talbot both laugh when the chamber was freed from our presence. As we all backed out of the Hall of Audience, and escaped at the door, it was very evident that the good-natured Head of the Church had no regret in parting with us, and little wish, I should say, ever to see us again.

And so ended our experience of a presentation;—the dreariest, the dullest, the most unmeaning, and the most unsatisfactory, I imagine, of all the ceremonies of court presentations—always very stupid things—to be encountered anywhere in the great Vanity Fair of the World.

Florence, March 22, 1867.—The city is all astir with the expectation of the opening of parliament. Troops have been crossing the bridge below us—the *Ponte Nuovo*—all the time we were at breakfast; many flags are displayed on the streets; it is a beautiful day; Mr. Marsh comes at ten; I am in full dress; he is stiff with gold lace. We worm along in his carriage, in the midst of the dense crowd that fills the thoroughfares, to the Palazzo Vecchia, and, in due time, arrive at a door on a back street, where we are admitted through a hedge of military guards, and then thread our way up stairs to the great Hall of the Deputies,—an immense, grand old chamber covered with enormous frescoes and now fitted up with seats for five hundred delegates. It has a pavilion and carpeted stage in front of these seats, prepared for the king, and on each side of this pavilion is a small gallery for the diplomatic corps and

privileged spectators. These galleries might, I think, accommodate fifty persons each. The royal stage being immediately below them, it is apparent that only those who occupy the front seats can have a view of the royal party. When Mr. Marsh and I arrived at this diplomatic platform, there were but two or three of the corps, and a few ladies, who were arranging themselves on the front seats. Among these was the widow of Bunsen, and a stout Englishwoman with a pleasant eye and a self-confident carriage, who seems to know everybody, and do nearly all the talking. She is the wife of the Prussian Minister, who is now in the gallery, as fat and as jolly as herself. A few deputies are scattered over the house —about a hundred ;—and a crowd is gathering in the more remote gallery behind them. By degrees the house fills up, the galleries become crowded, and then we have, in our gallery, an amusing exhibition of the rivalries of high life. Marsh had called my attention to the several ladies who came in before the ceremonies of the day commenced. He points out first, a Princess Bonaparte—a tolerably good-looking young woman, who takes a front seat,—then a pretty woman, the wife of the Russian Minister, a Rospigliosi, from Rome, quite graceful and easy in manners and remarkably well dressed. She goes also to the front. Some one or two more arrive, and a dozen or more men in gorgeous coats and chapeaux, inlaid with gold lace and studded with orders. These are ministers, secretaries, and attachés. Presently there is another female arrival, a red-haired, common-faced woman, well made, in good embonpoint, brusque and determined in gesture, who pushes forward and seats herself in the corner seat,—the best position in the gallery, as it commands the view of the royal stage on one side and the whole of the range of deputies on the other. What is evidently most important in this position is, that it not only commands this double view, but is a point at which the occupant can be conspicuously seen from all parts of the house. It is the acknowledged seat representing the first post of honor. The lady who has thus walked into it, is the Princess of

ıa, wife to the brother of the lately dislocated king of Na-
—Bomba. This new-comer had hardly taken the seat be-
I was "ware," as the old ballad says, of a rising commo-
among the rest of the womenkind,—a little buzz, a busy
change of whispers, heads coming into close neighbor-
,—short and sharp words and curving of necks, with
ε vibrations of bonnets,—or rather those little pretences
ıp-dressing which pass by that name. The red-haired
:ess, however, sits firm and composed, as little con-
, apparently, of the brewing storm as if she had been cre-
a *woodpecker instead of a princess.* In about ten min-
after this, an elderly lady of amiable aspect and rather
vorn features, quietly dressed, and peculiarly composed in
ıer, comes up the little narrow staircase that winds like a
ɔcrew, into the gallery. This good lady is announced to
ɔy Mr. Marsh as the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia,—
ister of an emperor, and little less than a tutelary saint
cty millions of the Slavonic tribes. She moves towards
ront, halts at the second row of seats, where she is imme-
:ly surrounded by the notabilities of the gallery, both men
women, who receive and greet her with that deferential
ıge of flattering speech and smiles, themselves flattering,
h is one of the earliest lessons learned in aristocratic edu-
n, and the latest and longest practiced in that society
h claims to be the best all over the European world. But
: is one proud spirit here that will not flatter. The red-
:d Princess sits in her chair, and does not turn her head
Grand Duchess stands upright, stock-still, and waits the
ress of events. The bevy of lady dignitaries are getting
;erous. They have pitched their voices above the whis-
heads come close together and show menace in their ges-
ation. I hear frequently, breaking through much French
ling, the word "Smidt" repeated. The princess "has set
ı her foot." She does not move. Presently the stout
ishwoman—the great Prussian "Ministress—" falls back
my neighborhood, and in a moment there is a circle

around her.—some diplomatic chiefs and several attachés,—and she explains to them the "casus belli." "Cette femme la insolente! Je ai dit que cette chaise fut reservé pour le Grande Duchess—mais elle est entetee—cést ensuffrable! nous retirons, toutes de la galeria," and hereupon she returned again to the point to renew the attack. The proud Princess is unmoved. Now comes a gentleman in black,—an usher, I suppose,—who whispers something in the Princess' ear. The Princess does not heed it. The Grand Duchess will not sit down on any other chair than that which is now the key to the battle. The man in black whispers again. The Princess rises from her seat. There is a murmur over the whole gallery which sounds like a note of triumph. The Princess manifestly so interprets the murmur and takes her seat again. I hear "bah" and "Smidt," energetically repeated from several quarters. The majority of the women rise, and there is a grand resolve, "nous quitterons le chambre—toutes ensemble." The man in black comes once more to the Princess, whispers deferentially and gesticulates with emotions, but timidly, and at last the Princess gives way, rises and takes the next chair, leaving the corner to the Grande Duchesse, who swims majestically into it like a conqueror entering a captured citadel, and so the war ends, with a feu de joie from the whole of the front row, and a universal "eclat de sourire" from all the rows behind. I ask Marsh what means this interpretation of "Smidt." He tells me this lady is an Irishwoman—Miss Penelope Smith, who married the Prince of Capua. I remember this as once the subject of much newspaper comment. This Prince of Capua has an evil name for having, a few years ago, killed a peasant whom he found one day while he was out hunting game with his gun, cutting an ox-goad—a slender rod from a wood belonging to the Prince. He directed, it is said, his servants to shoot the man,—which they refused to do; whereupon he assumed this princely duty himself and fired and killed the poor fellow on the spot. For this very venial offence he was exiled, by his brother, from court for three months.

All this stir being now allayed, I look around the house. The seats of the members are nearly full. The gallery of diplomats is crowded. Mr., F., of New York, and myself are the only persons in black. All the rest are as full of gold and color as peacocks. We have broad and narrow ribbons of every variety and tint. Presently the house is called to order. The King, Victor Emanuel, enters with his two sons and several army officers, his ministers and other civilians. The King and his sons are in uniform; the ministers in civil toilet,—or at least several of them. Everybody rises. The King makes a bow to all around and then seats himself in an arm-chair under the canopy. I have a good view of him, over the shoulder of the pretty Ruspigliosi. We all take our seats. Bara Ricasoli, the prime minister, comes forward to the front with a roll of paper in his hand, and immediately commences calling from it the names of the members. This is a long, tedious process of half an hour. Each man as he is called rises, holds up his hand, and says audibly "Juro." This is the swearing-in of the members—this being a new Parliament just elected. After this Victor Emanuel reads his address to the Chamber, which he does sitting. His reading is good, audible and well uttered, and it is interrupted at intervals by clapping of hands and murmurs of approbation from the members. This business finished, the King rises, makes a bow to the assembly, and retires with his suite. This is the end of the ceremony of the opening of the Parliament, and we all make our way out of the house. During the morning Mr. Marsh presented me to the English Minister, Mr. Elliott, and to the Belgian, Mr. Solvyns, who was some time ago in Washington.

As I pass through the great piazza around the Palace, it is jammed with a crowd waiting to see the King pass out. I thread my way through the multitude and get back to our hotel. After this we drive to the Casanie. The weather is beautiful.

It is nearly nine years since I saw Victor Emanuel. This

was during the *fête* of the Constitution in 1858, at Turin. He was fat and full then. I think he has increased in bulk since and grown more coarse in feature. They tell me here he is not popular, being, I suspect, a little too free in his manner of life and unkingly. But I believe he means well and is more patriotic than the greater part of the leaders of the nation at this time. Italy is sadly in want of true, strong and wise men to meet her present difficulties and conduct her through them. There is but little honest love of country and abnegation of self, which are now the virtues most necessary to her public men. There is too much personal pretension and rivalry among the chiefs. Ricasoli's administration is on its last legs, and will dissolve in a few days. Ratazzi will probably take his place, but will do no better.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS DURING THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

Opening of the Exposition; Meeting of Commissioners; A Lecture by Laboulaye; A Reception at the Institute; Dinner at the American Minister's; Reception by the Minister of Public Works; Eminent Visitors; Resolutions adopted by the Commissioners; An Assembly at M. Rouher's—Minister of State; The Scene at the Exposition; Jury on Sculpture; Reception by the Marquis de Moustier; The Imperial Equipage; Award of Prizes; A Reception at the Tuileries; Imperial Courtesies to the Commissioners; Organization of the Commission; Reception by President Schneider; Visit to Jules Simon and Carnot; A Session of the Institute; Book Purchasers; The Corps Legislatif; A Meeting of the French Academy; Over Occupation; Proceedings of the Commission; The Races at Longchamps; A Wedding at the Madeleine; Review at Longchamps; An Imperial Fête; Coinage Discussion; Fête des Recompensés; News of Maximilian's Execution; Dinner of the Societé Politique at Economique.

Paris, April 2, 1867.—Yesterday we had the opening of the great Exposition. The weather for some time past has

been very bad. Saturday it rained all day. I attended a meeting of the Commissioners on that day at Mr. Beckwith's office, and made a visit afterwards to General Dix, and left with him a formal letter of acceptance of my appointment, with a certificate of the oath of loyalty enclosed,—addressed to the State Department, which the General promised to forward for me with his next dispatches to the Government. The first of of April, the day for the opening of the Exhibition, was a brilliant exception to the weather of the month. The day was beautiful. The Commissioners and their families had special cards of invitation and privileged places allotted to them. I had got a card for Mrs. D—— to accompany E. and M. as within my privilege. She accordingly, with the other two ladies and myself, set off for the Palais of the Champs de Mars at twelve. We are admitted in due time without press or confusion. The ladies are, according to the regulation of the day printed on the cards, in *toilette de ville;* the gentlemen are in full dress. The ladies' rendezvous is in Salle No. 3 of the Beaux Arts, the English and American Picture Gallery. The members of the different Commissions are distributed along the great central gallery or platform, which is erected, like a bridge, all around the outer circle, or first great circular street of the Palais. This platform forms a broad central walk in the middle of the way, giving a commanding view of the immense machinery and other heavy articles to which this circle is appropriated. The Commissions are assembled in pavilions erected on this platform at the several stations that respectively belong to their own allotted sections of the building.

It is very manifest to us, when we enter this enormous building, that the preparation of the Exhibition is a full a month behind its completion. There is, in truth, very little of the great mass of commodities in place. The compartments are all unfinished, the thoroughfares are lumbered with boxes. Five thousand workmen are, day and night, driving forward the process of construction, embellishment and deposition; to-day only, during the hour of the ceremony, is

their work within the Palace suspended. The weather has kept every thing back, and the great rise in the Seine, it is said, has impeded transportation. The Emperor, however, is determined to have no delay or postponement, and so we are all at our posts to receive him. The ceremony is announced for two o'clock. At that hour the Imperial cortege arrives at the Great Entrance. We hear the music of a military band at a distance, and a succession of cheers from the crowds outside. Walking some hundred yards from our station on the platform, I get a glimpse of the royal party ascending the stairs, and see them commence their walk around the circle. They go in the direction leading away from us, and we are to wait for them until they have completed nearly their whole tour. The distance around this outer circumference I should think, must be a thousand yards or near it. About a hundred yards from us, is the Pavilion of the Chinese and Japanese commissioners, and in about half an hour we perceive, from the stir, that the Emperor and his party are approaching this pavilion. When he arrives, he is stopped by a very queer serenade or musical reception on what sounds in our ear, at this distance, very like a concerto of tin kettles,—quick thumping of strange drums, and squeaking accompaniment of shrill pipes or whistles. The artists of this theatre are dressed in their country costume, and their pavilion is gorgeous with grotesque flags and painted monsters. The Imperial party are manifestly taken by this odd salutation, for they halt and remain here a quarter of an hour, to do honor to this Oriental homage tendered them.

At last the cortege resumes its march, and advances towards us. There is nothing to give to the Emperor and his attendants any especial eclat in the show of the scene. First come, in a straggling, idle way, some ten or twelve gentlemen in plain black,—most of them with a small red ribbon in a button-hole. Among these, in the lead, is M. Hausmann, the Prefect of Paris. Rouher is pointed out to me and some others of the ministry. Then comes hobbling along, old

Baron Rothchild, who is glad to accept of a chair at our station. Presently the Emperor and Empress arrive among us. They are dressed in ordinary street dress, without decoration of any kind, and they walk arm in arm as a gentleman and his wife in promenade. The Emperor looks very well, much fatter than I expected to see him. The Empress has an air of anxiety. They say she has been much disturbed of late by the sickness of the Prince Imperial, who has been confined to his bed for three or four weeks from the effects of an abcess on one of his hips. Both of their Majesties are, however, very gracious to their guests, as I suppose we may consider ourselves, and show it to us in some little conversation with members of our Commission and with the South American Commission which is ranged opposite to us in the same station. After a while they pass on, and are followed by a rushing crowd of well-dressed people—members, I presume, of the commissions that have been passed,—who seem to be tracking their steps all the way.

It is now our order to repair to our rendezvous with the ladies in the Picture gallery. This is in the innermost circle of the Palais, through which the Imperial party is to pass on their way to inspect the exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture. There is an interval of half an hour before they can arrive, and we have time to look around us. Here is a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen of the English and American divisions. Every one is in quiet costume, and the company well-bred and orderly. The Emperor, with the Empress on his arm, as at first, and with the same cortege, and the same slow and courteous progress, appear at the further end of the large saloon, and move through a double line of our company, who receive them, standing, and with every proper demonstration of respect. They bow right and left, but do not stop to converse. The Empress looks very tired. She wears a maroon-colored silk with a train of some three feet, which is now covered with a thick coat of white dust gathered in this long march over the pavements of the palace.

Just behind her is the Princess Mathilde in the same sad plight. One or two more ladies of the court—no better off—and then the great crowd of men in black,—and so, in heavy, weary march, solemn and slow, the troupe of Imperial followers and their leaders disappear. Nothing could be more plain and unpretending than the whole affair. There was no pomp, no pretensions, no pageantry. I have seen a hundred state displays at home less simple than this. As I looked at the Empress, struggling along under the weight of this bedraggled volume of silk that swept the dirty pavement, and saw the cloud of fine dust which—stirred up by her and her attendant ladies—hovered over the party and seemed to form a special atmosphere for her annoyance all the way, I indulged a hope and made a prophecy which I shall be glad to think may find its fulfilment in the royal experience of this day,—that the good lady who has such absolute command in the female world of fashion all over Christendom, will emancipate her subjects and herself from the tyranny of that terrible *train*, which has for years past, under her lead, been sweeping the highways of Europe and America, and soiling the stockings of so many of the fairest and best on both sides of the Atlantic. If the Empress shall, however, resist this experience, the case will be all the worse for the trial; because martyrdom in the cause will then become a fashion, fortified by the irresistible influence of her august example.

After the ceremony is over we remain to stroll an hour through the Exhibition. In the evening—at seven—I go to dine with Dr. ——, one of our Commission who lives here, and who has a beautiful house, one of the finest in Paris, on L'Avenue de L'Emperatrice. Here I meet a large party of gentlemen, chiefly made up of members of the Commission, —with Gen. Dix and some citizens of Paris.

April 13.—I have been very busy since the opening of the Exposition. We have had several meetings of the Commission, and I have taken an active part in its organization. At present, I think we have not more than nineteen out of the thirty

in town. At one of the first meetings, finding there was a disposition in some of the last appointed members to set aside the Instructions of the State Department as the guide to our action, I offered resolutions affirming our duty to abide by those instructions. These were adopted with some unavailing opposition. Besides serving on the Commission I have been selected as one of the International Jury in Group I. Class III. —which is the Class of Sculpture. The juries of this group are presided over by Count Nieuwerkerke. These several juries, Writing, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Engraving, held their first meeting on Monday last, the 8th, in the Salle 5 of the Palais De l'Exposition, and afterwards, on the same day, in their Salon in the Palais l'Industrie, Champs Elysée. Here we had a rather full meeting and made the necessary organization of the juries of the group, as required by the Instruction of the Imperial Commission. Nieuwerkerke presided, Lord Hardinge was elected Vice President of the Group, and President of the Jury of Classes Nos. I. and II. (Painting) The Marquis de B—. (Spanish) was made President of our Class, Jury No. III; but being absent, we have Count Moriana, Marquis de Cilleruelo (also Spanish), to supply his place until he arrives; Dumont, member of the Institute, is our Vice-President, Theophile Gautiér our Secretary. I find some persons of note on the juries; among these the French painter Cabanel, Gerome, Mesonnier, and some others; and in Sculpture, Barze, Cavelier, Joaffroy, and, as the substitute, at present, for A. H. Layard, member of the English Parliament, M. N. Calder, Marshall of the Royal Academy. Having arranged this organization, the juries were left to pursue their separate works. On the same day of this meeting, I went at twelve to attend the lecture of Edouard Laboulaye, at the College of France. I had, the day before, gone around with my letters of introduction from Count Lasteyné, and delivered nearly all—to Carnot, member of the Corps Legislatif, to M. Remusant, to Laboulaye and to Mignet, secretary of the Institute; and besides these a letter from Winthrop to M.

[illegible] immediately answered by sending me this [illegible] lecture of the season. I arrived at the [illegible] time to spend a few minutes with him in his study, [illegible] to the lecture-room, where he gave me [illegible] The room was crowded, in part filled by [illegible] who have a separate section of the hall al[illegible] them. He lectured from notes, and as the custom [illegible] his chair. His subject was the financial pol[illegible] was treated with great clearness of expo[illegible] excellent taste. I have seldom heard a lec[illegible] with more interest in the matter and man[illegible] When it was over, I had to leave M. L—almost [illegible] is our meeting of the juries was appointed for [illegible] o'clock.

Day before yesterday, Thursday, the 11th, I had an experience of something of the same kind. M. Mignet, Perpetual Secretary of the Institute, had sent me, the day before, an invitation to attend the reception of M. Cavilier Fleury, in the Hall of the Institute, to take place at two o'clock. I went, and [illegible] myself pleasantly placed in a good central position in [illegible] sparkled assemblage, among whom were many persons—men and women of high rank. The occasion was the reception of M. Fleury as a member of the Institute, to which he had recently been elected, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of M. Dupin, long known in the political and literary annals of France, as one of its most distinguished orators and statesmen. Of M. Fleury I am obliged to confess my ignorance; but his election to this place implies high distinction. The presiding officer of the association of members, who entered the Hall precisely at two to occupy the seats reserved for them, was M. Nizard. He and two other members, who occupied the seats of a table at the highest range of the Hall, were dressed in a singular uniform—a black dress-coat embossed or embroidered with green silk distributed profusely over the front and collar in figures of leaves and fruit. One of these supporters of the Chair I per-

ceive to be M. Vinet, whom I met last fall at the Academie des Beaux Arts.

At an angle in the same line of seats, was a simple reading-stand, to which the new member was conducted by two members, who took seats on his right and left; this trio, like the other, being arrayed in the black and green uniform. All the rest of the members were in ordinary costume. When all were adjusted in their places, M. Fleury rose, and, without further introduction beyond the call to order of the presiding officer, read a long address, which proved to be a biographical review of the Life and Character of M. Dupin. This production, which had all the air of a eulogy upon the late Academician, was neat in style, critical and acute in its portraiture of the subject, and was striking enough to attract an occasional round of applause from the audience at the several points made by the orator in his comments upon the times. This occupied a full hour and a half, and every one seemed quite satisfied with the close which promised a dismissal of the auditory. But as soon as this address was finished, up rose M. Nizard, a respectable, well-dressed, so far as the green and black allowed such a phrase, and rather handsome man. He unfortunately held, conspicuous in his hand, an immense volume of folio sheets of manuscript—I should say full twenty. I confess to a sinking of the heart at this sight,—and I am sure it was shared by many in the crowd,—for there was an uneasy flutter of new adjustment of the wearied hundreds in their cramped seats. M. Nizard began to read in a tone too low to be heard distinctly, with a voice deficient in force, and with an articulation which I, at least, found it difficult to understand. On and on and on he continued to read what, as far as I could interpret his speech, seemed to be a string of platitudes, striving to assume the air of philosophy. The audience on the outer rows of the circle, I observed quietly escaping by the doors nearest them; but this made no change in that monstrous elocution, which flowed like a dull and muddy rivulet; and even when some lady or gentleman, deeper down in the jam of the circle,

[illegible] and struggled outwards, disrumpening those about them, and [illegible] others by their example, broke away from the heavy pressure of this persistent discourse, it made no difference—the orator kept on unmoved, and, what rather struck me, apparently very full of self-satisfaction, as if he had caught up his auditory into a heaven of enjoyment with an exquisite flow of reason. It seemed to me two hours before he came to the end of the last short; but I probably was deceived by my own weary watch of the hours as he turned them over at what I thought unmeasurably long intervals. I think it was after five when he reached his term, and everybody manifested their satisfaction by as rapid a retreat as the skirts and *trains of our lady listeners allowed.*

I hastened home to prepare to dine with General Dix at seven, which was as much as I could accomplish.

At the Minister's I met a huge company; several of the members of our commission—Jerome Bonaparte, Lord Houghton, whom I had known as Monckton Miles, nine years ago in London, now elevated, within the last three years, to the peerage. There were some others I cannot remember. We had a pleasant party, and after dinner an evening company, with many of our prettiest women from home: among these Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. [illegible], I presented Lord Houghton and Bonaparte to them and then made my retreat a little after ten o'clock. The Emperor has directed the leading officers of the Government, Vice-Presidents of the Imperial Commission, to offer the hospitalities of the city to the Commissioners attending the Exposition. There is accordingly every Saturday evening a reception at one or other of the Minister's houses. On the 6th it was at the mansion of M. Forcade La Roquette, Minister of Public Works, Agriculture and Commerce. He and M. Rouher, Minister D'Etat, and Marechal Vaillant, Minister de la Maison de L'Empereur at des Beaux Arts, are the three Vice-Presidents.—M. Rouher being the first of the three and giving the first reception on the 30th of last month.

M. Forcade La Roquette and Madame had sent E. and myself an invitation; E. did not go, but I did at ten o'clock, and found an enormous crowd there. The Minister's house is in Rue St. Dominique St. Germain, is very large and splendidly furnished. We found about seven rooms open—two of them some fifty feet long. They were lighted up by a thousand candles, and brilliant with rare and beautiful flowers, heaped in great masses in the windows. The apartments glittered with that profusion of gold which is characteristic of French decoration, and the company was admirably served by some twenty or thirty servants, a third of whom were in livery, and the rest in black with white cravats and gloves. There were, besides these, some upper servants of a graver cast, who were dressed in full suit of black,—a formal coat of an ancient fashion, small clothes and silk stockings. They were also distinguished by a large and heavy steel chain, hung over the shoulders and down the breast, and by a neat sword, of the fashion worn by gentlemen before the age of chivalry had entirely disappeared with its symbols. These officials paraded the rooms to see that the crowd of guests were served with whatever the entertainment offered. They kept the ways from room to room open by an occasional admonition in polite French, to stand aside. They ordered refreshments and called for carriages when wanted. The chief amusement of the evening was a concert, for which there was a printed card, announcing a performance by distinguished professional artists, who occupied two hours, with an interval between the parts for ices, coffee,etc.

There was one peculiarity in the arrangement that struck me. Accompanying the card of invitation to the guests was an engraved note, which ran in these words: "Cette invitation etant personelle, ou est prié de la presenter en entrant, on de la renvoyer dans le cas ou on n'en profiterait pas."

In the ante-chamber of the reception-room sat two clerks at a desk, who received the cards of invitation brought by the guests in pursuance of this notice, and who entered in a book every name as the visitor gave it in.

This arrangement would seem to speak of a danger of intrusion through a transfer of cards, or rather, it may be more just to say, by the accident of a loss of the card and its being found by persons impudent enough to think of using it. Still, I do not see how the precaution suggested in the note would prevent that house, where so large an assemblage of strangers as I saw that night, entered into the composition of the party.

Here I met M. Chevalier, who is now a Senator. I was introduced to him by Mr. R——, and he recalled to me a meeting we had some years ago in Washington.

During the week, having, as I have noted above, delivered the several letters of introduction given me by Count Lasteyrie, I received a kind recognition of them by Laboulaye and M. Mignet, in the manner I have described, and from Carnot by a pleasant visit, in which he sat with me for an hour. M. Guizot also called, and I had a most friendly and interesting conversation with him on our affairs at home, with which he is well acquainted. The day on which I delivered these letters, after I had gone the round, I called upon my friend, the Count, who had been so kind in supplying me with these opportunities [illegible] of French society. I was greatly grieved to [illegible] Madame Lasteyrie had died about a month before, and that her husband was not able to receive visits.

[illegible]—Easter Monday. We have a meeting of the Commission at three: where I present a series of resolutions, defining and distributing the work to be done by us. These resolutions are adopted, as instructions to the Committee of the Whole. The Government expects us to make full and useful reports of the inventions, improvements, and various scientific novelties in the Exposition. This is clearly impossible for our board or any other board to do within the time of the duration of the Exposition; and, indeed, nothing will be so satisfactory on these points as the *Compte Rendu* which will be prepared by the French government after the Exposition is closed. We may be able to do justice to some separate or single subjects of interest to our country

by a report from some of our members, who have selected as specialties of their own study, questions of public interest with which they have come here, with all the information necessary as the ground work of a treatise or dissertation, and to which they may easily add the new knowledge to be derived from the Exposition. It was with a view to such reports that I presented, in my resolutions, an invitation to any member of the Commission to make a report upon any subject within the scope of the Exposition he might be inclined or desirous to examine.

Paris, April 28, 1867.—Last night a great party, with dancing, at M. Rouher's,—the Minister of State. I went at half-past ten, entering with a large crowd. The Minister has the Pavilion de Rohan in the Louvre. There were some twenty rooms opened, two of them—in one of which the dancing was held, are very large—some fifty feet by thirty, I should say, and of a magnificence equal to that of the Tuilleries, as I remember the apartments there. The company must have exceeded three thousand. I heard that the invitations amounted to four thousand. The company was refined and orderly, —the toilettes of the women superb—that of the Princess Mathilde exceedingly rich. The attendance of servants numbered a host,—half in liveries ; others in genteel black, and a few magnates of this order looking like chief-justices, or archdeacons at least, with the superior embellishments of chains and swords—such as the dignitaries of the Church and Bench are not permitted to wear. The refreshment-room was a long covered way,—lately made on the terrace of the second story of the Pavilion, fronting the Place Carousel,—now neatly enclosed, fitted up and furnished as an appendage to the great salons on that front. It is about one hundred and fifty feet long, and had a table covered with refreshments the whole length ; which was manned by scores of liveried servants. This kind of covered terrace is repeated on the front, looking into the great court-yard of the Louvre, and was here filled by promenading parties, who found it a most comfortable addition to the conveniences of the house. This covered way is double

the length, or near it, of the other. They were both brilliantly lighted with chandeliers holding many hundred candles, and were rich in curtains, mirrors, gilded walls and ceiling, and pleasant for rest from the toil of the journey through the rooms. The most striking feature, and the most agreeable one in the arrangements, was the connection between this second covered way and the great Library of the Louvre, into which admission was allowed by a wide door at the upper end. The effect on entering here was very beautiful. The Library, for about two hundred feet or more, was lighted by an abundance of chandeliers, and afforded a grand promenade under the noble arched ceiling and along the line of the book-cases, with a most pleasant exhibition of the central cabinet, which cover the rarities of the collection in old books and manuscripts. In the middle of this great saloon was stationed a military band which played beautiful airs at intervals during the evening, much to the delight of the company that resorted here for relief from the heat of the crowded rooms in the opposite part of the palace.

Paris, April 29, 1867.—I am obliged to go to the Champs de Mars to meet our Jury on Sculpture. It is a most uncomfortable rainy day, but I wrapped up well and set out at half-past eleven, as my notice says we are to meet in Salle 5 of the Palais at *midi*. When I arrive, none of my confrères are there. I walk about to amuse myself in this magazine of wonders. What a spectacle it is! The world has never seen such a vast toy shop before, and will never, I fancy, see another. Any thing on a smaller scale than this would be regarded as a failure; any thing larger would be impossible. Here is the material, and the very best for the study of every art, for every product and process of practical science and the illustration of the whole circle of the elements of worldly wealth. And as to its beauty! it is superb, magnificent, incredibly rich. Its compass is so great in the surface filled with these marvels, that not less than a month of daily and industrious inspection would take one through it.

At half-past twelve I find the Marquis de Bedmar, with Dumont, our Vice-President, and a few others in the Salle, and we set off on our round of inspection. I have gone round the places in which the sculpture is scattered so often that I do not follow the party this morning more than an hour. We are to have a meeting in a few days, in our apartment in the Pallais l'Industrie, Champs Elysées, to discuss the question of the prizes, and I reserve myself for that.

Paris, May 5, 1867.—The tickets to the Marquis de Moustice's named eight o'clock. We set out at half-past eight and arrived a full half hour before the concert and other entertainments began. The suite of rooms through which we passed was magnificent—blazing with light and glittering with gilded furniture, mirrors, clocks and upholstery, to the highest reach of Parisian skill. After passing through some four or five of these enormous *salons*, we arrived at one more splendid than the rest, which was fitted up with all the appurtenances of a domestic theatre, exceedingly rich in furniture and gorgeous in decoration. It has all the appearance of a hall or *salon* kept expressly for dramatic and musical entertainment. Here were some hundred or more well-dressed and fashionable people, comfortably seated on the crimson velvet benches which were ranged on the level floor over one-half of the length of the room, and then rise in successive steps from that limit upwards towards the opposite end.

I recognized a few acquaintances in this company, and, having pleasantly disposed ourselves, E. and I sat quietly with the rest, waiting the progress of events. Gradually, but not very fast, the *élite*, which in all latitudes and under every form of government, always come late, filled up the vacant chairs and benches in the plain,—the half of the *salon* which touched the footlights of the stage,—for this seemed to be a place of more honor than the benches on the rise. By nine o'clock, I think at a guess, I may say two hundred spectators were present. The room would easiiy have accommodated three or perhaps four hundred,—and there was no press or

inconvenient displacement, except that which I observed the last-comers insist on making, for the sake of obtaining the chief seats in the circle of the elect. Among these late-comers, diamonds blazed from circlets; the trains were longer, and a difficulty very apparent in squeezing into seats that would, in ordinary condition, carry double, but which now could only be attained by violent compression of drapery. I suppose, though I could not tell from any knowledge of persons, that these were people of very high rank, and possibly of great virtues. The members of the orchestra, which belonged to the Italian Opera,—so our prettily-printed bill of the evening said—came in, took their seats, and commenced an overture, which was very fine. Then the curtain was raised, and a boy in velvet knickerbocker and red stockings—little Master Conneau, who is said to be the playmate of the young Prince Imperial—came on the stage, and delivered in childish, sing-song style, a prologue in verse written for the occasion. Then came a *petite comedie* between a little girl and an actress of one of the theatres, who played a boy, carrying on a grave flirtation and proposal of marriage. The piece was appropriately called, "Il n'y'a plus des Enfants." This was soon over, and now came the concert, which was well performed by some six or eight professional people of the operas. Then another little comedie, "La Bonne Mere"—rather so so, but, of course, well played by the actors, who were such by profession.

It was now near eleven o'clock and the room had become intolerably hot from the flames of several hundred candles. There was a pause long enough to allow us to escape, which we did, at the sacrifice of part The Second, which promised as much variety and as much expenditure of time as part First. So E. and I broke through the outer circle that thronged the door way, and then took our time to loiter along through the sumptuous apartments to the outer chamber, where a portly servant in gay livery put his mouth to a speaking trumpet that belonged to a tube which passed out of doors, and gently

whispered for our carriage to be brought up. In a moment afterwards, Henry came in with our wrappings ;—the carriage was announced, and we drove off to Rue St. Dominique St. Germain, to the ball at Forcade La Roquette's. Here we arrived at eleven, at the tail of a long queue of carriages, which took a tedious time to be discharged at the door. We were received by M. and Madame Forcade in the first apartment, and then set out on our travels, through a perfect region of enchantment. The first room we entered after our reception, was a great vine-clad arbor, about three hundred feet long, some fifty or sixty broad, and about thirty high. Every part of it was of a deep green, faced with a gilded lattice that covered the walls and ceiling, and which was intertwined with ivy and creeping vines. A great number of lights hung from the roof and side arches, all of which were of gas, streaming through baskets of flowers. The walls, along the whole length on both sides, were filled with immense mirrors, at intervals of some twenty feet apart,—and along one of the sides was ranged a narrow table,—nearly the whole distance, supplied with refreshments, ices, confectionary, wines, and, what I found very acceptable, hot punch, administered by an abundant corps of livered servants. At each end of this grand *salon* was a grotto of artificial rocks, reaching as high as the ceiling, from which a cascade fell, in a beautiful flow, among beds of flowers lighted by colored lamps of gas that were distributed among the herbage and running streams. Some eight or ten other apartments, resplendent with mirrors and gilding, large, high and superbly furnished, were thronged with people, and we could discern in two large saloons, a number of brilliant fashionables, lustrous with diamonds, and remarkable for their long and cumbrous trains,—of course I speak of the ladies,—engaged in the dance, of which we had a more distant admonition in the music of a band that rose faintly over and out of the din of the immense crowd who peopled every available place. E. and I remain here till after midnight and then prepare to leave. This getting away

is scarcely less tedious than coming in,—for we find a great crowd in the ante-chamber waiting for cloaks and carriages. But there is a most commendable system of administration in this department, which prevents disorder and gives every one a certainty of being comfortably let off in his turn. There is one of "the gentlemen in chains"—the upper servants or ushers, who look like "Ancienne noblesse," except that the chain is not a badge of honor, like the coronet, but of servitude,—who is always at hand to receive the order for your carriage. This order is communicated to an official of the woodpecker plumage, and with particularly distinguished calves (mollets) and white stockings, who forthwith bawls out, "Les Gens de M." very loud,—which bawl you hear repeated on the carpeted and curtained piazza outside. I arrive at this moment, and say to the official, "La voiture de Monsieur Kennedy." In a moment I hear, "Les Gens de Monsieur Hainatee." I step up to the man of loud voice and say *Kennedy*, laying a stress on the K. He tries it again "Les Gens de Messrs. Kainheli." Upon this Henry, who is on the watch and exercising his ingenuity of interpretation, emerges from a crowd of lackeys who are all in waiting for their respective calls,—being "les gens" referred to in the summons,—bearing our wrappings on his arm, and as soon as these are delivered he goes off to bring up the carriage which is stationed in its proper order in the *queue* of carriages half a mile long in a neighboring street, where it has been placed under the command of a dozen policemen who are employed for this special service, and from which position it only moves when officially called. In some ten minutes or more the carriage arrives, and we take our departure, driving out at the great court-yard between cavalry sentinels, in full feather, who are stationed at every turn or street corner of our route till we are completely extricated from the throng of carriages that are going to and returning from the ministerial mansion of the ball.

It was, as I have said, after midnight, near one when we

left. But at that hour there was a steady stream of arriving carriages bringing guests to the house, and the papers of this morning announce that the number of persons there during the evening was over three thousand, and that about three o'clock in the morning, the dancers and those who remained were regaled with a beautiful supper.

Last Sunday we had a glimpse from our windows, on the Rue de la Paix, of some of the characteristic grandeur of royalty. The Emperor's carriage of State passed along the street, and turned up to the Grand Hotel, just above us on the Boulevard Italien. It was raining at the time, but the splendors of the pageant did not seem to be dulled by it. There was one grand gilded coach of two horses, with the coachman and two footmen—fine, large, burly, majestic-looking flunkies—dressed in large blue-cloth coats, covered at every seam with broad gold laces,—small-clothes, white stockings over stout legs, and in shoes, with huge chapeaux de bras decorated with gold lace. After this another coach, still grander, drawn by six horses,—footmen and coachmen as before,—with postilions of the same pattern, but more succinct; then two other carriages with two horses like the first. These shot along the Rue de la Paix at high speed, with everybody at the window looking down with admiring interest at this meteoric flash of majesty. The cortege was soon out of sight; but presently we saw it coming back on the same track —the rain still beating hard upon the golden array.

Paris, May 8, 1867.—The weather has come out very warm. We are getting through our jury work, and already the principal prizes in sculpture—the grandes medailles—have been determined. We have given them to Perrault, Guillaume, Dupré and Drake. On Monday we met at the Pavilion of Pierre Petit, a distinguished photographer, who has an establishment in the Park of the Palais D'Exposition. Some ten or twelve of the jury were present, the Marquis de Bedmar, our President, at the head, and Durmont, our Vice-President, quite a distinguished man here. Pierre Petit made a group of us on

the front steps, and took an instantaneous picture. His first failed, but he made a second, which he pronounced successful. After this we adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock at the Palais D'Industrie, where we assembled in force, and there concluded the work of awarding the prizes. Here I made a pleasant acquaintance with Guillaume, the sculptor, to whom we have given one of the great medals for his statute of Napoleon. He is a member of the Institute and a Superintendent in The Ecole des Beaux Arts. We have been allowed for our Jury Group I. Class III., four grand prizes, worth 2,000 francs each. Eight premiers, worth 800 francs each. Twelve deuxiemes of 500 francs each, and 12 troisiemes of 400 francs each. These we have now settled, and will make our report forthwith to the Imperial Commission. The distribution of these prizes will be made by the Emperor at the great ceremony of the 1st of July. Besides the prizes, we have made forty-three honorable mentions. The full account of our awards will be published in due time in the "*procès verbal.*"

In the evening of the same day—Monday, 6th of May—we had a great party at the Tuileries.

A few days before, an imperial messenger, in scarlet livery, drove up to the door of our hotel and left with the concierge a large, square billet, addressed to me, which on opening I found to run thus:

PAR L'ORDRE DE L'EMPEREUR.

Le Grand Chambelain a l'honneur de prevenir, Monsieur Kennedy, Membre du Jury de L'Exposition qu'il est invité a passer la soirèe au Palais des Tuileries le lundi 6 Mai a 9 heures ½.

En froc. DUC DE BASSANO.

On est prié de remettre cette carte en entrant.

They say on this side of the Atlantic that such an invitation is a *command*, and so, of course, I was in no condition to resist obedience. I would have been still more submissive if the invitation had been extended to E. and M.; but I sup-

pose the Emperor was not aware of my good fortune in having these two ladies with me, and thus came to treat me *en garçon.* M. doesn't go to any of these parties, and E. is philosophically tranquil under all oversights like this, and I, therefore, went off to this appointment in good humor. It was ten o'clock when I reached the great entrance of the Palace by the Archway of the Place Carousel. There was a long line of carriages ahead of me, regularly depositing their load, but keeping an admirable order and having ample space. I was soon landed under the great canopy or pavilion which covered the steps of the entrance door and some thirty feet or more of the approach on either side. Henry was with me to take my coat, and I passed through the spacious hall crowded with liveried servants.

These servants, some twenty at least, were of the order of the Sir Peter Teazles in the old comedy, that is to say, they were all portly, broad-backed, rather jolly-looking fellows, of middle age, in long, old-fashioned stage-coats, with ample skirts, all bedizened with broad gold lace,—scarlet waistcoats of capacious compass and length—scarlet breeches, white stockings, buckled shoes, and calves of especial rotundity, and shaped like some of the heaviest of those balustrade posts which figure in marble on the terraces of Italy. Passing through this group of gentlemen of the lower house, who appeared to be rather disappointed at not being able to render me some service, for they bowed whenever I approached one of them, I turned to the right and entered a grand passage way which led to the foot of a magnificent marble and carpeted staircase, presenting a flight of some fifty steps. Here was the most striking, and I might say beautiful, sight of the palace. It was the array of the *Cent Gardes.* On every step up the whole flight stood two of these peerless soldiers, —one at each end of the step. They are picked men of the army,—not one, I should say, as *short* as *six* feet. All large in proportion to their height, chosen for their fine figure and manly beauty. Their uniform spotless, as if just from the

hands of the tailor,—a light blue dragoon coat of short skirt, the facings white; the breast covered with a brilliant cuirass of polished steel; a helmet of the same, shining like a mirror, with a high crest, and a large mass of white horsehair depending from along back, down to the waist; the frontlet shading the eyes, and leaving only so much of the face naked to view, as the heavy black beard and moustache permitted. The pantaloons are of milk-white kerseymere, and covered as high as the brawny thigh with long cavalry boots. Add to these the sword of the dragoon, and a carbine with long sword-bayonet, all of the highest polish, and we have the full equipment of this superb corps. There on the steps they stood, with their carbines at "order arms," erect, motionless and stately, like so many grand wax figures. As I ascended the stairs between these ranks, I looked at them right and left, with curious intuition, to note the expression of each face. I saw no sign of interest or inquisitive remark of the crowd that passed them. There was a trained impassiveness as of so many statues, and I felt as if I were mounting the steps of an enchanted castle, where all the guards had been turned into inanimate figures. It was a very strange sight;—these giants, so sinewy and stalwart, so full of power, and so still; and yet more strange to me when, three hours later, near one in the morning, I returned down the same stairway, I found them in precisely the same spot, in the same fixed attitude, apparently as unwearied and capable of duty as at first. I wondered if they could have been relieved during the evening, though it seemed to me that they were of a mould that might endure the whole service of the longest night.

At the head of this staircase was another bevy of servants of the order of Dr. Franklin's, as that philosopher or some of his philosophic friends were accustomed to appear at Versailles nearly a century ago. These venerables, for they were all of the portly sort,—by the bye, the fashion here, among the great, seems to run upon large, serious and corpulent waiting-men,—were dressed in long broad-tailed, and what is called, or

used to be called, *shadbellied* coats of a mazarine blue velvet, approaching to purple, with a low standing collar, and a light border of diplomatic embroidery in gold, running all round the outer margin from top to bottom,—cape to skirt, and back again. It is apparently the function of these household servitors to point out the way from one room to another, to the guests as they arrive;—a very important and laborious duty, which they perform after the manner of Gregory in the play, with exemplary politeness. Here in this first hall, I meet the Master of Ceremonies,—a gentleman in blue coat, gilt buttons, black small-clothes, and very thin shanks, whom I take to be the Duke de Bassano,—the Grand Chambelain,—though I believe I was mistaken in that. He is a very active gentleman, —somewhat of the dapper kind, who bows to each person as they enter, not with a common, lazy bow, but with signal agility and scrape of the foot upon the smooth and slippery floor, and so, having received and answered this salutation, I pass on, making my way across and through some three or four grand saloons of Imperial magnificence, at the doors of every one of which are stationed two of those incomparable Cent Gardes. In this progress I come into the great Salle des Marechaux,—one of the grandest apartments in the Palace, —gorgeous with gilding and frescoes—having a gallery or double story and a ceiling of indescribable richness—and a floor of varied wood,—mosaic marquetry,—so smooth and polished that one might skate on it, and which I find it dangerous to walk upon from the risk of losing my balance. I go over it gingerly, as if I walked on ice. Throughout these rooms are scattered groups of the guests of the evening, all of us in a sad uniform of solemn black, which is all the fashion among the men. The only exception to this triste uniformity is the frequent occurrence of a gentleman with broad ribbon across his breast, a gorget and cross of honor hanging from his neck, and the thousand button-hole orders with which all France seems to be decorated. In fact this decoration seems to be so universal, that I rather take pride in be-

ing with the rest of my countrymen, without a mark. I remark also, that there are many in small-clothes, which I take to be a prescribed court-dress. In a room still more remote, I find a large crowd, and now discover that our party to-night is nearly altogether made up of men. I presume it is chiefly designed for the entertainment of the several Juries of the Exposition, as I meet many whom I recognize in that character.

I pursue my exploration and now discover, on entering the next great saloon, that it is in great part filled with ladies, who are seated in a huddle on sofas, divans and chairs, so thickly disposed that further advance is impossible. These are the ladies of The Court, and some special privileged guests. The most of them have come from the dinner-table, where, I learn, the Emperor has had a large party to-day. The ladies have obviously, that is, a large part have, not long since, left the dining-table, and are here to take their share of the evening's entertainment. I get on the verge of this circle of the divinities and survey them but a few moments. They appear to be grave and dull. There is none of that bounding or sparkling gayety which I am accustomed to see in ladies at home in such a position. There were no gentlemen talking to them. There they were, covered with diamonds, and displaying toilettes of superb beauty and volume, but still they appeared to be unamused, vacant and silent, and very few entitled to be called pretty, in my estimate of that quality. By the bye, I remark the same thing in all the parties I have seen here,—how very little there is of that light-hearted and playful enjoyment among the women, which belongs to ours on the other side of the world! I had scarcely retreated from this scene, before a whisper went round that the Emperor and Empress had entered the rooms. Everybody rose, and very soon a long lane was formed by the company. I was in the apartment next to that of the ladies, many of whom had now come into it. I had a front rank very favorable for a view of the Imperial cortege, but the ladies first crowded me off, and

then some of the dignitaries in broad ribbons, still farther displaced me. Here I found Gen. Dix and his daughter. I fell back all together out of the ranks, just as the Emperor and suite appeared, and amused myself by an examination of the whole array, from an outward view, as I walked along to the lower end of the line. This I found in three saloons back. The company extended over the whole extent. At the farther end I took my stand behind two large gentlemen,—one of whom had the kindness to help me to the front, saying to his friend, "Voici un monsieur etranger! Otons nous de place, de lui donner un veu de notre souverain." I thanked him, and took the place he assigned me. The Empress, who had the arm of the young King of Greece, had just arrived at this point, and here she stood waiting for the Emperor and the rest of the suite, who were now only entering the room at the other end. She was but a few feet from me, and was making herself agreeable to all near her, bowing and saying kind things. She looked very pretty,—younger than I supposed when I saw her elsewhere. She is very graceful, delicate and neat in figure, and with an exceedingly amiable expression. Her dress, not at all exaggerated in fashion, was becoming and more simple than that of many of her guests. It was pink and white silk, I suppose, and muslin. Her train was not in excess, as some other trains in the room were, and she was distinguished by the magnificence of her diamonds, which flashed from a rich tiara and necklace, and from sundry points of her dress.

It must be a great trial for a young man, like the King of Greece, royal though he may be, to preserve a natural equilibrium of manner with the consciousness that three or four hundred or more capable observers are scanning him, to make a judgment of his character.

Presently the Emperor came alone, the Princess Mathilde on his arm. He was in the blue-cloth coat and gilt buttons, and in tight black pantaloons, not small-clothes, buttoned at the ankle, and pumps, white vest and broad red ribbon;—looking cheerful, well in health, and kindly. His manner was

affable. He came slowly along, bowing to every one, and now and then stopping to talk. Prince Leuchtenberg, I believe, and Madame Straussmann followed, and then, I don't know who, for I left this quarter, and went back to the apartment in which I had first seen the Ladies of the Court. Here we had a new scene. The Emperor and Empress came in. It was curious to see the ladies, who, I think, must by this time have approached a hundred in number; every one rose, and as the Empress bowed to the different sections of the room,—for she seemed to have divided it into four quarters, it was amusing to see these several groups of graceful women, making a sinking, sweeping, courtesy, all together, in return, with the precision I have often seen on the stage in a group of *figurante* fairies of the ballet, making obeisance to their queen.

I got into the recess of a window in the midst of this fair conservatory, and surveyed the scene at my leisure. Here I could form some estimate of the splendid costumes, and of myriads of diamonds that sparkled from every brow; what I saw would have conducted a great war, if the Emperor should be reduced to straits, and think France should demand a liquidation of this wealth of head gear.

I observe that something new is now to come. A table is brought in, and placed near the fire-place in front of the company. The Emperor and Empress have taken seats on a sofa, just in front of this table, and have ordered every one to sit down. The King of Greece and several princesses and princes, and dukes and duchesses have taken chairs. The whole company is ranged in order. A dressing-table, with a looking-glass on it, is now brought in and placed on one side of the fire-place, with two candles lighted near the glass. Then comes a servant and puts a ball of yarn and some knitting on the first table. All this is very inexplicable to the uninitiated. But very soon it is disclosed that we are to have a little comedy. Mlle ——, from Le Theatre ——, enters and takes up her knitting. Then after much soliloquy comes Monsieur ——, from some other theatre, and they play a piece of flirtation which lasts

half an hour. Nobody laughs, nobody manifests approbation until it is finished, and then everybody applauds, glad that it is over. This play-acting seems to be rather a dull affair.

Now the Emperor rises, the company are set free, and they stroll about the rooms, and the entertainment for the rest of the evening becomes like that of ordinary mortals,—more pleasant and unreserved. I meet several acquaintances, among the rest, Lord Houghton, who, I think, has been one of the dinner-party.

There are numbers of persons promenading towards a distant apartment. I follow these and find that it leads to a supper-room, where, when I arrive, a huisher, in gilded chain, who stands in the door, intimates that the room is full, and begs us—quite a crowd stopped here—to wait; whereupon I retrace my steps into the great Salle des Marechaux. When I return to the supper-room, I meet the Emperor and his party coming away. The tables are supplied with confectionery, ices, tea and coffee, fruits and flowers; and some mediocre champagne, as I find upon drinking it. The tables are served by another order of servants, in blue cloth, with scarlet facings and gold lace:—a large troop of these, mingled with the Doctor Franklins and the huishers,—the gentleman in black after the fashion of Chief-Justice Marshall, with the advantage over him of chain and sword.

It is now towards one o'clock. I take my leave, go down the grand staircase with its magnificent guards; at the foot of which, I ought to have observed, are posted the two trumpeters of the Guard, who are the *élite* of the Corps, splendid fellows, in scarlet, with the trumpet resting on the hip, and its little banneret hanging down in full display. I never saw two such men.

They seemed to be a distillation of the manhood of the whole company, which consists, I am told, of two hundred.

Henry is here in the pavilion waiting for me, and here also, I find our Master of Ceremonies, who gives me a gracious and as extensive a bow at parting as he gave me at my reception.

The carriage is soon brought to the door and I get back to the Hotel Westminster about one o'clock.

The Emperor has been very assiduous in his purpose to make Paris agreeable to all who come to visit the Great Exposition, and especially to those who have come by his invitation to discharge official duties connected with it. With this view, I understand that he has intimated a wish that the great officers of State should give frequent entertainments, to which the Commissioners and Juries of the different nations represented here, should be invited. We were accordingly informed by an official communication in the *Moniteur*, just after the opening of the Exhibition, that the three Vice-Presidents of the Imperial Commission, M. Rouher, Minister of State, M. Forcade La Roquette, Ministre des Travaux Publiques, Commerce et Agriculture, and Marshall Valliant, Ministre de la Maison de L'Empereur et Les Beaux Arts, would have receptions on certain designated days; and this announcement was followed by cards of invitation to the several parties I have already noticed. The Emperor, in his turn, gave us the reception.

In addition to these, E. and I have an invitation to a reception to be given to-morrow evening, May 9th, by M. Schneider, President of the Corps Legislatif.

Paris is filling up with strangers, and there will, no doubt, be a great crowd "to assist," as the French say, at this entertainment.

The note or card of invitation has a significant postscript, in two words, which will add to the attraction, "On dansera."

Paris, May 11, 1867.—We have now, I think, got through the organization of our Commission. All the labor and work of this has fallen on my hands, and I have done a great deal. Our plan of proceeding is laid down fully in a series of resolutions which I had prepared, and which have been adopted at several meetings of the Board, and those, with other proceedings, I have caused to be printed in a pamphlet and sent to the State Department. I thought this necessary, because

we have seen many misrepresentations in regard to the character and conduct of the Commission, that we have reason to believe may become the source of much unjust censure both in the community at home and in Congress. These misrepresentations occur in all letters from this city, and are echoed by the press with such reiteration as to make it almost hopeless to correct them by any denial, except that of the official record of the proceedings of the Commission.

We have now elected about one-half of the twenty additional or honorary members authorized by the Act of Congress, 12th March, 1867. Among these we have some men of high reputation: Professor Rogers, of Boston, Professor Morse, of New York, and others. Among the festivities of Paris, the reception of Monsieur Le President Schneider, on Thursday, is to be noted for a peculiarly brilliant display of the fashion of the city. E. and I went first to a very pretty party at Mrs. Monroe's, on the Champs Elysees, where we met many of our country men and women. At eleven we took our leave and drove to the Palais of son Excellencé the President. This house adjoins the building of the Corps Legislatif, and is, indeed, connected with it. It is one of the finest residences in Paris, and was now filled with the best of the domestic and foreign society of the city. The rooms are very beautiful and spacious, and form a long suite. The grandest of these, the dancing saloon, which is more than a hundred feet in length, and, I suppose, forty wide, blazed with the light of a thousand wax candles, set in lustres, of immense size, that depended from the lofty ceiling and brought out the splendid decorations with magnificent effect. We, in America, have no specimens of this elaborate ornamentation, and in our first observation of it here, are apt to be struck with a sense of revolt against the taste that seems to profusely overload the walls, ceilings and floors with decoration. One marvels at the quantity of gold that is consumed in this embellishment, and which, indeed, seems to be regarded as the necessary and indispensable element of decoration all over Paris. We never

go even to the hotels or any handsome room, where the gilding of wall and ceiling is not a conspicuous object of remark.

The great hall here, with its slippery floor, was filled, from end to end, with dancers. The dancing we had seen at other parties was rather in the background, constituting but a small part of the business of the evening. Here it was the chief feature, and was entered into with all the animation that this grave and stately French society allows.

Running parallel to the dancing saloon, and opening into it by several doors at intervals, there is, on each side, a long corridor, richly carpeted and curtained, in which we found a collection of beautiful pictures, the private property, as I learn, of the President, who is a gentleman of large wealth, and very popular with his party in the Chamber of Deputies over which he presides. Connected with one of these corridors was the refreshment-room, where we found ices, confectionery, tea, coffee and chocolate, with wines and hot punch. Here we recruited our strength, and then made another tour through the apartments. One front of the mansion opens upon the garden, that reaches to the Quai of the Seine. This garden we found accessible by a door, and visible through several of the large windows, which, as the night was mild, were left unclosed. It was illuminated by lamps of various colors, but pre-eminently by a large calcium light, which shone with dazzling brilliancy over the shrubbery, and threw a strange, pale lustre over the whole scene, very beautiful; and the more so for the numbers of gayly-dressed ladies and gentlemen upon whom it fell with striking effect, as they wandered over the grounds, quite regardless, I should say, of the question of health. I know not what dignitaries were here, except that I saw the little Tycoon and his suite; and I suspect, a prince from Siam. We had the Turkish ambassador and his party in their frock coats and red fez, and a sprinkling of dukes and duchesses from every part of Europe. Having seen all we wished to see of these groupings of the European world, E. and I determined to retire, and at an early hour, between midnight and one o'clock.

Paris, May 19th, 1867.—I have had quite a pleasant and busy week. Jules Simon sent me a card to inform me that he receives every Thursday at his lodgings, No. 10, Place de la Madeleine,—so I went there last Thursday the 16th. Here I met some dozen of the distinguished men of the Opposition —all, or nearly all, members of the Corps Legislatif, and all belonging, I take it from the tenor of their conversation, to *La partie gauche.*

I was presented to all of them, but I cannot remember their names. One was Paul de Remusat, son of the Count Charles de Remusat, to whom Count de Lasteyrie had given me a letter, and upon whom I had called. This young man is exceedingly handsome, and was very gracious in his manner to me. I told him I had made a visit to his father, and left M. de Lasteyrie's letter. "And he has not been to see you?" he asked. "No, I have not met him yet, I suppose he is in the country, where I have heard he was soon going."—"Not at all,—he is in town. Be assured there is some mistake. He will certainly call on you," was his reply. This little company were in the highest spirits, enjoying themselves in lively and playful conversation, in which Simon, our host, took a leading part, telling little stories and personal anecdotes, which excited great mirth. I found in him a curious resemblance, in face, manner and tone of voice to my kinsman Edmund H. Pendleton—the same twinkle of the eye, the same hearty laugh, and the same flexibility of the muscles of the face. Simon is distinguished here not only for his literary merit, but also for his political position in the Chamber, and still more, for his long and effective labors in the cause of popular education, which have given him great influence over the working classes. I was greatly struck by the contrast between these receptions, from the party out of power, and those which I have recently attended of the party in power. The latter distinguished by the dazzling magnificence of their display, and the luxurious pomp of their households, crowded with the *élite* of fashionable society; whereas those with whom I was spending the evening,

live in the simplest style of student life. Here, Simon has his lodgings on the fifth floor,—a suite of small rooms, for himself and family, furnished in the plainest fashion, and attended by one or two servants. The walls are filled with books arranged on shelves from the ceiling to the floor and some small objects of virtu or indication of artistic taste,—placed on the mantel-piece, or a table in the centre of the room. The height of these apartments does not exceed ten feet;—the furniture is dingy and old. We have tea served in one of the rooms at a table, where we go and help ourselves. Nothing could be apparently more homely and frugal than our whole entertainment. There were no ladies. Monsieur apologized for the absence of Madame and others of the family;—they had just heard of the death of some friend or relative.

At Carnot's, where I spent an evening some weeks ago, the general aspect of his surroundings was the same as this, and like this reception, we had there the same free and gay *abandon* of friendly unreserved intercourse which I remark here.

It is eleven o'clock when we break up, and on coming away Simon invites me to visit, on Saturday next at one o'clock, the Academy of the Institute "pour assister dans une seance privee de cet jour," which I tell him I shall be happy to do. I walk home, being accompanied nearly all the way by one of my comrades of the evening, a deputy from Lorraine.

The next day, after this reception, I go over to the Quai Voltaire, and call on M. Hector Bossange and his son Gustave, who has now the position of head of the house, this being lately relinquished to him by his father.

They had sent me the great catalogue—an enormous octavo of several hundred pages—of the Germeniz Library, one of the most curious private collections of books that I suppose was ever offered for sale. They had marked several which they had recommended to me as proper to be purchased for the Peabody Institute, and some of which I now authorize Mr. B—— to purchase, if they could be had at reasonable prices. After

an interview with both father and son, I leave an order to regard these books as if they had been originally set down in our list for purchase, and to secure them if they should not bring an exorbitant price. I tell Mr. B—— I will write to the Institute and inform them of this order. After this I call on my friend Count Lasteyrie, at No. 11 on the same Quai. I find that he and his children have gone to the country, and will not return for some ten days. After this, about half-past two, I go to the Palais du Corps Legislatif, and send in my card with a short note on it, to M. Schneider, to remind him of his promise to give me an admission. This is immediately answered by a message to come in, and I am conducted through a group of a dozen servants in glaring liveries, from one official to another, and am, at last, bestowed in a gallery divided into seats like those of an opera box, with a full view of the concentrated Legislative wisdom of the Empire, ranged on crimson velvet seats below me. This house, in its size, shape and chief arrangements, resembles the old Senate Chamber of the United States. It is, however, more gorgeous, and, I may say, much more French in its equipments. M. Schneider was in his seat as president. Behind him two huissiers, with the customary gilded or steel chains across their breasts; to the right of these servants, two secretaries,—aides, I believe, to the Secretary in Chief, who sits a little below and on the right of the President. This Chief Secretary, and two other under secretaries, who sit on the left of the President, are members of the House, Deputies representing constituencies. Then there are, in the same division or compartment with these three, still three more secretaries, who are merely officers, or perhaps clerks of the House. This arrangement of President and secretaries is served or supplemented by a corps of reporters, who have two seats for stenographers below the dignitaries I have described, and seats for some twenty or more ranged behind two screens that form a lobby to the doors of the chamber on the right and left of the chair. Then somewhat conspicuous by their gay

liveries of blue, faced with scarlet and gold lace, are two servants, who sit in a nook in the platform above the President. How many other officials there are in the service of this body, I cannot tell; I describe here only those who were in view while I was a spectator. When I entered, the tribune, which is a little space, with a desk in front, immediately below the President, was occupied by a member of excellent presence and manner, who was speaking fluently and gracefully upon some questions of an agricultural nature, and the management of the silk-worm. In less than half an hour he concluded, and another member claimed "la parole." There followed some flutter and dissent on the part of the House, and, in a little while, a rival claimant of the parole succeeded in getting under way,—speaking from his seat in the house, in a feeble voice, and without exciting any attention, as far as I could perceive, from his auditory. He did not continue long, and when he finished, the other rushed to the tribune, spoke with a loud and defiant voice, and was magnificently pugnacious in opposition to some question of government administration,—as I guessed from the frequent interruptions of assent and objection uttered alternately by the opposite parties in the House.

I had seen enough and so retired. My cane, which I was told by the servitors of the lobby, when I entered the gallery, I could not take into the chamber with me, and which I had, therefore, left in their charge, was now restored to me, and I took my way homeward.

The next day, Saturday the 18th, I kept my engagement to *assist* at the private session of the Academy of the Institute, where I went at one o'clock. The rooms appropriated to these sittings are on the second floor of an inner court of the Palais de l'Institut. They have two large and handsomely furnished salons; one for summer, airy and spacious; the other for winter, smaller in dimensions, and with a good fire-place. I sent my card to my friend Simon while I waited in the summer apartment, for the present session is in the smaller room —the weather being very cold just now. Simon came out

immediately and conducted me into the room. Here I found some thirty members of the Academy, seated at a long table covered with green cloth, with paper, pen and ink before them; a few in detached chairs; a small number of outsiders, like myself, seated on a bench in the rear; three members on a raised platform, a little higher than the rest, and facing the company from a central station. A good fire was blazing in the hearth. One of the three on the platform was reading with a clear and distinct voice and excellent elocution, a memoir on labor-saving machinery and its effect upon the industry of a nation, which was announced as an essay of Mr. Chadwick, of England. The composition was in French, and was probably a translation. The general aspect of this assembly was one to create a high opinion in its favor. It was a concourse of grave, sensible and studious men, dignified and composed, and apparently much interested in their vocation. They are men of middle age and upward; very few, if any, to be considered young men. Two or three old servants (as usual wearing the chain) attended the sitting. The deepest silence prevailed during the reading of the paper, and, altogether, the scene and the proceeding were characterized by perfect decorum. Several of the members, I observed, were very old,—over eighty in appearance. When the reading was over, Simon beckoned to me to follow him into the other room, whither he brought Count Charles de Remusat, a fine-looking old gentleman of seventy, I should say, who took occasion to tell me that he had received the letter I had brought him from his kinsman Count Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, and had unfortunately mislaid my card and so lost my address, and did not know where to find me, etc. He and M. Simon, then, in company with another member, a M. Lacour—proposed to take me through the library of the Institute, or rather to show me some of its rooms. I was glad to accept this invitation, and we immediately set out. We had only to cross over to the opposite side of the building, passing along a gallery full of busts of distinguished Academicians of the past and the present

time, to arrive at the first saloon of the library. On entering this my attention was attracted by a strange statue of Voltaire, a full length *naked* figure, a mere hideous skeleton, seated and looking upward with a most ghastly and bitter expression of countenance. An inscription on the base describes this statue as an offering to the great poet and philosopher by his brother academicians. One would rather take it to be an act of vengeance from an enemy, expressing a keen satire upon the works and character of its subject.

We walked through a few rooms all filled from floor to ceiling with books, and upon coming to the librarian, to whom I was introduced, he told me that the whole collection contained about two hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and, he added, would reach, if ranged in a single row, about three leagues.

When we returned from this visit to the room of the Academy, we found the session just adjourned, and I was presented by Simon and Count de Remusat, to several of the members; among the rest to Monsieur Mignet, who some weeks ago had sent me an invitation to the reception of Cavalier Fleury by the Academy. I had not seen him when I called, and this was the first opportunity I had to meet him.

I left the Academy in company with Simon and Monsieur L——, and at the request of the former, walked with them to an institution for the benefit of the Workingmen, "Le Credit de Travail," I think it is called, near the Pont Neuf. This is something like a Savings Bank, and concerns a class of people in whom Jules Simon takes great interest. We saw nothing here except the office and the President. We walk thence to the Corps Legislatif, which, not being in session, M. Simon took me into the interior of the Chamber, where I was able to observe more accurately, the rich furniture, the upholstery and the gilding, the paintings and the bas-reliefs, that contribute so much to its national and characteristic aspect.

From there we entered the Library, the prettiest room for its use and the neatest in its arrangement, I think I have ever

seen. Here I was shown Rousseau's manuscript of several of his works—"The Confessions"—"Emile"—"The Letters," "La Nouvelle Eloise," etc., which seem to have been written expressly to be preserved, so beautifully neat is the handwriting, and so carefully has the MS. been handled by the printers; for these papers are as clean as if they had never gone out of the author's possession. The manuscripts are generally in octavo size, and are neatly bound in morocco volumes. One volume among these is a great curiosity. It is a copy of "The Letters," bound exquisitely, in one volume 8vo; the text is written without a blot or an erasure, in a hand almost equal to print, —with the margin accurately kept throughout, and with all the neatness of execution of an old MS. before printing was known. There is in this work also a very neat bit of sketching in ink, in the way of an illustration. This volume reminded me of handiwork of the same kind which I have seen by an American writer, Edgar A. Poe. The book Rousseau made so carefully, was a copy, by his own pen, from the original MS. or printed volume, and intended by him as a present to some lady friend of his, of high rank, from whom, I understand, it has descended to this public library.

In the Palais du Corps Legislatif are many fine rooms, and some admirable pictures and statues, among which we spent a pleasant hour; after which I parted with my two friends, with a promise from M. Simon that he would furnish me some facilities to visit the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, which, with the Imperial Library of the Louvre, he especially commended to my notice.

Paris, June 3, 1867.—Two weeks have elapsed since I have written a word in my journal. My engagements were so constant and pressing as to tax my poor capacity for application up to the full extent of my strength, indeed, as I am conscious sometimes, to an extent much beyond it. My nervous system will not bear healthily more than an hour or two of study in the morning, and still less in the evening. Any excess over this brings me that weariness of brain from which I

was (first, however, laying up a little store of good works in the morning service of the Anglo-American Church), at the Races at Longchamps, where we found an immense concourse of the *élite*, crowding the fields with their carriages, to say nothing of the hundred thousand foot passengers, jammed into an impenetrable mass to get a view of the Emperor and Empress, who, with their cortege, occupied a central pavilion on the course. It is strange to observe what a passion it is here in Paris, with high and low, to enjoy the pleasure of getting a glimpse of the Imperial family. We drove through the gate at the cost of twenty francs, to get what we supposed would be a view of the race, and its visitors. Here we saw that the pavilions were crowded with persons who had purchased tickets for this privilege, of which number, unfortunately, we were not. So all we could do was to content ourselves with looking through our glasses, which gave us short apparitions of the Empress, more like the fluttering of a spectre than the real woman she is; and as to the racing, our utmost consciousness of it was that of the sight of some jackets and caps flying for a few instants, within the compass of our view, around the wide course, some three miles in circuit. To me this racing has always seemed the most unsatisfactory, the briefest pastime for the money, the most insufficient for the trouble it costs, and the least attractive in itself, of all of those inventions, customs or performances to which I have ever been beguiled by the persuasion or hope of amusement. After spending a tedious hour here, we fell into the line of retiring carriages, slowly drove out of the field, and found our way back to the city in that most peculiarly Parisian crowd of vehicles of every kind, which, on such occasions as this, move at a snail's pace, four a breast, all the way through the broad avenues of the Bois de Boulogne, to the Avenue l'Imperatrice and the Champs Elysées;—the most various, parti-colored, high and low, stately and queer, virtuous and vicious, funny, grave, fantastic, earnest, intense, and busy current of humanity and its accessions to be found in the world. This journey from the race-course to the

Place de la Concorde, at the rate of the flow of the stream, occupies full two hours, and whatever may be said of the racing, this never fails to afford one the most pleasant attractions of the life of the French Capital. There are so many liveries, such grotesque postilions, such splendid equipages and parade of the vanity of high life, such magnificently-dressed women, and such audacity of display of the pampered favoritism of the *demi-monde;* these are so mingled with the shaby one-horse cab, and odd bakers' or butchers' cart, with which people of lower degree and less money take a place in the throng; and then outside of all these, there is that delighted mass of men and women who line the road, on both sides, all the way, seated in chairs or standing, gazing with a never satiated appetite upon the passing throng, and with an air of interest that shows them to be actually proud of the good fortune which is so much above their own; and so dense in number that one wonders how Paris finds such an army to march such a distance from home. All this scene is so full of incident and character, is so national and so distinctively French, as to make, in my appreciation of it, one of the most abundant sources of amusement the city presents. Certainly the most amusing thing in Paris, is *Paris itself.* The Emperor Alexander, of Russia, arrived on Saturday with his two sons, and was received with great parade by the Emperor Napoleon at the railroad, after which the grand cortege of State carriages passed under our window in the Hotel Westminster. This event furnished a holiday to Paris, and kept everybody in the street all the evening. The Russian Emperor and his sons were at the races yesterday, and were prominent objects of attraction there.

A few days before the arrival of the Emperor, I made a visit, with some members of our International Commission of Weights and Measures and Moneys, Mr. Ruggles, who was the leader in the enterprise, Professor Smith, President Barnard, and Messrs. Mudge and Hazard (who are not members of the Commission), to Baron Budberg, the Russian Minister, to ex-

press our gratification at the good understanding between his country and ours, which has lately brought us into possession of all the Russian possessions on our Continent, by the purchase conducted at the instance of Mr. Seward. He received us with a cordial greeting, and gave us a pleasant half-hour's conference.

This morning, June 3d, we had a beautiful wedding at the Madeleine. Our little friend Helen C——, who has been engaged to be married to Oliver O—— for some months past, arrived here more than a month ago on her visit to her sister, Madame A——. A few days since her lover came to Paris, and, as it appears, for no other purpose than to close the engagement by marriage, and then return home, after a short sojourn on the continent. The marriage was appointed for this day and was celebrated with all the ceremony of a *mariage de luxe* in the highest circles. We, as the old friends of the bride, were invited to the church, where, as it appeared to me, we were the only persons, or certainly with very few others, who belong to the loyal party of Americans in Paris. All the rest were of the southern sympathizing class. But the ceremony was very graceful. I have never seen any thing off the stage so beautifully scenic. The church is very grand in architectural majesty. The space around the altar, within the railing of the church, was furnished with some twenty richly-gilded arm-chairs, luxurious in cushions of crimson velvet. A troupe of priests in their white robes, followed by their censer boys and attended by ushers in steel chains, and full black costume, marched in procession to the altar. Two enormous beadles, with huge cocked hats trimmed with white feathers, and gorgeous in gilded livery, with their great staves of office, moved to and fro over the whole church to exhibit their astounding persons to the slim congregation of strangers, who had crept into the great aisle to witness the ceremony. We, the invited, were all arranged and seated within the chancel. There was a delightful choir in attendance, and the whole ceremony was enriched by most superb music, from the organ and

the singing of the choristers. The greater part were boys, and one voice among them perfectly exquisite. It was an hour before the service was concluded. The principal actor was a priest who had lived for years in the neighborhood of the manor in Maryland, and had long known both bride and groom,—Mr. McCoskery. He was aided by some high dignitaries of the church, among others, the Bishop of Albany, from the United States. An important part of the ceremony seemed to be the payment by the groom, during the proceeding, of a large purse of gold to one of the functionaries of the occasion. At the close, two ladies of the party were selected by the magnificent beadle to carry a plate all round the church for alms. This was timorously performed by two young girls, escorted by two of the best-looking beaux the company afforded. When all this was done, we were invited into the sacristy, whither we all went, to record our names as witnesses in a great church register, and to congratulate the new recruits to the noble army,—after which we took our leave, and in an hour later the bride and groom set out for Brussels.

Paris, June 8, 1767.—It was set down in the programme of the week, that there would be a grand review of sixty thousand soldiers at Longchamps on Thursday the 6th. It was soon seen that all Paris was to be there. Carriages here rose so high as to get out of sight. We have been paying thirty-five francs a day all the season; our man tells us now we must "pay ninety for next Thursday." Very well, we submit. There is consolation in knowing that many of our friends were compelled to stand to one hundred and fifty and even higher. When Thursday, the 6th, came, all Paris was astir. Our little party—E. M. and I—left the hotel about one o'clock, and plunged into the great stream of the Champs Elysées, with which we moved all the way to the field at Longchamps, seldom getting a chance to quicken our pace beyond a walk. It was near four when we got in position, with innumerable carriages, near the wind-mill, where the best we could do was to stand up on the seats of our barouche and see what we could

see—which I must say was quite insignificant in comparison with what we could not see. But there was the great field, with the sixty thousand troops in full march past the grand central post, where were paraded, on horseback, the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and King William of Prussia. These were environed by a bevy of Princes Field Marshals, Equerries, Grand Dukes, etc., all bedizened in the extreme of the art of gold lace and glittering equipment. According to the report of the day, this cortege included the Czarowitz and his brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir (the sons of the Emperor), the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince Frederick of Hesse, Joachim Murat, etc. But above all, it included Bismarck, distinguished on the field by a very light overcoat. He, of course, excited great curiosity. Some one told him that the crowd shouted "Vive Bismarck." "Now," said he, "vous n'avez pas bien entendu—ce n'est pas 'Vive,' mais voila Bismarck." In this bevy I am told there were several American uniforms—doughty militiamen claiming the feathers and lace as the residuary reward of past martial service, when they graced some peaceful governor's staff at home, and had put away their commissions for holiday use here. How they got into these choice quarters on this occasion, I have not heard; but the French are a military people, and like to have this tributary homage from heroes of all countries. Our heroes just now, after our fierce war, have free scope, and some of them may be seen in every part of the world. "Quae regio in terris, etc."

When the Review was three quarters over, we hastened off the field, fearing to be thrown into the returning stream, which was about beginning to flow townward, when it might be so heavily blocked up as to detain us beyond our dinner. We thus got into the line ahead of the great crush, and slowly moved with the retreating carriages that, by the time we came to the Great Cascade of the Bois de Boulogne, had become arranged into ranks of four a-breast. At the angle of the Cascade, where the road through the Bois forks, we found an im-

mense crowd waiting to see the Emperors pass. We did not stop, but followed the current on the left hand road,—the broad avenue generally taken.

It was at this intersection of the roads, some short time after we had passed, that the notable event of the day, which has created so much feeling all over Europe, took place. The Emperor Napoleon arrived here, on his way to the city, in an open barouche, with the Emperor Alexander seated on his right, and with the two sons of the Czar on the front seat. Berezowski, that foolish and fanatical young Pole, who takes his place in history as the most absurd of imaginary patriots in the Brutus line,—having selected this occasion for what he supposed to be a great sacrifice, had stationed himself on the right margin of this left hand road, in a position to bring the Emperor Alexander, when the carriage came along, within a few feet of him. Luckily and providentially as it may have been, Napoleon, on arriving at the Fork, seeing the crowd on the left so very dense, directed his coachman to take the right. This change disconcerted the plan of the Pole, who had to push his way through the crowd and around the border of the cascade, in order to intercept the carriage on the other road. He succeeded in this,—but this movement brought him to the left side of the barouche, and consequently interposed the Emperor Napoleon between him and his intended victim. As he pushed onward, the Equerry, who rode on that side, M. Rainbaux the papers call him, spurred his horse towards the carriage, thinking this man was pressing upon it to deliver a petition, which he endeavored to prevent. At the same moment Berezowski fired a pistol of two barrels. One barrel burst, wounding his hand. The ball of one or the other struck the Equerry's horse in the head—the blood of the wound sprinkling the dress of Louis Napoleon himself. A Madame Laborde,—a spectator in the crowd, was struck in the face and slightly wounded. This was all the harm done. The Emperors exchanged some cheerful words, and stood up and showed themselves to the crowd. The air was rent with

shouts of "Vive l'Empereur"—for both. Berezowski was knocked down by the by-standers, and would have been killed in a few minutes, if he had not been rescued by the police,—and the Imperial cortege drove off rapidly through the "Bois" and up the avenue de l'Imperatrice,—passing us in our carriage near the Barrier de l'Etoile, where we had halted on the roadside to see it. We had heard nothing, at this time, of the incident, and were struck with the grave and silent deportment of the two Emperors, who came by within a few feet of us, and with the altogether unusual speed of their drive.

June 11, 1867.—The rooms at the Tuileries were full of Kings and Princes and their appurtenances, and every other man I met sparkled with stars and other insignia of grandeur. From the central salon of the Palace a great double flight of steps had been built, down from this upper floor into the garden, giving an easy and broad stairway to the ground. From the windows facing the garden and the spacious platform or porch at the head of the stairs, the grandest and most beautiful spectacle of the evening was presented, in a general illumination of the whole garden and fountains. This was made by thousands of jets of gas through small glass globes, studded as thick as they could be set around the flower-beds and along the walks, and above these, in ropes of pipe festooned from post to post, some twenty feet apart over a large circuit, the little glass covers so arranged as to protect the brilliancy of the gas from disturbance by the wind. In addition to these myriads of lights the garden was still more intensely illuminated by one great central fire of electric lights that shone like suns over the scene. A wonderfully fine effect was produced by a constant change of colors imparted to the whole landscape, by frequent and successive interposition of great plates of colored glass before these intense burners, which throughout the whole night, were alternately casting the most brilliant hues of crimson, orange, green, blue and white radiance, not only upon the shrubbery and flowers of the Garden, but also upon the deepest recesses of the thick grove that leads to La

Place de la Concorde. I have never seen an illumination so beautiful.

About midnight E. and I thought of retiring, but one of the Chamberlains suggested to me that if I would wait till two o'clock, when the supper-room would be opened, it would be quite worth the delay to see it. We had already been through some ten or twelve rooms, had seen the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia and the other notabilities who were scattered familiarly through the crowd, and had gone into the refreshment-room, "La Salle de Diane," where we had got ices, champagne, tea, etc., and had, in fact, pretty nearly got through all the formula of an evening party, in which we had more to *see* than to *do*—and now, would have made an early retreat but for this intimation of the Chamberlain, Le Marquis ———, —I forget the name, so we made another circuit through the rooms, which brought us at last again to the dancing-room. Here we found amusement enough to be worth remembering. This salon was closely packed with a crowd that formed a hedge around the dancers One side of the apartment was appropriated to the Royal company. A daïs or platform, elevated a foot above the floor, was constructed along the side, projecting some fifteen feet from the wall. Upon this was placed a number of ample arm-chairs, rich in crimson and gold, and here sat in regular order of precedence, the grandees of the time. In the middle or centre chair sat Napoleon III. On his right Alexander II. On his left King William of Prussia. Following this line to the left from King William, the chairs were respectively occupied by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. The Duke of Leuchtenberg, Princess Augusta Bonaparte, and the Czarowitz, eldest son of the Emperor. On the other line to the right of the Emperor of Russia, I can only mention the Princess Mathilde, the Crown Prince of Prussia, another lady,—perhaps the Princess Eugenie de Leuchtenberg, Prince Humbert, son of Victor Emanuel, the Grand Duke Vladimir, the second son of the Czar, and, as a royal flanker, the little nephew of the Tycoon, looking very [illegible]ingy, very tired, and very sleepy.

After this array of royalties, came the diplomatic corps and officers of the Government, who were supplied with chairs both on the right and left, and protected from invasion by a brass rail.

This is a picture of the royal state. E. and I, without at first being aware of it, had made our way up to the rail, where we came into close proximity with the dignitaries and but a few paces from the Imperial platform. This platform overlooked the dancing, which was conducted with all the animation and *elan* that belongs to young people in a high state of enjoyment. When we reached this spot they were dancing a *german*, and going through its evolutions with a glee that almost came to a romp. The Czarowitz and his brother, and some other young men of the platform, seemed to be in particular request, and were kept in constant requisition in the waltz. All at once we were struck with the sight of a young girl, who was manifestly a belle and had been flying very gracefully through the dance,—I have no idea who she was,—but we saw her suddenly bounding out of the circle and running up to Bismarck, who was seated among the diplomats; she presented him the *bouquet*, by which, according to the law of the dance, he was challenged to enter into the ring, and take a turn of the waltz. I had been looking at him the moment before, and speculating upon the expression and character of the man who had suddenly become the most famous and powerful individual in Europe. To my view, he was a great, grim, red-eyed, ungainly man, with the look of a bull-terrier and the frame of a dragoon. He probably, I thought, was not well, and was tired of this parade and constant exhibition, and would rather be in some quiet place to restore his composure, which war and policy had so long interrupted. When the young lady came with her bouquet to this terrible man, it seemed to me the most spiritish prank, and the most likely to be unsuccessful, that a mischievous fairy could attempt. But her victory was perfect. The moment she placed the talisman in his hand he sprang up, ran with her into the ring, placed his arm around her

waist, and whirled with her, at the most agile pace, through the room, and having performed his duty, came back to his chair, and by way of protection against another onslaught, retreated to a seat in the rear. The feat seemed to have taken everybody by surprise, and I observed the two Emperors and the King of Prussia giving way to a fit of laughter which soon spread through the whole party. I doubt if Bismarck ever performed better, or excited more sudden surprise on the broader theatre of his acting.

After this, we went to the supper-room, which was the Theatre of the Palace, now fitted up for the occasion. The upper or box floor was arranged for the royal guests, and was set out with a table filled with flowers and gold plate. The parterre was levelled and contained some thirty round tables, at which from three to four hundred persons were seated at a time,—the supper being served to the guests in different parties. The stage presented a beautiful scene with a fountain playing in the midst of it. The whole theatre was lavishly supplied with flowers, mirrors, lights and rich tapestries. It was very beautiful. E. and I wandered around and through the scene without partaking of the supper, which was abundant in its substantial material as well as in quality. It was too late to eat, and after spending a half hour here we retired, descending the great staircase to the waiting-room, where we found Henry looking out for us. It was half-past three when our carriage was brought to the door, and we drove home to the Rue de la Paix in broad daylight.

June 29, 1867.—At a certain stage of the discussions, at a meeting of the Committee on Weights, Measures and Coinage, I drew up a programme of principles or propositions, which I conceived to be the proper and necessary topics upon which the Committee was expected to present its views to the General Commission. In this programme it was declared, that the value of a *uniform system of moneys* was self-evident and recognized by all enlightened nations; that as its establishment could only be made upon the abandonment of old customs,

and of long practised habits, it should be introduced by gradual advances, and complicated with as few incidental questions as possible. In this view, it was proposed, as desirable to this end, 1st. That the several nations should agree to adopt a system of gold coinage, *with the same unit.*

2d. That each nation in this Convention should forthwith strike *at least one piece of money* of the series agreed upon, thereby establishing a point of contact common to all; and, starting from this point, should go on gradually to bring their whole gold coinage into conformity with it.

3d. That the system of the gold coinage of France having been adopted by a large portion of the people of Europe, and being in itself a convenient and approved system, it commends itself as best for general use.

4th. That the *golden five-franc piece*, in this view, is recommended as *the unit* of the system to be proposed, and that the coinage of the different nations be founded on that unit and its multiples.

5th. That it be recommended to the different nations coming into this Convention, to pass the proper laws to make the moneys of each—coined in conformity with the plan agreed on—legal money in all.

6th. That although it is greatly to be desired that the *double standard* should be abandoned where it exists, that the *decimal* system should be introduced, and that the moneys of each country should have the *same form, denomination and value,*—these are questions which should be left to the appreciation and experience of the several nations to settle them at their own convenience.

As nearly as I can now recall them, without having the memoranda at hand,—these were, in substance, the resolutions as originally offered by me.

I presented them, done into French, in the midst of a high wrangle between Mannequin and Herzog. They were received with immediate favor as presenting tangible propositions adapted to the business we had in hand, and I think they

were the more welcome, as affording an escape from the discussion which had begun to appear interminable. All further debate was suspended and the resolutions were ordered to be printed, or, as they do it here, lithographed and laid before each member at the next meeting. M. Peligot suggested some amelioration of phrase, and asked my permission to allow the Secretary to correct any mistake he might find in the French, to which I was but too glad to assent.

At the next meeting the printed copies were laid on the table, the language much improved, and, what I perceived was deemed a matter of etiquette or respect to the several governments, the phrase, "Il est a desirer" substituted everywhere in place of the language of recommendation I had used to these governments to adopt our propositions. It was regarded as an assumption on our part to give to our advice or deliberation the slightest aspect of dictating to the higher authorities, for whose instruction we were, in fact, at work. Very different this from the form of proceeding in such matters on our side of the Atlantic.

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It was proposed, at this stage of our work, as we had now made up our report or summary of proceeding on both subjects,— "Weights and Measures and Money,"—to enlarge our Committee, or rather invite a conference of such persons as we might find, at this time, in Paris, who were known as political economists or otherwise distinguished in public affairs, to meet us and hear and discuss the propositions we had thus matured.

This was agreed to, and invitations were accordingly sent to a large number of persons known to be skilled in these studies. This conference met at la Salle de l'Empereur, en Le Palais de l'Industrie, about the 25th. There I found, in addition to the members of our Committee, Prince Napoleon, who was elected President. Michel Chevalier, Louis Wolowski, General Favét, Senator Sherman and Mr. Kusson, of the Congress of the U. S. We had here also an English delegation

consisting of Leone Levi (who had latterly been in attendance on the committee as one of its members), Mr. Charles Rivers Wilson, of the British Treasury, Mr. L. P. Cassella, Mr. Brown, and another I forget. Of the other French members brought into this conference, I note M. Emile Periere as taking a part in the debate.

Here as soon as we were organized, after an admirable speech from Prince Napoleon, we had a regular *set to* between Wolowski and Mannequin on the question of the *double etalon.* Wolowski opened with a very ingenious and neat speech in favor of the double standard,—the best, or most ingenious defence of it I have ever heard. He was, however, its only defender. Mannequin *read* a speech against it. Then General Favét made an exceedingly sensible one. Then Herr Herzog —and some two or three others. During this debate Wolowski wished to make a second speech in reply to several dissenters from his opinion. This we should have regarded in our country as a right,—but Prince Napoleon, following I suppose some French parliamentary law, made a very näive decision. "I would permit M. Wolowski to take the parole again, if there was any difference of opinion in the meeting. But this is not a debate,—it is a dialogue between one member and all the rest. He can have no hope. His reply will be useless. I can't give him the parole," said the Prince, with a shrug of his shoulders, an arch laugh, and a merry twinkle of the eye—"What's the use? A quoi servira t'il?" Wolowski acquiesced, and this finished our first day.

Two days later we met again. I was quite charmed with our President, the Prince. He bears the most extraordinary likeness, not only in feature and expression, to his half-brother in Baltimore, but also in voice, gesture and manner. He is larger, taller and stouter, than Jerome; but when seated at the table, his face and manner was so exactly the same, that I could scarcely check my inclination to address him as an old acquaintance. In the little intercourse of these two days that I had with him I found him affable, pleasant and popular. I

observed that the Conference treated him with great deference, and almost every one approached him with an obsequious flattery that I could scarcely reconcile to the conditions of our present association.

A discussion arose this day on the question of establishing a new unit,—the gross weight of gold,—which was broached and argued by Chevalier, in two or three speeches, which did not impress me very deeply with his power either as an economist or a speaker. We had several speeches in reply to him, and one particularly good one from M. Beaudrillart. Leone Levi made a feeble effort to change the unit of my resolutions from the five-france piece to one of ten francs, which was effectually answered by Prince Napoleon, by the remark that it made no difference which was called the unit, for all that was necessary would be to issue a coin of *two units*, if they did not wish to have a piece as small as five francs.

In conclusion, the vote was taken and the resolutions, as we had reported them, were adopted, with, I think, only one dissenting voice.

Paris, July 2, 1867.—Yesterday we had the Grand Fête des Recompenses—the distribution of the prizes awarded by the several juries to the Competitors of the Exposition. I have seen nothing in the current of the late festivities which have added so much to the brilliancy of the French Capital, to equal the magnificence of this display.

The grand salon of Le Palais de l'Industrie was fitted up for the occasion with a most prodigal wealth of embellishment, intended by the Emperor to signalize the ceremony as one of peculiar grandeur, befitting the glory of the Exposition, and also designed to represent the Majesty of the Empire in the manifestations of its hospitality to Abdul Aziz—the Great Sultan, who believes, or affects to believe, himself the greatest of earthly potentates. The scene was a full realization of the Emperor's wish. Never was a theatre fitted up with more taste: never had any theatre, before, the advantage of such resources for display as were supplied to this by the Exposition, and

never were the arrangements for good order and splendid effect more perfect and successful.

There were some eighteen thousand tickets issued, and this great concourse was conducted to the seats respectively assigned to its individuals, with less confusion than occurs at many a well-ordered theatre. The tickets were numbered; each had a drawing of the plan of the room, with an indication of the door through which the holder was to enter. The entrances or doors of the salon were numbered up to XIII. The front of the Palais, as well as the door was described; and in addition to this the cards bore different colors to serve us as a guide for the immediate notice and direction of the officials who were posted at every avenue to point the way to the seats. Outside of the Palais, for nearly a mile on every street leading to it, cavalry soldiers were stationed to direct the course of the comers, in carriages or on foot, to their appropriate entrance.

All this plan was beautifully administered. The company assembled without noise or crowding. Every one was well dressed, and many officials were decked out with a glory that would have been thought gorgeous on the stage. All nations were represented. We saw a cluster of Chinese, another from Siam,—a group of Japanese, Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Tartars, Algerians and other infidels. Then we had all Christendom in costume, from booted, bespangled and bedizened Hungarians, down *or over* to the ponderous magnificence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London in full canonicals, who were there in proud competition with Lord Mayors and suites of Glasgow, and I know not what other corporations that had sent their wigged and gowned dignitaries to represent them.

The seats were arranged in benches covered with crimson cloth, and divided by iron arms, giving an easy, comfortable seat, with a back also cushioned, to each person. The hangings of the room were crimson and gold, and the gallery, which extended along the four sides,—only interrupted by the space allotted to the throne and its platform,—was supported by pillars, bearing the flags and other devices representing the dif-

ferent nationalities assembled. Above all, at the height of some sixty or more feet, a great semicircular arched roof of glass,—clouded sufficiently to soften the light,—spanned the immense area, and gave a singularly cheerful aspect, as of a vast conservatory, to the scene below.

The platform for the throne and its accompaniments, large enough to contain some thirty or forty richly-gilded and crimson-lined arm-chairs, and to afford space or standing room for a hundred attendants, occupied the middle section of the northern wall of the apartment, and presented a broad flight of steps, that opened its approach from the central plain or parterre of the building. The floor was everywhere carpeted with green cloth. The parterre, which extended down the middle between the opposite range of seats, was furnished at regular intervals with pyramids some twenty feet high, composed of articles selected from the Exposition, to represent the special character or quality of the subjects allotted to each of the Ten Groups, into which the material of the Exposition was divided, according to the scientific classification adopted by the Imperial Commission. In these pyramids were seen beautifully arranged, the appropriated representation of Agriculture, in farming utensils, shocks of grain and fruits and flowers. Manufactures were symbolized in models of machinery. Commerce in ships, machinery of railways, etc., etc., and all were embellished more or less with superb statuary.

This is a general view of that vast Hall extending some five hundred feet, I should say at a guess, by some two hundred in width. At one end of the Hall was a division set off for the orchestra, which was composed of twelve hundred performers. There was great demand for tickets for admission, which are only distributed to the purchasers of season tickets for the Exposition, and to those who were designated by the Imperial Commission as proper to be invited. Of this latter class the Members of the several Foreign Commissions, the Members of the Juries, and the diplomatic representatives, were favored persons. E. and M. had tickets as subscribers

for the season, but in addition to this, still better seats were given them with mine as Commissioner. They were therefore enabled to oblige some friends by giving them their subscribed seats, which they did to the two Misses S——, of New York, who had lately arrived in Paris. The ceremony commenced at two o'clock. The house was filled at one. A little before two, the Emperor and Empress with their suite arrived in a splendid procession of the State carriages. At the same time the Sultan with his suite came in magnificent array, from the Palais of the Elysée, and the two grand parties entered the platform together. When seated, I recognized in the first row, Napoleon, the Empress, the Sultan, the Prince of Wales, the Sultan's son,—some Prince, his brother, perhaps, Princess Mathilde, Grand Duchess Marie, Prince Napoleon and Clotilde, etc. Behind these were arrayed the Tom, Dick and Harry of royalty,and other dukes, princes and grandees, *ad infinitum* to the extent of the accommodation afforded.

We had now a grand crash of music, in a national hymn composed for the occasion by Rossini, which was only remarkable for its noise, and especially for its winding up in the discharge of cannon and ringing of heavy alarm bells.

The Emperor read, in a clear, perfectly audible voice, an admirable speech, and M. Rouher, the Prime Minister, followed, in a long report upon the character of the Exposition. After this came the announcement by Rouher of the Grand Prizes, of which, I suppose, there must have been a hundred. The recipients of these were called out by name, and each came forward, ascended the steps and received a gold medal from the Emperor, and generally a gracious bow or nod of the head,—and in the cases of some favorites, among the artists and others a smile and a clapping of the hands from the pretty Empress Eugenie. The representatives of each group received from the Emperor also a portfolio, which contained the names of the hundreds of competitors to whom the prizes below the Prix d'honneur had been awarded, which prizes were arranged to be distributed more at leisure.

All this occupied nearly two hours, and when it was finished the whole Royal, Imperial and Sultanic party, including the little Tycoon and the little heir apparent of Abdul, and what was very interesting to see, the young Prince Imperial, who had been some weeks confined to his bed, and was now out for the first time,—a fine handsome little fellow in knickerbocker breeches of black velvet, a jacket of the same and red stockings, walking near his mother. All this royal gathering, with the troop of attendants, made a slow circuit in promenade around the whole extent of the saloon, passing immediately in front of the first range of benches, on which I had my seat. The Empress attracted every eye by her graceful movement and kind, good-natured expression of face,—to say nothing of the magnificence of her costume, and the profusion of her diamonds. There was one pleasant little dramatic incident in the distribution of the prizes. The tenth group embraced provision for the comfort and education of operatives,—the workmen of different occupations. The Emperor himself was a competitor for the honors of the group, by offering a plan for the construction of comfortable lodging-houses for the working-class. Of course he won the prize, and one of the grand medals of honor fell to his share. The Prince Imperial had been appointed President of the whole Commission. He was at least the titular head of the Exposition. When the Emperor's prize was announced, we were all taken by surprise to see the little Prince leap down from his chair, walk composedly forward to the front, and there take up the medal in its morocco case, and very gracefully present it, with a bow, to his father. This was received by the whole assembly with a general clapping of hands,—which was visibly much relished by the Empress. It was after four o'clock when the dignitaries retired, and we soon afterwards vacated our seats and left the room in the same quiet and orderly manner in which we had entered it.

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I learn this morning that the Emperor was very much dis-

turbed yesterday by bad news from Mexico, which was brought to him the day before, but which he would not allow to be promulgated until after this Fête des Recompenses. We have had for some weeks past rumors of the death of the Emperor Maximilian,—his being shot by the orders of Juarez, in pursuance of the sentence of a Court Martial. But the news was so uncertain, and was followed by such contradiction and denial, as left it more than doubtful in the public mind, so that no one believed it. But on Sunday the authentic account of the execution came, putting the fact beyond all question. The Count de Flandres, the brother-in-law of Maximilian, had just come to Paris to take part in the Fête, but in consequence of this misfortune in his family could not attend. His absence was remarked, and we had yesterday some whispered conjectures of the truth. To-day it is made known, and we hear now that the Court is going into mourning, which will stop all farther festivities. We thought yesterday that amid all the gayety and splendor of the scene, Napoleon was unusually grave. The death of Maximilian is a terrible blow to him, as it brings upon him afresh, with this tragic accompaniment to make it the more painfully vivid, the universal comment upon the blunder of his Mexican Expedition, in regard to which he has been already so severely assailed, not only by the opposition in France, but by nearly all Europe. It has brought him, moreover, what, I am sure, he feels still more, the stern and angry rebuke of the government of the United States, which justly regarded this expedition as a measure in aid of the Rebellion and undertaken only in view of what he counted on and perhaps hoped for, our destruction as a nation. He was deceived by false representations, and led by false advice studiously poured into his ear by the rebel leaders and by his own Minister to the United States, Mercier, to give his aid to the Conspiracy,—in the failure of which he has suffered something more than mere defeat. From his own French point of view,—as an expedition undertaken to aggrandize France,—it may be classed in the category with that policy which all nations feel at liberty to

adopt,—that is, the pursuit of their own welfare and increase of power, without regard to the loss it may occasion to others; and in this view of it we of the United States have no right to complain of it except as an unfriendly manifestation of a power from which we had a right to expect, at least neutrality, if not sympathy. But from our point of view, on the other hand, it is an admonition to be put upon our guard,—to put no faith in foreign friendships, and to pursue our own course in our own way, dealing *justly* with all nations, and achieving for our own welfare all that our national policy may honestly enable us to do. It is a trait of manliness in the Emperor, that he does not hesitate to confess the mistake of his Mexican policy, and I think he is anxious to make some atonement to the United States for this error by which he has weakened the traditional bond of friendship established nearly a century ago between the two countries. I think I see some evidence of this in the awards of the Exposition, and in the welcome with which he has received our Commission. I perceive that the Cordon of the Legion of Honor has been given to nine of our citizens, of which I think four are selected from the Commission.

Paris, July 6, 1867.—Yesterday evening I dined at 7, with "La Sociétié Politique et Economique," at the Grand Hotel. It was the regular monthly dinner of the Society, and was something entirely new to me in its arrangement and purpose. The society numbers somewhere about fifty members. These are, for the most part, men of note, distinguished for their studies in political economy. Many of them have published volumes or tracts on this subject. My friend Mannequin, of the International Conference, invited Ruggles and myself and, I believe, some other of our representatives in that body to attend as guests. I presume every member of the society has a limited privilege of invitation. I repaired to the hotel at the appointed time, where I found M. Mannequin ready to conduct Mr. R. and myself to the drawing-room on the second floor. I wore the red ribbon of my new appointment on this occasion, although I had not accepted it, but upon the contin-

gency and with the reservation of *the permission* to do so, mentioned in my letter. My reason for wearing the badge on this occasion was, that I was told it would be regarded as a failure of respect to the members of the order, and to the authorities, if, after being gazetted, I did not wear it on some public occasion. To avoid any such reflection, I determined to exhibit the ribbon at this dinner,—the only time at which I may be under a necessity to do so, and, in fact, this exhibition of it amounts to no more than a public acknowledgment that I had received the compliment the Emperor had offered me; and it could not, under the circumstances, imply any thing more than the qualified acceptance I had given in writing. My exhibition of it, I regarded as simply a courtesy which I should be under no necessity of repeating. It was done, in fact, with no other motive than to avoid giving offence, as a proof that I had not rejected what was presented me as an honor.

In the drawing-room I found a large company, I suppose some thirty, at least, of the members of the Society, and some ten or fifteen invited guests. Among the former I recognized M. Wolowski, who is the President of the Society, Peligot, the Secretary, De Chancourbois, etc., etc. Among the invited guests were Baron Hock, of Vienna, M. Herman, of Bavaria and Southern Germany, the Count D'Avila, of Portugal, Van Baumhauer of the Netherlands.

Dinner was announced and we were conducted into a beautiful saloon adjoining, and took our appointed seats at a highly decorated and well supplied table. Every thing went on in due order, until the substantial feat of a gratified appetite was successfully performed, and I supposed the entertainment was drawing to a close; but at this stage of the business, a servant placed a printed page before every guest, on which I read a list of some twenty or more questions in political economy, with the name of some one member of the society attached to each question, the proposer, or author, I presume, of the question. M. Wolowski now addressed the company in a very neat speech, in which he spoke of the character and progress of the

Society, and of the various questions which had occupied its attention; adding, to this, a kind and flattering allusion to the invited guests who were present, rendering them the welcome and regards of the Society. He was followed by M. Peligot, who spoke in the same manner and with the vivacity characteristic of French courtesy. He was asked by some members to read out the names of the guests of the evening, and as he complied with this request, Wolowski took occasion to introduce us *seriatim* to the company. When this ceremony was got through the President took up the list of questions for discussion, and upon a vote being taken for the selection of one for this meeting, it resulted in the choice of the following: "Is a high rate of interest an indication of the prosperity, or of the depression in the industry and commerce of a nation?" And, thereupon, a series of speeches were made, *pro and con*, from different sections of the table. These speeches, though for the most part made on the spur of the moment, were, in general, very well done, and showed thoughtful study of the problem proposed. They were not confined to the members, but were participated in by the invited guests,—among whom M. Herman and Baron Hock made short discourses in highly Germanized French. The novelty of this mode of entertainment amused me, and, at the same time, convinced me that it was not only not incompatible with a good philosophical discussion, but really a very sensible and effective mode of eliciting scientific opinion.

It was near eleven when the debate was closed, and the President then took the opinion of the table, by a show of hands, which resulted in the decision "that the rate of interest was so variously affected by influences favorable and unfavorable to national prosperity, that it could not be regarded as a proof either of vigor or depression;" and having settled this point, we broke up in good humor, with the pleasant memory, for me, of a new and interesting entertainment, and with an increased respect for the intellectual force of the *savans* of Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

EN ROUTE.—LONDON AND PARIS.

Tom Hughes; Concert at Sydenham; St. Alban's; Lauderdale House; the Brighton Coach; a Ritualistic Church; an American Wedding; Lord Houghton.

London, July 14, 1867.—To Tom Hughes', in Park St., at a quarter before eight. Mrs. Hughes, a fine, genial, and rather pretty woman, meets me at the door, and is lavish in her kindness. She tells me Motley has just arrived in town and is to dine with us. Presently Hughes and Motley come in together. We have no other company, and sit down to a table choicely and elaborately supplied with cold meats,—nothing warm,—Hughes says this is his Sunday practice. The dinner is very good, and we have a pleasant time. Hughes is full of good humor, and an enthusiastic admirer of our country; Motley is animated. After dinner,—between 10 and 11,—Hughes takes us to the Cosmopolitan Club, in his neighborhood. Here we meet a number of distinguished men,—authors, artists and public characters; among these I find Lord Houghton, Mr. Mason, the editor of Macmillan's Magazine and author of the Lives of Milton, Mr. Baring, and Sir William Sterling Maxwell, to whom Motley introduces me. I am also presented to Mr. Vaux, the Superintendent of the British Museum. About twelve, just at a time when the club room begins to be crowded, I leave to walk to my hotel. Being uncertain of my way, I stop a passing cab, and direct the driver to take me to the St. James, which he does by driving me about fifty yards.

London, July 16, 1867.—There is a great concert at Sydenham Palace to-day for the amusement of the Sultan, who is now in London undergoing his public reception, which has

been in full display for some days past. We get a carriage and drive out about twelve ;—an immense crowd and the customary disorder, which I believe is a trait of the race. Very American in this quality, and altogether like one of our own celebrations. We have some fine singing,—an intermission at four ;—a great struggle to get something to eat in a large saloon, which is entered by a turnstyle at which every one pays for his dinner before he gets in. The Sultan and Prince of Wales, Duke of Cambridge, etc., come in about seven, two hours behind time, and we have a fulsome ode addressed to the Sultan as the grandest of monarchs,—sung in the original Turkish,—a printed translation being furnished to enable us to estimate the glory of this the most formidable of magnificees,—if we believe his poet. The concert is over at nine, and the thirty thousand English, reported to be there, have to make their exit through one door, where all the carriages are to be brought up. We wait here two hours outside, jammed up in the most unruly and ill-natured crowd I ever saw, before we can get away. What a difference between this wretched management and the orderly arrangement we found in Paris!

London, July 22, 1867.—Yesterday morning we went to St. Alban's—the famous ritualistic church, which excites so much notice, so much spleen and anger, and so much wonder and curiosity, not only in London but in the whole island. As for myself, I witnessed the order and progress of the service, I must say, without the first consciousness of a religious sentiment. It struck me as a puerile and irreverent piece of acting all through,—as an attempt to appropriate the useless trappings of Romanism in order to produce dramatic effect, and the impression it was most apt to make upon the witnesses or spectators who did not belong to the brotherhood, was simply that of an exaggerated pageant forced into the service of church worship, with the idea that it magnified the priest in the eyes of the people, and gave him a sanctity in their estimation, which might increase his power to govern quite irre-

spective of his power to teach them. The display of millinery—far more various and glaring than is seen in Catholic churches—the thick clouds of incense thrown into the room, the genuflexions,—the turnings right and left and rear and front, the making the sign of the cross in the air,—the spreading of open arms, and open palms, the three-deep single file in front of the altar, etc., all were shockingly overdone. And then, the attempt to mumble the prayers in order that they might resemble the Latin, or, at least, became as unintelligible,—the sing-song cadences,—the attempt to substitute what might sound like the Roman "*Secula seculorum*," in concluding a muttered prayer; —all these devices I think a Roman Catholic would regard as a caricature of the service to which he was accustomed. At the conclusion of all this, we had a sermon which I suppose I may consider as a true test of the amount of intellect embodied in this fraternity. It was simply a poor, shallow, commonplace piece of bad ethics, which, whether true or false, is not worth uttering.

London, July 25, 1867.—The weather, after a good deal of rain, is now very pleasant. I take a carriage this morning and drive out to Highgate, some five or six miles, to visit Mr. James Yates, at Lauderdale House. My visit is very interesting. I am shown into a long low drawing-room, some hundred feet long, I should say, very prettily furnished and looking out on a beautiful terrace, and over an exquisite lawn, the whole garnished by flowers of the choicest kind and richest bloom. The house has the air of a cottage,—not unlike the old Manor House of the Carroll's at Donhoregan, near our house at Ellicott's Mills. It stands on the slope of the high hill which looks down upon London and over a wide rural prospect. After waiting a few minutes in this room, and noting its quaint old-fashioned elegance, an elderly lady enters, introducing herself to me as Mrs. Yates, and gives me the kindest welcome,—telling me that Mr. Yates will come down in a moment. She strikes me at her first accost, as one of that class of gentle and good-hearted women we often meet in our career of life, who

seem to be charged with the special mission to teach how beautiful old age becomes, when it brings with it the cheerfulness and benevolence, that, in the best natures, grow to be habits of the mind. In the short interval before the appearance of Mr. Yates, she called my attention to the flowers and the rural beauty of the place, telling me that this house was built by Lord Lauderdale, one of the famous cabal; and that, at one time, it was the residence of Nell Gwynn,—perhaps owned by her. Presently Mr. Yates came in, an old gentleman apparently of a gouty temperament, expressed great pleasure in seeing me, and said he had, yesterday, invited several gentlemen to meet me, and that they were expecting me three or four hours. This brought out the fact that he had appointed yesterday, Tuesday,—as I had suggested to Mr. Levi,—for our meeting, and that Mr. Levi had promised to let me know it. This, however, he had neglected to do, and I was consequently left uninformed of the appointment. I explained to Mr. Yates that it was by mere accident I had come to-day. It was only to acknowledge his civility and to express my regret that I could not come at the day he had mentioned in his note. Here Mrs. Yates interposed and said: "I told Mr. Yates I thought there was some mistake, and now we find it was Levi's fault." They were both very good humored, and Mr. Yates took pains to repeat to me what he desired to tell me yesterday, giving me a narrative of what he had done, and what he had written towards the introduction of the Metric System of Weights and Measures into England. He gave me several of his pamphlets, and promised to send me, in Paris, one of his metres which he has had made with several scales noted on it for comparison. He wished me to take charge of the set of weights and measures he had sent over to the Exposition, and to present it, in his name, to our government. I told him I would be happy to aid him in this when I returned to Paris, and advised him to send them to General Dix, our Minister there. After we had got through this conversation, I was invited into another room, where I had a lunch of fruits and

wine. Soon afterwards I took leave of my kind hosts and drove back to the St. James.

I arrived just in time to accompany E. and Lady Franklin to Kensington Gore, where we had tea, and something like a Fête Champêtre, in a pretty garden attached to the House. I suppose that the company we met here could not have been less than sixty or eighty persons. Lady F. has her house filled with the collections of her numerous travels, making quite a museum of curiosities. One room, furnished in Japanese fashion, with a supply of most authentic articles of household use and ornament, particularly attracted the admiration of her friends. We have promised to dine with her on Friday, the invitation having been sent a few days ago.

London, July 27, 1867.—There is a coach which runs daily from an office near our hotel in Piccadilly, to Brighton. It is superbly got up, with fine horses and most comfortable equipments, and makes, I am told, a most agreeable drive. This, just now, is in great request, and is constantly filled. But for the crowd that goes in it, I think we should have taken it in preference to the railway. It is specially notable as an evidence of the freaks of an eccentric nobleman—the Duke of Beaufort, who owns the establishment, having set it up for his own amusement and to gratify an aristocratic taste for driving four in hand. He takes the box and whip himself, and drives the coach the whole way through, almost every day. I have observed its arrival several times, as the office is quite near the St. James, and have seen a crowd of street boys and others on the pavement, gaping at this prodigy of a nobleman. He is generally accompanied by a friend who affects the same taste, or probably estimates the accomplishment at the same value and, I believe, occasionally takes the reins.

Brighton, July 28, 1867.—This morning we go to the Ritualistic church here,—a large congregation,—as the town is now full of visitors. The service pretty much the same as that of St. Alban's in London. I cannot say that it gained any thing in my esteem upon this repetition. To me it seems

a degradation of Christian worship, by the interpolation of idle and unintelligible observances which are simply distractions. It is quite impossible to connect the idea of religious duty with a series of gesticulations, changes of costume, variety of colors, and inaudible prayers, in regard to the meaning of which the congregation are in perfect ignorance. I have seen some attempt to explain the rationale of these forms, in essays or tracts, and more at large in a volume published by one of the fraternity, named Walker, I think ("The Ritual Reason Why." By Charles Walker. Published in London, by A. T. Hayes, Lyall Place, Eaton Square). But the detail was so extensive, the particulars so trivial, and the interpretation so obscure, and, at last, the whole amount of instruction imparted, of so little value when acquired, as to make the study of it the dullest drudgery. It is very certain, therefore, that not one in ten, or even one in a hundred, of those who profess to admire or approve of this ritual, have any clear conception of what it means. I doubt if even the priests who administer it are always thoroughly conscious of its import. If they are it would imply that their minds must be engaged during the service with a double duty—that of fixing the attention upon the dramatic part, or, as it may be called, the proper observance of the stage directions,—and also upon the real import of the prayers and thanksgivings uttered by them. In this double action, we may conjecture how much the solicitude exacted by the first must detract from the earnest devotion due to the last.

Paris, October 16, 1867.—E. and M. and I went to the American church in Rue Bayard to attend the wedding of George B—— and May W——, which was celebrated before a large congregation of friends—the ceremony by Dr. Schenck. Here we met poor Lucy P——, the daughter of Elliot, who had been laid up for eighty days from a dreadful accident by which she lost a foot. Playing at seesaw with her school companions at a school near Paris, over a large trunk of a tree, which by some accident was loosened from its bed and rolled from under them, causing her to fall in such a manner

hat the whole weight came upon her foot, which so terribly :rushed it as to make amputation necessary. To-day was her irst appearance in public, and she came into the church on :rutches. She is not more than sixteen, pretty and graceful, ınd bears her misfortune like an angel. I never saw a sweeter nanifestation of cheerful resignation, which, her family tell ne, is the strong trait of her character. This is associated vith an earnest religious sentiment which is beautifully exer-:ised in her present affliction. There was something irresist-bly touching in her appearance at this wedding,—so stricken, ınd yet so kind and patient! I found myself surprised into ı flow of tears when I went to speak to her.

Paris, October 24, 1867.—Lord Houghton came to dine vith us yesterday,—a good dinner and a gay evening. Lord Houghton arrived here a few days ago, having left Lady Houghton and her pretty daughter Amy at Lyons, on their vay to Cannes, where they are to spend the winter. He was n excellent spirits and well inclined to talk, especially upon American affairs, in which he takes great interest, having been ıll through our rebellion one of our stanchest friends. In :peaking about the Trent affair, and the imminence of a quar-el between our two nations on that question, he said that the ›reach was prevented by the good sense and tact of Lord Pal-nerston. The common opinion with us was, that it was Prince Albert who, with the aid of the Queen, had averted his issue, by a timely and energetic remonstrance. Lord H. greed that their influence was with us, but that Lord Palmer-ton was the real conservator of the peace. By the by, Lord Houghton, the other day, at Baden Baden, speaking upon a :indred question to this,—the Alabama affair,—told me anoth-r secret of the time. He said that Lord Russell, who was so nuch blamed for allowing the Alabama to escape the vigilance ıf the government in putting to sea, really could not help it, ›eing prevented by a most inopportune accident. He had eferred the question of the right and duty of the government o interfere with the sailing of the Alabama to the Solicitor

General, whose decision it was necessary the government should have before issuing an order. This officer, unfortunately, just at that time became insane, and of course gave no opinion. In the delay which this occasioned, the ship escaped. The government could not make known the real state of the case, and was obliged to defend itself as well as it could, without displaying the real cause. Mr. Adams, our minister, knew the fact, and made a generous allowance for it. It was this untoward event, Lord H. told me, that brought about all the trouble.

CHAPTER V.

SPAIN AND TANGIER.

The Plains of Castile; Madrid; Seville; Malaga; Gibraltar; A Trip to Tangier; On the Road; Granada; The Alhambra.

Valladolid, The Road, Nov. 25, 1867.—The rest of our journey across the broad, sterile, and ugly plain of Castile to Madrid, is made in full day, showing us in all its repulsive features that extraordinarily uninteresting country in the midst of which stands the Capital of Spain. There is scarcely a tree to be seen, a blade of grass, a human habitation detached from the towns in this extent of some hundred miles. There is no fence or hedge; nothing to designate a highway except the occurrence, once in an hour, of a line of four or five men, in picturesque cloak and hat, stalking slowly along upon mules, or conducting a train of these animals, burdened with panniers, on the way to some market-town.

Now and then a village comes in view; a solitary group of low stone houses, surrounded with high walls, and without a tree to throw a shadow upon the bare earth; and uniformly in all these villages, may be seen one large massive structure, with its steeple and belfry rising high above the mass of stone that constitutes the village. There is only one of these

dominating structures to each of these towns—a very striking and enduring exponent of that enforced agreement of creed that levels and oppresses the mind of the nation, and of that intolerance of rule that allows no dissent of opinion.

As we approach the Escurial the country becomes still more barren, being now covered with a most singular profusion of huge boulders that leave but little soil for cultivation. We fly through this region, scarcely getting more than a glimpse of that wonderful pile of palace and monastery.

Madrid, Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1867.—The change from the dreary country we have traversed to the gay and beautiful city of Madrid is very pleasant. The weather is cold, but the sun is as bright as in a fine December day at home. There is, indeed, a great similarity in this fine winter weather here with our own at this season. Our hotel, the Fonda de Paris, is a large white building that stands very conspicuous in the angle formed by the Calle Alcala and that of the Carrera St. Geronimo, where these two streets enter the open place in the centre of the city, known as the Puerta del Sol. We have a large salon with chambers near it, on the third floor. It has the unaccustomed luxury of a grate which, now filled with wood, sends as much smoke into the room as up the chimney,—but we suggest a change of fuel to coke, and live in hopes of better things to-morrow. Our windows have an outlook over the Plaza, which is an animated, cheerful, busy centre of business, surrounded by shops, and ornamented with a large fountain in the middle. It is filled with a crowd of people in every variety of costume known to this city of many colored coats. Troops of mules and donkeys are constantly crossing it, driven by muleteers in Murillo-like costumes, among which peasants, organ-grinders and porters, priests in Don Basil hats (resembling a section of stove-pipe, laid horizontally over the crown of the head), and soldiers mingle in rapid and noisy concourse. We amuse ourselves with this scene from our windows and for the rest of the day confine ourselves to the house. We are weary with our long travel through the last night, and go early to bed.

Sunday, December 1, 1867.—It is a cold, rainy day, and we cannot go to the British Embassy to attend the church service which is allowed to be performed there. So I avail myself of this pause in our daily occupation to bring up my journal. I brought letters here, one from Dr. Acosta, in Paris, to Señor I. I. de Osina, who, I find here, is the Marquis De la Puerte of Sotomayor;—the other from my friend Guerrero to the Count Nava de Tajo. Osina lives in a fine apartment in a large palace in the Plaza de los Cortes, looking on the Prado. Nava de Tajo has a plain house in the Plaza de Principe D'Asturias. I left my letters with my card, for both to-day. Both call and return my visit. Osina, I discover to be an acquaintance I had in Washington in 1852. He was then Minister from Peru, and helped us out in our Cabinet trouble with the Lobos Island affair. He made a second visit, and sat with me an hour. He came to express his regret, that, in consequence of the death, a few days before our arrival, of his wife's brother, he could not offer us the hospitality of his house. We called upon our Minister, Mr. Hale, and his family, and have received the kindest attention from them. They immediately sent to the old Countess of Montijo—the mother of the Empress Eugenie, to obtain for us an invitation to her receptions, which are held every Sunday evening, when there is always a musical or a dancing party, alternating on successive evenings. The reception for this evening was anticipated and held last night in order to entertain Louis Victor, the young Arch-duke of Austria, who arrived here with his suite a few days ago, and is now in this hotel. E. and I went to the reception, the Countess Nava de Tajo is the niece, or the Count is the nephew, I don't know which, of the lady of the house,—the Countess of Montijo,—and they assist in the courtesies of the reception. They had both called on us, and now gave us a very kind welcome. The party was a brilliant one. All the chief grandees were present, and nearly all the diplomatic corps—the Spanish women looking very pretty and attracting us by their graceful and affable manners. The two Miss Hales and their father,

th whom we went, gave us every advantage to enjoy the even-
g, by presentations to their friends. Here I met the Count
Avila,—the Portuguese Minister, with whom I had been as-
ciated in the Conference at Paris, and Count Mercier,—the
mer French Minister at Washington,—now in the same
pacity at this court. I had a great deal of conversation with
n. He has entirely abjured the opinions I heard him ex-
ess in the United States, affirming the certainty of the tri-
iph of the South in our Civil war. He forgot, perhaps, that
emembered his predictions on that point. I was a little
rprised to hear him say that "he flattered himself with the
lief that if he had remained in Washington he could have
evented the sad catastrophe that overtook Maximilian." I
i myself convinced that it was his strong representation to
e Emperor Napoleon, of the certainty of the success of the
uthern party in the Rebellion, that persuaded and encouraged
e Emperor to prosecute the Mexican adventure and to main-
n Maximilian on the throne. If he had been truly informed
the spirit and power with which the North encountered the
bellion, and of its hopelessness of a triumph, he would never
ve thrown himself into the dilemma which, at last, compelled
i to withdraw his troops, and the unfortunate Arch-duke
uld have escaped the fatal crown that crushed him.

I spoke to the Countess Montijo about her old friend
shington Irving—told her how often I had heard him de-
ibe the pleasant evenings he had spent at her house, and
v kindly he remembered her. She replied to this with
at vivacity and warm recognition of the value she set upon
acquaintance. Her house is large and very pretty. A
utiful ballroom was brilliant with light, music and dancing.
ere was great display of magnificent toilettes and blazing
monds giving lustre to beautiful women,—among whom the
ch-duke (who, by the by, is the younger brother of Maxi-
ian), was doing his best in the way of waltz and quadrille,
nd doing it well as an excellent dancer, although of rather
kward figure, and a particularly unattractive face. He

danced with the Infanta,—the King's sister,—a very odd, eccentric, loud-talking, and to all appearance, singularly good-natured and unpretending lady—somewhere, I should say, about thirty-five.

There was a beautiful conservatory, filled with tropical plants, that separated the drawing-rooms from the refreshment-room, and through this maze of leaves and flowers, detachments of the company strolled as in a garden,—giving a very agreeable effect to the scene. In the refreshment saloon beyond this, we had ices, confectionery, tea, coffee and chocolate. The whole array was beautiful; an air of refinement pervaded the scene, and no assemblage could be more distinguished for graceful ease and elegance than this. It was near one when E. and I took leave, among the first to depart.

During the past week we have been very busy, having visited the town and country palaces of the Marquis of Salamanca,—of which I can only say the exhibition of wealth, taste, magnificence, and profusion of objects of art is altogether beyond my faculty to describe—then the Museum of Painting and Sculpture;—one of the finest, if not superior to all, in Europe. After that the Armory, which is at once the greatest of curiosities and the richest of subjects for minute study. We have also driven through the city and up and down the beautiful Prado;—and visited the churches, especially that of the Atocha, famous for the miracle-working virgin enshrined there, and the amazing wealth of the jewelry which is said to belong to her.

For all these things and a great deal more that I omit, read Murray.

Seville, Dec. 16, 1867.—As this was the last evening of the dances in the Cathedral, M. and I (E. could not go, having a cold) made another visit there at five. There was a much greater crowd than at our former visit, scattered, as before, over the cold pavements of the Cathedral. There was the same grand deep shadow resting upon the silent and solemn groups of women, veiled and in deep black, that sat or kneel-

ithin the space that afforded any view, even the most re-
, of the altar. The pervading gloom of the long aisles
:d only by an occasional lamp hung upon a pillar, which
ely enabled us to distinguish faces or figures,—gave an
cribable solemnity to the scene, and brought into strange-
:turesque relief, the illuminated altar, with its tall golden
esticks and its hundred lights burning around the bril-
y jewelled figure of the Virgin. The family of Duke de
pensier—the Duke himself, three ladies in full black, and
dsome boy of some ten or twelve years, came in and oc-
d the seats reserved for them in the chancel; a few min-
›efore the procession of prelates and priests moved from
hoir to the altar, and almost immediately after this, the
:s began. The crowd was too great to enable M. and I
: the performances as fully as we had done before. We
only move about the outskirts and peer above the shoul-
›f the mass of the spectators, getting a distant and inter-
d view of the delighted young actors in this religious bal-
; they flitted across the open space reserved for the dance,
:atching glimpses of their bonnets and feathers, which
ıed and glittered in rapid play through the bars of the
l railing that inclosed the chancel. But the shrill voices
: boys in the gay carols with which they accompanied
xercise, the stirring music of the violins, and, above all,
atter of the castanets rang among the columns and echo-
›m the lofty vaults of the Cathedral with a vivid and
ing effect, so unlike any thing I had ever heard, so unfa-
: to any conception I ever formed of the possibilities of
eligious worship or church performance, that the whole
acle and its action impressed my mind and feelings now,
:ss than at first, with the interest that is created by a beau-
:heatrical illusion. Doubtless, to those who are educated
: belief of a Christianity that allows and encourages the
xture of sensual gratification as an incentive to devotion;
ı supplements the gospel by the romantic fiction of tradi-
which is willing to accept emotion for piety, and the trans-

ports of the imagination as evidence of love to God, and which elevates the fascination of church pageantry and decoration to the dignity of holy inspiration—doubtless, such persons, of whom, I am sure, there were many in these crowds,—witnessed this ceremony and participated in its performance, with a fervent, though I could not say genuine, religious devotion. I have heard of one lady who was present,—I am not certain, but I think it was the Duchess de Montpensier,—who remarked that this spectacle of the children dancing before the Virgin, was one of the most beautiful and solemn of the sacred observances of the Church. Perhaps, and probably, this is a common opinion among the women of the country. I have reason to believe it is not so esteemed by the men.

Seville, Dec. 18, 1867.—We found another attraction in a visit to the Casa Pilates,—the House of Pilate,—which now belongs to the Duke de Medina Celi, having descended to him from the Duke of Alcala, his ancestor. There are such full and minute accounts of this house in the guide book—Murray and O'Shea—that I have no need to note its points of interest. It pretends to be a copy of the house of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, and is kept in perfect order, as an object of curiosity to visitors, by the Duke, who, it is said, makes no other use of it. It is entirely Moorish in its style, resembling the palace of the Alcazar, and is manifestly a mere fancy piece, made without reference to any real house occupied by Pilate in Jerusalem. Still, it is regarded here as a verity, and attracts a great deal of reverence, superstitious and otherwise. The chambers are all designated by the names or use supposed to describe the original. There is, for example, *the Apartment* of the Tribunal where Pilate sat in judgment over our Saviour; and, on the floor, the tiles have the figure of a star to show the spot on which our Lord stood to receive his sentence. There is, also, the outer court where Peter denied his Master, and what has a comic gravity in it, here is a niche on the landing of the great staircase,—this niche covered with a small iron grating,—inside of which is the painting of a cock; and

we are told that was the perch of the fowl whose crowing brought to Peter the consciousness of his sin.

Near the Tribunal is a little chapel, and here stands a pillar about three feet high, and some nine inches in diameter. It is made of yellow marble. The story that belongs to it, imports that it was given to the first proprietor or builder of the house by the Pope; that it is an exact copy of the Column in Rome, which was brought there from Jerusalem, being the pillar to which our Lord was bound. This asserted original I have seen in Rome,—I think in the Cloister of St. John Lateran, but I am not sure;—that is of white marble, if I remember truly. Whether the original in Rome be genuine or not, great veneration is attached to this copy. It is the first "station" in a Viâ Crucis which is measured from this beginning to the Cruz del Campo, a spot outside of the town, where the Cross is erected, at exactly the distance, it is said, of the place of the crucifixion on Mount Calvary, from the Tribunal of Pilate in Jerusalem. "The Stations" on this line are fourteen, and the road is known as the Calle de la Amorgara, along which frequent processions are made at stated periods, by the whole array of priests and dignitaries of the Church.

Seville, Dec. 19, 1867.—We have lunch, and then conclude our preparations by paying our customary gratuities to the servants. Poor Manuela! the chambermaid,—altogether unlike her pretty namesake at Burgos,—is the most dejected, forlorn and unhappy-looking girl we have seen in such employment. Her clothes are thin, her visage pale and haggard, and she seems to have a hard time. It was a real pleasure to see with what delighted recognition she received the few dollars we put in her hands at parting. It was much more than she expected, and still more than she was accustomed to receive; but her poverty and weakness interested us, and she had, besides, been very assiduous in her attention to her duty —so that there was really as much pleasure in giving as receiving. Our man, Isidora, too, was well remembered, and we left Seville with at least two blessings on our heads which were not grudgingly given.

Malaga, Jan. 1st, 1868.—We have now been here a week, having arrived on Christmas evening. The weather, ever since, with some few exceptional mornings, has been bad,—rainy and cold. It was clear enough this morning to allow us to drive to the beach under the Gibralfaro,—the fortress on the high hill to the East of the town, where, on this first day of the year, a grand *fête* is held by the peasantry. They have booths scattered along the beach where drinks and coarse eatables are sold, and where the people are accustomed to amuse themselves with their national dances. To-day, the exhibition (at three o'clock, when we arrived there) was not as lively as we were led to expect. The late rains had made the sand damp, and the wind was a little sharp. Still, we found a rather interesting spectacle in the groups that had gathered. There were gypsies, unmistakable by the keen black eye and swarthy cheek and light, active and even graceful figures of the tribe. Most of them were in coarse and scanty clothing, and several followed by the most elfish looking children; pendant with extraordinary rags, who were curvetting about the grounds with the sauciest grin and most defiant good humor. Mixed with these was that motley, wretched infusion of beggars, of both sexes and all ages, from children of three to the oldest, feeblest and most pitiably decrepit of human beings; the unhappy and the guilty characteristic of Spanish society and government all over the kingdom. Besides these, were sturdy peasants in the picturesque costume of the country,—much more picturesque than clean. All seemed to be in good spirits to-day; even the beggars had thrown off some of that habitual whine of distress with which they ordinarily make their appeal for alms. In the booths, parties of better looking people—those who could pay their way—were seated around the tables, eating the small fish, sardines and others, which we saw everywhere in process of roasting on sticks thrust through several together and placed before a fire of blazing furze. Guitars in some quarters were jingling in accompaniment to strange, uncouth, gypsy songs, and boys were somersetting in little troops, over the sand.

Fisherman were landing boats on the beach and disposing of their stock to groups that collected there to receive them. But the whole scene wanted life and enjoyment, from its want of abundant supply and pleasant accommodation. The shore was bleak and desolate, the sand deep, and showed no good spot for sport or rest. The vegetation that bounded the region was the coarse and rugged prickly pear, which here grows into gigantic hedges, and is scattered along up the slopes of the hills —being much cultivated for its fruit.

Malaga, January, 1868.—On the day after Christmas, it was announced that there would be a bull fight at *El Teatro de Tobos*, to begin at 12 o'clock. Wishing to see at least one of these exhibitions here, I took a cab and drove to the place—some distance from the hotel—on the skirts of the town, stopping half-way at a club-house to purchase a ticket,—which I found was not to be got at the door,—and paying for it, one dollar. The sun was shining almost with summer heat within the theatre. There are in all these theatres I have seen, notices over the door to indicate the sunny and shady side,—one range of boxes being marked "Sol," and the other "Sombra." I think it was so here, though I did not stop to look. I saw a bull fight in Havana two years ago, where I thought this miserable spectacle was at its lowest stage of degradation, and I expected to-day to see something, if not less revolting, at least more striking for its courage and show. This was better than that only in one disgraceful feature ;—it had a company of spectators more select, and belonging to a higher class of society, and, especially, it presented a large assembly of ladies, which the other did not. I suppose on this occasion the spectators consisted, in great part, of the people of the best rank and fashion. At a guess I would say there were some two thousand persons present, of which fully a third or more were women,—many of these, ladies. Around the principal entrance of the theatre, in an open plaza, where the carriages were halted, I observed some of the highest class of private equipages, with servants in livery, from which I infer the respecta-

bility of a large portion of the visitors. There was a great parade of caballeros in the ring,—of picadores, bandalleros, matadores, etc.,—making up the company of performers. I heard—I do not know if it was true—that this exhibition was not one of the ordinary performances offered to the public by the professional toreadores who periodically visit the city, but was an *amateur* affair got up by the gentlemen of a club, which I understood, occupies the house to which I was driven to get my ticket. This, if true, would seem to be a guarantee of the higher order of this spectacle,—at least on the score of gentility. At the opening of the entertainment the whole troup moved round the ring in full costume, with their banners, etc., —some on horseback and some on foot,—to martial music, offering salutes to the fair dames above, and receiving smiles and courtesies in return. Then came forth two picadores in full array, with pointless lance in hand, mounted on horses about the size of a small mule,—the most wretched and woebegone of animals,—marked with the traces of the carts from which they had been taken,—their tails wrapped up in a bandage, to which was appended a knot or tassel that seemed heavy enough to sway the poor animals off their balance. A red bandage or blind of cloth, was tied fast across one eye of the horse, leaving the other free to save him from running against the wall. The blind eye, I understood, was kept next to the bull, to maintain the timid and meek little beast in ignorance of the enemy whom he came to fight. The saddle was one of those heavy, high-back, awkward Spanish contrivances, which may be described as a clumsy chair, rather than a saddle, and on its cantel I read, in letters of studded brass nails, the single word "Verdad," "Truth,"—for which, I suppose, the cavalier had come to contend with the bull. The bridle was heavy and full of tags and tassels. Such was the equipment of the two steeds, which were mounted by great long-legged men in "tights," yellow boots with tremendous spurs, red sashes, short jackets, and tawdry bedizened caps. As to the horses thus caparisoned and mounted, I think I speak within bounds when I say they

would not bring five dollars apiece as dog-meat in any market in Christendom. After a good deal of stir and flourish of trumpets, a door was opened from which came forth a poor young bull, looking very much like a lean, raw-boned and astonished cow. There he stood, manifestly without hostile intentions against any human being, and apparently speculating upon the extraordinary interest which this company of Malaganese seemed to take in his introduction to them. Presently a young man in blue velvet roundabout, red sash, embroidered pantaloons and light pumps, made a feint of running at him, and suddenly unfolding a long silken flag or cloak of bright colors and flaunting it in his face, gave the bull an occasion to look very grave and to step one pace forward; whereat the young banderillero darted back, took to his heels, and ran behind a stout board screen of which there were four set up as places of refuge, near the fence or outer wall of the ring. The bull, of course, took heart at seeing this rapid retreat and followed the flying owner of the cloak. During this pursuit, another banderillero ran to the rescue of his friend, and flaunting his flag in the bull's eyes, drew him off in pursuit of himself. At this moment one of the picadores advanced, on his poor spavined jade, to challenge the bull to a pass with *him*, which bull accepted, and when about to thrust his horns into the miserable, shrunken stomach of the trembling and hard-spurred little shadow of a horse, and so put him out of his misery, a third and a fourth gentleman with the flags interposed, completely bewildering the distracted bull, and allowing horse and rider to get into safe quarters. Then came picadore No. 2, who played the same game for some few passes;—and so the fight was conducted, "alternis vicibus," for half an hour, till, at last, the bull came to a stand still from sheer exhaustion; when, with evident sense of relief, the picadores retired from the ring. During all this performance whenever the bull succeeded in giving a horse a sharp blow which injured or disconcerted the poor little animal, there was great clapping of hands. The bull often kills one of these horses, goring him in such a man-

ner that his entrails fall out and drag on the ground. When so pleasant a feat as this is performed, the house thunders its applause, and people think they are getting the worth of their money. The interest of the scene is now enhanced by the entry of a man with a knife or pair of shears, with which he cuts off the pendant entrails; and the unfortunate beast is whipped and spurred to compel him to move round the ring until he drops.

When the picadores were gone, a new set of men came in, whose business it was to inflict a severe torture upon the bull. These have bundles of darts, about two feet long, which are ornamented with paper ribbons of gay colors, and sometimes filled with fireworks, though on the present occasion they were without them. The points are very sharp, and barbed with a spring intended to hold fast under the skin. These gallant administrators of torture, being assisted by the men with the flags who engage the bull's attention in front, step up behind and plunge these darts into his neck. Upon each infliction of this wound the bull bellows with pain, and especially when the fireworks, as I saw it in Cuba, burns his flesh and add terribly to his distress. The success of this feat threw the spectators into an ecstasy. The roaring and moaning of the bull were perfectly delightful, and brought shouts of approbation; and when the poor persecuted beast sought refuge from its tormentors by running close to the wall of the arena, the people, at every point to which he ran, beat him away with their sticks, while the performers within the circle scudded off with the utmost precipitation to the cover of the screens. The odds were, numerically, some ten or fifteen to one against the bull, with all the arrangements of the arena besides, as well as the whole corps of spectators who could reach him with their canes, thrown into the scale for his discomfiture.

After this came the final assault by the matador, or Espada as he is called,—a man with a long, sharp sword, who having the assistance of the banderilleros in the same manner as the others, contrives, after several abortive efforts in which he only wounds the bull, to strike him above the shoulder in a spot

where he is able to drive the sword down through the heart. This feat is considered the best of all, and is rewarded with immense applause. The bull bleeds profusely at the mouth and nose, staggers and falls; and then is despatched by a short dagger, in a coup de grace, which is struck into the spine at the back of the head. A pair of horses harnessed to a chain and covered with ribbons, come in; the bull is attached to the horses by the chain; and while yet struggling in the agony of death, is dragged, with the accompaniment of the band of music, in triumph round the ring and out at the gate. The blood on the arena is covered up with sand; and after a considerable braying of trumpets, another bull is introduced to encounter the same brutal provocations, the same unmanly assaults, the same tortures, and, in the end, the same death. This is repeated until some six are killed. I came away disgusted with the first of these horrible *sports*,—only with pain remaining to see *that* to the end. The impression the whole exhibition made upon me was one of unmixed aversion. I saw no courage in the contest; it was a combined assault of many against one; cruel and cowardly in the attack, and ridiculous in the often unnecessary flight of the assailant. It was mean and tawdry in its appointments; noisy and inhumane in the applause of the spectators; meagre, monotonous and base in its incidents, and strikingly savage in the demonstrations of delight with which the torments of the innocent and unoffending victim were witnessed and enjoyed by the crowd. What I saw in Cuba was precisely of the same kind as this. I remark no difference between the two, except that the first had more showy and better appointments,—though mean at the best,—and that this presented an *entourage* of spectators of a better class than that; and particularly, that it was honored by the presence of many pretty women, young and old, which the Cuban performance was not.

Since our arrival here our consul, Mr. A. M. Hancock, has been kind and attentive,—visiting us every day and proffering his services whenever we require them. I find that his

residence in the United States was in Harford County, in yland, that he married a Baltimore lady, and that he in- ds to return home in March next.

I called on Mr. I. Clemens, to whom I had a letter from I . Acosta. He is the English Banker, and lives in a very ndsome house, where he is now confined as an invalid. He ive me a pleasant reception with proffers of services, etc., etc.

The week has been too cold and rainy to allow us to make xcursions,—and, indeed, there is very little to be seen. The Alameda, which lies in front of our hotel, is the fashionable walk of the people, and is filled every afternoon from three till five, when the weather permits, with a various crowd composed of ladies in their sweeping trains,—gentlemen, well-dressed and of a good air,—soldiers, priests, peasants and nursery maids. The costumes seem to belong to every age and tribe;—those of the peasants singularly picturesque and graceful in spite of the rags and dirt. Then come the beggars,—always the most obtrusive and pitiable, as well as most frequent of the images of Spanish life. The amount of deformity in these groups is shocking beyond any conception; so many blind,—so many without arms,—without legs,—many with arms and legs so distorted and unnatural! What does all this come from?

Gibraltar, Jan. 9th, 1868.—It takes three hours to make the journey to the top of the rock and return. The ascent is full of a most novel and attractive interest to us. We traverse the long galleries which are tunnelled through the rock, just far enough back from its perpendicular front or face to allow a chamber every hundred or two hundred feet, for a great gun and room to work it before a port that is cut through the rock, so as to command the whole approach over the plain as far as the shot will reach. These ports, of which there are hundreds, appear from the exterior as a range of small openings in the face of the precipice, with no indication of their military use. There are some five or six galleries, *through* which, with the exception of the last and highest in

our journey, we ride on our donkey. The last, which is also the largest, we traverse on foot. This ends in an excavated battery of four guns, called St. George's Hall, where, it is said, Nelson gave a dinner-party to the officers of the garrison the day before the battle of Trafalgar. These galleries, I should say at a guess, must extend at least a mile in their combined length. In the intervals between them, and everywhere in the circuit of our ride, the views of the sea and the wild, rugged cliffs and high peaks under which the path is made, are supremely beautiful. We reach the signal-station on the top in about two hours, then a halt of half an hour,—looking over the superb sea and mountain views all around us; amusing ourselves with the monkeys that we see running wild on the rocks, and enjoying the refreshment of a good glass of ale which we find at the station. After this, we descend by a path that leads up to St. Michael's Cave, to which we devote a quarter of an hour;—then down to the road near Point Europa,—and so through a pretty district of villas, and gardens, and by the Alameda, where a band is playing, back to our hotel.

A VISIT TO TANGIER.

Gibraltar, January 11th, 1868.—We have the promise of a fine day, and having determined to take the little steamer Hercules, which sails this morning at ten for Tangier, to make our visit to the African Coast. We rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, and were ready by nine to go to the quay and embark,—a process which, as it can only be done in the boats, we are told will require nearly an hour. When we are about to set out, word comes to the hotel that the Hercules will not weigh anchor until eleven. I go, therefore, to the reading-room, where Mr. Sprague has given me the *entrê*, and amuse myself with the latest papers. Mr. Sprague follows me there to ask us to dine with him on Monday, supposing we should return here to-morrow. I tell him that it is doubtful,—and beg him to wait till the coming back of the Hercules, when, if we should come in her, we should have pleasure in accepting his invitation.

We get away from the wharf between ten and eleven, having to break through the most various and singular crowd of people that, I suppose, congregate in any part of the world. Moors, Nubians, Jews, Spanish peasants, gypsies, soldiers, priests and beggars,—all in their characteristic costumes. The bay is very rough,—the steamer lies a mile out, and our embarkation is tedious, and, to the ladies, most uncomfortable. We have a great many passengers from our hotel,—twelve, I think, among them the young Scotch Lord who came from Malaga with us, with his suite. I observe also some English officers of this Station, who have come aboard with their dogs and guns, going to Africa, I conjecture, to hunt. I learn that game abounds all around Tangier.

We keep close to the Spanish coast all the way to Tarifa, and then stretch across to the African side, having a full view of the Atlantic beyond the straits, and the cape and bay of Trafalgar, which lies opposite Tangier. Our steamer is swift and steady, and with the exception of the hour in which she crossed the mid-sea of the straits, where the swell was very great, our passage is easy and pleasant. E. and M. give way to their accustomed weakness in that hour. To me the voyage is all I could wish. The mountains of the African coast appear very near during the whole passage. I suppose the distance between the two shores of Europe and Africa to be about ten miles, from Tarifa and its neighborhood to the opposite side. The voyage is made in three hours. It is near three o'clock when we cast anchor. A half a dozen or more boats come out. They are worked by Moors,—very strange to look upon in their cloaks and hoods,—with bare legs and slippers. These row us towards the shore, where we are landed through the surf, on the backs of men and in chairs,—there being a rush of a motley crowd of watermen, porters and boys, who surround our boat, seize, without asking our permission, upon every article of luggage, and run with it, entirely out of our view, to the Custom House on the beach, leaving us to follow in a state of alarm as to the safety of our effects, the recovery of which from this ill-

looking crew would seem to be hopeless. But when we arrive we find every piece deposited on the ground at the Custom House door, where a grave and majestic official, looking like a prince, permits us to pass with no more detention than that required by the opening of a single travelling bag.

We are met here by Mohomed Lamarti, a stout, handsome, well-made and dignified Moor, in neat turban and flowing white robe, and, like all the rest, bare-legged and in slippers. Mohomed is one of the celebrities of Tangier, much employed as a guide, and was now on the lookout for us, having been told by our friend Aspinwall of our intended visit. He apprises us, in good English, that rooms are ready for us at the Royal Hotel Victoria,—where he conducts us, through what seems to be a very dirty narrow alley, but which, I learn, is one of the principal streets of the town. The front entrance of the Hotel is from this street, and its rear looks out immediately over a battery mounted with cannon, which is washed by the tide of the bay. The landlord of the Victoria, who meets us at the door and who receives us with a graceful accost, is Mr. Simon Ephraim Martin, a negro from Antigua,—a decided exquisite, who keeps an excellent house. He gives E. and myself his own chamber as a *favor*, which we find, upon inspection, to be quite a gem in comparison with any we have had in our late travels. This is furnished with a profusion of toilet ornaments, cosmetics, perfumes, and pomades that would grace the dressing-room of a Brummel. He gives us, besides, a fine large sitting-room with the unusual luxury of a fireplace.

Mohomed has enlisted in our service, and having promised, as he says, to inform our Consul, Mr. James McMath, of our arrival, he asks permission to take my card to him at once. I give it to him, and he sets off to deliver it. How strange does every thing here appear to us! Our hotel is immediately on the bay, overlooking, as I have said, a battery of some half a dozen guns. From the parlor windows, which open on the sea, we observe below us some four or five figures seated in the different embrasures of the battery. They are men, who are

sions; and, going up the marble stairway, are introduced into a large sitting-room, cheerfully furnished in the style of our own country.

Here we are received by Mr. McM. and his wife, and her sister, Miss M., a family from Ohio, who have resided here for six years. We have the kindest and most cordial welcome, with an invitation to remain and spend the evening, which the fatigue of the late voyage compels us to decline. After an hour, we return to the hotel, with a promise from our new friends to call on us in the morning and take us to the Kasbah,—the citadel where the Basha resides, and where E. and M. are assured they shall be introduced to the ladies of the Harem. We have an excellent dinner at half-past six, and find that we are in very comfortable quarters.

Sunday, Jan. 12.—The day is very fine. All night long we have heard various kinds of rude music in the town. This is the season of the Mohammedan fast of the Ramadan when the Moors eat nothing from sunrise to sunset, and, therefore, the night is busy, I learn from Mohomed, in preparing and dispensing food. At seven, nine, one and three o'clock, the sound of horns with a faint cry from the towers of the mosques call the people to prayers, with an admonition in Arabic, that "Prayer is better than sleep." Then at frequent intervals until daylight, we hear a kind of rude drum which is made of sheepskin drawn over the mouth of an earthen pot, beating time to a quick tune, accompanied by a shrill but not unharmonious chant of voices. This performance being rather pleasant than otherwise, is conducted by roving parties of minstrels who seem to pervade every quarter of the town. Their object is to wake up the sleepers and summon them to their repasts, which would seem to continue through the whole night.

There is no Protestant service in the town to-day, as we are informed, although usually the British Consul here, Mr. White, reads it in his own house. We are therefore left to make the best of our time without it. At eleven Mr. McM—— and Miss M—— come, according to their appointment, to go

with us to the Castle. He brings his guard,—a Moro de Rey, —a soldier, assigned to the Consulate by the Basha, and who constantly attends him. I have a mule, as I am too lame to walk, and we have in our *cortège*, beside Henry our courier and Rebecca the maid, our indispensable guide and interpreter Mohomed. The Kasbah is on the highest hill of the town, and we wind up to it through indescribable byways, alleys and crooked lanes. There was a heavy rain last night and the roads are muddy, making a most uncomfortable addition to the filth and other obstructions that impede our progress. We pass by the chief entrance of the great mosque of the town,—Djama El Kebir, and can only look in at the door, as no Christian or other infidel is allowed to enter this holy place, and no *women* whether of the "faithful" or not. We see in the vestibule of the Mosque inside of the archway, a large stone cistern, like a bath, with running water pouring into it, and there are one or two of the people washing their legs and arms ;—this ablution, I believe, being one of the religious rites. Around the room in the street, is a group of Moors, either sitting on the steps or standing in front of them, apparently engaged in prayer, and inside of the vestibule in front of a screen that conceals the interior from our view, are some three or four worshippers prostrate upon the pavement, against which they strike their heads as they mutter their prayers.

The streets of the town give a stranger scarcely an idea of the habitations to which they conduct. All that one sees in going through them, are stone walls covered with mouldy plaster, and not above ten feet high. These are perforated at intervals, by low doorways, generally closed by heavy wooden frame-work studded with nails. The opening is seldom more than five feet in height, and does not come down to the level of the street, thus making it necessary, both to step over the door-sill, and to bend the head in passing through. There are no windows opening on the streets. One sees nothing but these ugly walls and doors ; and the common aspect of the town gives to the stranger who traverses it, the disagreeable

fancy of threading the purlieus of a series of dirty prisons. The hovels of the poor are beyond all preconception mean and disgusting. The wealthy, and those in good circumstances, compensate themselves for these outward deficiencies by spacious apartments—ample *patios* or central courts, and handsome furniture within.

On reaching the Castle, the residence of the Basha, we find ourselves in a great dilapidated court,—apparently many centuries old,—with a prison on one side and a stable on the other, through the door of which a camel is thrusting its head, as if to satisfy his curiosity raised by our visit. In front of us is an old portico with double ranges of Moorish columns and arches, forming once, as we are told, the entrance to the palace. Laterally opposite to this, is the Treasury,—the two buildings constituting the flank of an inner court which leads to the grand portal through which access is given to the garden and apartments of the Basha. This portal is now thronged by groups of persons, black and brown, in their flowing Moorish robes, and by soldiers who are only known to us from the others, by the red fez, or by the more elaborate turban, worn by the officers. The rest of their costume is that of the better class of citizens,—flowing white cloak or long robe reaching to the heels, bare legs and yellow slippers. As the ladies of our party are going to the harem, which is not open to *us*, they enter this portal, under the charge of an official and disappear, while McMath and myself, with Henry, Mohomed and our soldier, are conducted by a functionary in shaven head and *green* robe,—a sacred color among the Mussulmans,—round to another door which gives us admission to the garden, near the reception apartment of the Basha. Here, as soon as we enter the gate (our friend in green, who, I understand is a son of the Basha, having hastened before us to announce our coming), we are met by a tall, stout, almost gigantic figure of a man, of a brown tobacco complexion, enveloped in a fine white silken bernous and ample flowing robe of the same material,—bare-legged and slippered, like the

rest, with very strong features, thick lips, well-shaped nose, and keen black eye, a man of commanding presence and large size. He received us with an easy courtesy, shaking our hands and saying two or three times "Sbahalgir," which Mohomed interprets to us as "How do you do? glad to see you." This is followed with several expressions of kind welcome to Mr. McM. and myself. Mr. McM., to enhance the value of our visit, tells him that I have held high office in the United States as Secretary of the Navy, and had come to make him my respects, upon which he evinces great satisfaction; both by the gush of his Arabic, and the cheerfulness of his gesticulation. I can distinguish in this rapid utterance words that sound to me like "Kief Kantsi e cleve salis," which Mohomed tells me mean "I hope I see you in good health." He takes occasion to say that he likes our Consul, and has great regard for the Americans, whom he has always found very friendly. I reply to this, of course, with some compliment to his country. During this change of diplomatic sentiment, the ladies are seen approaching the little pavilion in which we are seated. I rise to present them to the dignitary with whom we are conversing, but am checked by Mr. McM——, who tells me that this is against the etiquette, as women are never introduced to his highness. The pavilion in which we are received is a small oblong apartment, with a large open archway facing one of the garden walks. I ought to have noted that on entering it, I found three chairs, placed upon a small carpet, the centre of which I was requested to take,—the two others were occupied by our host and the Consul. This distinguished personage who received us, I should also have remarked, is not the Basha himself of this Pachalik, but his brother, now acting as Governor of the Province. The chief having a few days ago been summoned by the Emperor of Morocco, the Sheereef, Sidi Mohamet, to the Imperial presence in Morocco City. The name of the actual Basha is Ben Abdelezeme Iubori, and of this brother now in control of Tangier, Hadji Cadul Iubori.

When our visit is finished Hadji Cadul shakes my hand very heartily, saying, "Allah hech, Allah hech." "Good-bye, Good-bye," and with a rapid movement of his fingers, as if he was playing a piano in the air, and a kindly waive of the hand, gives us his parting salutation, as we make our exit at the gate. The ladies report an amusing visit to the harem. They were introduced into a handsome suit of apartments, of elaborate Moorish architecture, surrounding a court, or patio, in one of which they found nine of the ten wives of Ben Abdelezeme, whom they describe as generally young women, from seventeen to thirty-five or forty,—some of them tolerably good looking,—one of them quite pretty, and one laid up sick in bed. They were all in undress, as it is said they do not make a toilet during the Ramadan; but this religious abstinence did not prevent them from manifesting the natural curiosity of their sex in examining the dress and ornaments of their visitors. The two parties had no common language, our side being limited to English, French and Spanish, and the wives of the Basha only speaking Arabic. The intercourse, therefore, between them, was carried on entirely in lively pantomime and unintelligible exclamations, and quite intelligible laughter. The Moorish women took a great fancy to Rebecca,—Martha's maid,—whose complexion was exactly their own, and they manifested, by signs, an eager desire to claim her as one of their tribe, putting their arms around her and playfully preventing her from leaving them. They were attended by a number of negro women,—slaves,—who were seated in the court and employed in sifting wheat. I don't know what the law or custom is with regard to the supply of the harem with wives, but all these are represented to be comparatively young, and as the Pasha must be considerably over sixty, as I infer from the appearance of his younger brother, Hadji Cadul, who bears all the marks of at least sixty years, I suppose the present set to be the successors of a household company that has been discarded and sent into retirement.

The present acting Governor, Hadji Cadul, I am told, was distinguished in the war made upon Morocco by the Spaniards in 1859–60, as a general of cavalry.

This Pachalik or Province, under the government of Ben Abdelezeme, is called the province of Haabat, of which Tangier or Tandja, in their tongue, is the Capital. "Tandja," "The city protected by the Lord," as I see the word translated.

Having got through our visit, we proceed to other quarters of this city claiming such eminent favor. The Castle or Kasbah, with the apartments and garden of the Pasha, is surrounded by a high battlemented wall, and is a conspicuous object on the crest of the town, as seen from any point of the compass. It has been an old fortress of the Moors as well as of the Portuguese and English during their several occupations of the place. It is now, in great part, a ruin; and, as these Moors never make repairs, the whole aspect of the place is dreary and uncomfortable—the Pasha concerning himself with little in the way of embellishment, except what belongs immediately to his own personal accommodation. We pass through a gate opening towards the country, and on the highest point of the hill,—then descending some distance, we come to the market, which is now in full business and crowded with a most grotesque and strange population. There are fully a thousand people pushing and jostling each other in an open space of two or three acres under the wall of the town. The people are Moors, both of the town and country, in their coarse whitish capotes, or in, what is equally common here, a long robe and hood of coarse woollen cloth, with brown and white stripes. Here are garden stuffs in great abundance, and many stalls of butcher's meat, beside a multitude of small merchandise, mingled with poultry, pigeons, game and eggs. Most of these wares are spread on the ground, which is now very muddy, making it difficult to get along on foot. Some of the market women are very odd to look on. They are not allowed to disclose their faces, and they consequently wear a shawl or hood thrown over the head, and the cloak brought

up over the face in such a manner as to leave only one eye—though a negligent adjustment often leaves both eyes—visible. The old women—at least I suppose they must be of that class—wear a huge, ugly bonnet made of grass with a high crown, and a brim more than twelve inches broad, this being thrust down over the face so as to completely exclude it from view. The bonnet with the voluminous, dingy, dirty cloak, or "*baik*," I think they call it, and the bare feet, and not unfrequently the bare leg, exposed, give to the wearer a witch-like form and aspect, uncouth, wild and haggish. We make our way with difficulty through this crowd,—the obstruction being much increased by the constant encounter of mules and donkeys with loaded panniers meeting us. We have our maro, or soldier, with us, who unpleasantly exemplifies the customary mode of treatment of the common people of these countries. He walks before us, pushing his way into the dense mass, ordering every one to turn aside, which he does by incessantly shouting in a most peremptory tone, and, I am sorry to say, seconded by Mohomed, "Ballack, ballack," "Get out of the way!" always accompanying this admonition by a blow with his cane over the back of the mule or that of the man, without much discrimination as to which. I am shocked with this insolent exhibition of authority and the submissive resignation with which the insult is received. But the people seem to regard it either as a necessary evil or a wholesome discipline, and bend before it without a murmur. We meet in our progress a very fantastic negro, jet black, and looking as wild and prankish as if possessed by a devil. He had a two-stringed instrument of the guitar kind in his hand, upon which he is strumming a rude, imperfect tune, capering and making extraordinary grimaces to attract our attention. When we stop before him he increases the energy of his antics, and dances very much as I have seen the native African negro in our country do, with all his strength, until I give him a piece of silver and leave him making extravagant manifestations of delight at his success. We now reach the market gate—Bab el

Sok—which admits us into the town at the head of the principal street of business; this street being, perhaps, as much as twenty feet wide,—crowded with people and exhibiting on each side a range or succession of workshops and bazaars—the best of which might be described as a small cavern, to which access is obtained by a door or opening about five feet by three, and which has no other light within than is admitted by this aperture. Here we find shoemakers, bakers, carpenters, fruit-sellers, little shop-keepers, and other tradesmen all busy in their callings. In these crowds we meet members of the Jewish population, which is said to amount to about four thousand. These are always well-dressed in a dark blue cloth gaberdine, clean linen and neat shoes and stockings, with a close-fitting black cap. Here and there, also, we meet a Moorish priest, who is distinguished by his dark blue cloak, his white turban, and a general propriety of costume. The Moors of the upper class are always neatly dressed in the flowing white bernous and rich turban,—sometimes yellow, sometimes red and white mixed. They are for the most part singularly handsome men, well-proportioned, broad-chested, erect and tall, with prominent features, a fine, sparkling black eye, kindly expression and graceful carriage. Mohomed, our guide, is one of this character, and gives me an idea of a finely-developed and commanding personation of Othello. He tells me, as a check to my imagination of his poetic character, that he has had three wives, but has turned off two of them, having found them too expensive. He adds, that he would have six if he could afford it.

Having got back to our lodgings, our friend Mr. McM. and his sister-in-law proposed to introduce us to a Jewish family, friends of theirs, in the neighborhood. We are accordingly taken up one of these tortuous lanes, passing several doors at which we see pretty Jewish women and children assembled, and reach a door which introduces us to a vestibule across which we find a very handsome, highly-decorated *patio*, and ascending a marble staircase, we arrive at a beautiful suite of

›ms, into one of which we are invited by a lady, who is soon ined by her husband and others of her family. We are pre- ıted to them by Mr. McM., and learn that this gentleman is r. Abacassis, one of the wealthiest Jews of Tangier. His ı-in-law and children and grandchildren come in, and we ve from all a most gracious reception. Mr. A. and his son- law both speak English, their ordinary language being Span- . The great object of interest to strangers, especially to lies, is to see the costumes of the Jewish women, and the lies of this family very readily consent to gratify our party this score. They bring in some magnificent festival dresses, dark velvet—purple or blue—skirts, heavily braided with den tissue, a jacket or boddice brilliant with golden embroid- ; the richest belt or sash of cloth of gold, and a casket of y heavy and costly jewels. Mrs. A. and her daughter dress E. in one of these costumes, and seem greatly amused to her so apparelled. I am told that every lady of position ong the Jews has one or more dresses of this kind, and that occasions of parade, especially at their weddings, the display he assembled company is very rich.

We thank our good host for the trouble they take to grat- us, and after receiving a glass of domestic cordial they make e, called Rosalio, and some bonbons, we take our leave l return to the Victoria, parting with our friends, the Consul l Miss Macbean, on the way.

On our way to the hotel we find three of those strange Af- ın negroes, like the one we encountered this morning in the rket. They are large men of mature manhood, and are king the most absurd and most extraordinary mountebank ıtures as we approach them, dancing, grinning, singing, in a ·sh discordant cadence, what they conceive to be music, ac- npanying this with a large and noisy kind of castanet, made, hink, of iron, and with other clamorous instruments equally le. They are of the blackest complexion, with all the traits the pure Guinea negro, as we see him in the United States. ıey wear strings of shells and other strange decorations on

their heads ; and altogether present that barbarous, grotesque and wild figure which we find in the pictures of the lowest of the African tribes. They had drawn themselves up directly in our way, and were evidently bent upon attracting our regard by the most violent exhibition of their accomplishments. It is an amusement for us to give them a few pesetas, and to halt for a moment to receive the compliments they intend for us by their performance. After this we leave them in a state of very unusual gratification, as their gesticulation of thanks evidently show us.

At night Mohomed brought a little corps of Moorish musicians, four in number, to give us a taste of their quality. This was very poor, and entirely spoiled by its manifest attempt to imitate the music of our own part of the world. It was not Moorish, and consequently nothing.

Having expressed a wish to get a photograph of the strange negro minstrels we had met in the street, I was told that this could not be obtained, because these simple people would never submit to the process, believing that it was magic, and would bring them under an evil eye. I learn that they belong to a tribe from Timbuctoo. They certainly present the lowest type of humanity I have ever seen.

Monday, January 13. We are to leave here to-day at twelve in the Leon Belge, to return to Gibraltar, and having some few hours to spare, Mohamed proposes to show us some houses in the town that he thinks will interest us. We set out with him and visit one of the synagogues, which we find to be a neat, plain building, with nothing particularly striking. We find more to attract us in a Jewish school-room, where some fifty or more young boys are chanting, under the lead of the master, some Hebrew Psalms, the whole school singing, at the top of their voices, the verses in the original language. The children in general are very pretty, and evidently greatly delighted with their task. While in this neighborhood, which seems to be chiefly peopled by Jews, we make a visit to Mr. Moses Parienti, a banker and a prominent citizen of Tangier, who speaks

English, and serves as an occasional interpreter to our Consulate. He is very obliging and proposes to show us the gala dresses of his wife and daughter and their jewels. The latter he brings us in a casket, but we beg him not to put the ladies of his family to the trouble of exhibiting their costumes, as we have already seen those of Madame Abacassis, and were too much pressed for time to wait. The jewels were of the same massive kind and pattern as those exhibited to us on Saturday. Taking leave of this friendly gentleman, we emerge once more on the principal thoroughfare of the town. In the course of our morning ramble we made also a visit to the house of the Belgian Consul, M. Dalhoane, who is now absent. This house opens on the chief street, and is one of the finest in the town. It contains, like all the other good houses, a *patio*, around which the apartments are ranged on the lower and upper floors. This patio is paved with marble, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by flowers; a light railing of a rich arabesque pattern guards the gallery of the upper floor,—a quaint and elaborately, worked Moorish lamp hangs from the roof of glass above, and everywhere Moorish articles of furniture—some of them very rich—are disposed in such a manner as to communicate to the several rooms an air of Oriental taste and even magnificence, that is very attractive, not only for its foreign aspect, but for its positive beauty.

We have to hasten back from this excursion by eleven o'clock, as we know we have to go through a severe labor to get on board our steamer.

All things being ready, we bid adieu to our distinguished landlord, Mr. Martin, pay a handsome "backshesh" to our Moorish servants in the hotel, and then move toward the port attended by Mohomed and a dozen gray and white and brown cloaked and bareheaded and red *fezzed* attendants of every degree and quality, from the graceful Mohomed down to the veriest pack of ragamuffins the town could supply. Our gate of exit is the Bal el Marsa,—or marine gate,—which is the lower extremity of the broad street that begins at the Bab el Sok, a mar-

ket gate I have noticed before. Here at this gate is the Custom House, and we stop only long enough to shake hands with the Intendant of the city and the chief officer of the Customs, —two really splendid Moors, the latter, especially, being the handsomest man I think I ever saw, both appearing to great advantage in their long robes.

There is the usual throng of porters, boatmen, loungers and loafers of every kind, on the beach, jostling, scrambling, yelling and pushing to get possession of us. Henry, with the aid of Mohomed, arranges the question of property in us, and the embarkation begins. The tide is out, and the first process is to ride on the back of a Moor, or take a chair and pair, about one hundred yards out to the boat. Here we are deposited in the stern seats, and when all of our party are aboard, we are rowed one or two hundred yards further to the steamer. We have taken an affectionate leave of our Othello,—Mohomed, which I have seasoned with a gratuity. A little after twelve our paddles are in motion, with our prow directed towards Gibraltar. We have a smooth passage and a quick voyage, of less than three hours. The day is pleasant, and we have a broad view of the Sierra Bullones, the cluster or congeries of mountains belonging to the lower Atlas chain that lie thick upon the African coast, all the way from Cape Spartel to the Apes Hill, opposite Gibraltar, or indeed to the "point d'Afrique"—the ancient Abyla beyond Centa. The Point d'Afrique, I may remark, is the fellow cape to the Point Europa, at the extremity of the Rock of Gibraltar, known as the Calpe of ancient navigators, this and the Abyla forming the famous Pillars of Hercules.

On the Road to Granada.—January 24th, 1868.—At six we were "all aboard"—every seat filled, and we left Malaga at a gallop. The morning was warm and we felt encumbered by our wrappings. In an hour we had ascended sufficiently high on the mountain to find a great change of temperature. It became very cold, and the wind swept down from the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada in gusts that threatened to upset the carriage over the precipice, along which our road lay for miles.

Heavy clouds rested upon the nearer summits, and the promise of good weather had wholly failed before we reached the crest of the first range of mountains in our journey. It was full three hours of slow ascent when we arrived at this summit. The views along the whole route were of matchless beauty. The city of Malaga was never lost to sight in the ascent, and the Mediterranean lay in boundless expanse below us. Here on the summit was our first change of mules. After this a rapid run of some six or eight miles brought us down to the valley and to a halt at Colmenar, a village only remarkable for the number and audacity of its beggars,—mostly children, who swarmed around our carriage importuning us with many grimaces to save them from starvation. We had halted here for a second change of the team, and when we started again on our journey these children followed us as long as they had breath to run,—one in particular, who did not give out under two miles, for which feat I thought him entitled to the half-peseta in my pocket, which I accordingly gave him,—a very bad lesson, I must confess, in the way of his education for honest life hereafter. Crossing another mountain from this point, we found ourselves descending into the beautiful valley,—the most beautiful in Spain,—the Vega of Granada. At a little after three we reached the old Moorish town of Loja, and after an hour's rest here, we took the railway, in a very beautiful carriage, and reached Granada at half-past six. Driving at once to the Hotel Washington Irving, through the Pomegranate gate of the Alhambra, we found ourselves in excellent quarters, and very soon seated at a good dinner.

We have spent to-day in making our first tour through the Alhambra. The day has been splendid, with a peculiarly clear atmosphere. We have Ben Laken, the elder, for our guide, and he has conducted us, with his experience of thirty years or more residence here, systematically through the labyrinths of the old palace and fortress. From our hotel it is a short walk to the carriage gate, Puerta Carril, where we enter the enclosure of the Alcazar—an interior circle of the Alhambra.

This gate introduces us to the "Plaza de los Algibes." It happened to be twelve o'clock when we arrived here, and the inner courts of the Alhambra are only open to visitors from ten to twelve and from two to four,—so we have two hours to wait, which we employ in looking at the outworks of the Palace. First, we ascend to the watch-tower, Torre de Vela, on whose flat roof we have a panorama view of the city of Granada; with the Vega, the Sierra Nevada and the opposite mountains,—an encircling landscape of transcendent beauty. I know nothing superior to it in any country. On this tower is a bell, suspended in a stone belfry, which, on every 2d of January, the anniversary of the surrender of the city, by Boabdil, to Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1492,—is rung with great parade, and afterwards during the day, is visited by the peasants of the country, who have an eager contest and great competition to ring it, from a popular belief in an old tradition, importing that the damsel or swain who succeeds in striking it on this day, may be assured of a speedy marriage. Here on the tower is an inscription on a metallic plate, which records the surrender of the city, and the announcement of that event by the sound of this bell. At two we enter the palace by the court of the Alberca Los Arrayanes, pass to the Court of the Lions, to the Hall of Abencerrages, the Hall of Justice,—the rooms occupied by Washington Irving, looking down on the garden of Linderaxa, thence to the Tocador or Toilet of the Queen,—to the Hall of Ambassadors, that of the Dos Hermanas, or the Two Sisters, and after that down into the royal bathing apartment, and so on round the whole circuit, ending at the vestibule where we entered. We have been in the midst of wonders of indescribable attraction. The exquisite beauty and delicacy of these magnificent relics of Moorish art in architecture, can only be imparted by the pencil, and studied in a volume of minute description;—but no description can supply the pleasure obtained from personal observation of the reality as it now exists, and yet, what now exists, after centuries of mutilation, it is painfully manifest to the visitor, is but the shadow or type in neutral tints, of the

gorgeous magnificence of these halls, courts and fountains, when they were the abode of the Moorish kings in the zenith of their power. Before leaving the palace, I found in the office of the Custodian, among a number of copies of guide-books, a few volumes of "Cuentos de la Alhambra, por Washington Irving," being a Spanish translation of the volume of our countryman,—which I bought for three and a half franco. I bought it because I wished to bring away with me this testimonial to the value which, I find, is universally attributed to his efforts, successful efforts, in great part, in awakening the attention of the people of Spain to the richness of the prize they possess, in the Alhambra, so unique and precious a remnant of the Moorish pomp and luxury. Upon examination I find that my little volume contains not more than a third of the contents of the original,—as much, perhaps, as one has any reason to expect from the vigor and patience of Spanish enterprise.

Outside of these chambers we have visited, and occupying a portion of the ground which was once the site of the Moorish winter palace, stands the large building erected by Charles V., and which he designed to be a magnificent royal residence. This edifice is built of the yellow stone of the neighborhood. It has three open façades,—the principal one looking over the plaza or square "de los Algibes," another facing the Puerte del Vino, and the third having an eastward aspect, opposite to the first; these are all beautifully embellished with fine sculptures in marble and alabaster, the style being that of the most ornate French decoration, and very much out of keeping with the other structures of the place. The exterior of this palace presents a great square or quadrangle of which, I should say, each face must have an extent of about 200 feet, the fourth side of the quadrangle abutting upon the old Moorish Palace. The Emperor, to make room for this new royal mansion, pulled down the Winter Palace, which is said to have been equally beautiful with that of which so many interesting vestiges yet remain. This quadrangle encloses a most spacious circular colonnade, formed of marble pillars which were designed to

support a dome, under which fountains were to play and flowers to bloom, amidst all the wealth of the most costly architectural art. It seems to be a judgment against the vanity of this project, and the absolute barbarism of the destruction of the beautiful old structure which was demolished to make room for it, that the new palace never was finished, but has remained up to the present day—nearly three hundred years—without a roof or any kind of interior finish. Its bare walls are open to the attacks of the weather, but yet so firm and strongly built as to remain apparently unhurt. It is said that the government offered the palace to the Duke of Wellington,—who owns a large estate here in the Vega,—if he would complete it; an offer which the Duke very prudently refused. As it is, this building stands here to mar the harmony, I will not say the symmetry, of the stern old fortress, and equally stern exterior of the old Moorish Palace. In returning from our visit, we stop at the Puerte del Vino,—once the entrance of a mosque, but now a part of a small lodging-house, belonging to Sir Granville Temple, who bought it, a few years ago, for a very small sum of money,—and here we find a photographer, who is the tenant of the house, from whom I purchase a number of stereoscopic views of the scenes through which we had just passed. From this we proceed to our hotel, making our exit through the celebrated gates of Justice. This gate, as well as every thing else worthy of note in the Alhambra, is so accurately and fully described in the guide-book,—particularly by O'Shea,—and is so graphically painted by Irving in his sketches, that I have no occasion to note any thing in the way of description beyond what is connected with our personal incidents in the visit.

January 25.—A beautiful, mild, spring-like day. We drive to the Cathedral, a fine, majestic pile, very grand, though somewhat censured by artists for its incongruous double capitals, which very visibly impair the effect of the superb columns that support the lofty arches of the nave. Here we are shown the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Phillip I. and his

queen Joanna, crazy Jane, as she is known to popular history. Below the splendid marble figures of these monarchs is the vault, into which we were permitted to descend, and where we see the leaden coffin in which the remains of these wise and foolish representatives of the grandeur and weakness of Spain repose in silent association. They show us also the treasury of the relics which Ferdinand and Isabella have left to posterity as souvenirs of their own cares and occupations. Here are robes embroidered by the queen, the flags taken from the Moors at the great conquest, and what has a higher interest than all the rest, the casket containing the jewels that Isabella pledged in order to obtain an outfit for Columbus in his great adventure; an adventure to which, after one refusal he was recalled by the Queen, when he had got as far as the bridge at Santa Fé (here in our view, but a few miles in the Vega), and in obedience to which reconsidered permission he set fórth upon his portentous voyage; thus giving to Spain that New World which, but for this recall, would have found a better patron in a people more worthy of the boon.

Granada, January 26, 1868.—Weather continues delicious. The ladies go to hear the mass at the Cathedral. After that we visit the Generalife and the Silla del Moro—the high hill beyond it. Superb views of the Sierra Nevada and all around —exceedingly beautiful. At three a drive on the Alameda, where all the fashions of Granada are seen. In the course of this drive we stop at the little old church of St. Sebastian —once a mosque, and there read the tablet on the outside, set up by Ferdinand and Isabella to record the fact of the surrender, at this spot, of the city and kingdom of Granada, by Boabdil, on the 2d of January, 1492—thus terminating the Moorish dominion of 777 years.

In the Cathedral, I noticed yesterday a curious inscription, which is found repeated in three tablets, conspicuously exhibited in different parts of the church. It runs thus in Spanish: "Nadie que pasa habla con mugeres, en esta encerradura, o in estas naves, pena de excomunion y dos ducados para

obras pias"—an excommunication and fine declared against any one who shall speak to a woman in the church. Fortunately, as I was in the most flagrant transgression of this order,—being there with E. and M.,—I was apprised by Ben Laken that this was an old law of the Inquisition, but had fallen with the overthrow of that institution.

On our road to the hotel we drive to the church in which the Empress Eugenie was christened, and halt long enough to go in and see the font where that ceremony was performed, as well as to see some very curiously attired figures of the Virgin and the Saviour in black. Nearly opposite is the house formerly belonging to the Count de Montijo, where the Empress was born. Somewhat farther on our route are the surrounding walls,—all that is now remaining of the prison of the Inquisition (which was torn down by the people at the adoption of the Constitution, in which work Ben Laken tells me he assisted). In this prison, Ben Laken adds, the Count de Montijo suffered a confinement of two years.

The Alhambra, Monday, January 27, 1868.—The weather is cold to-day, but still clear. We make a second visit to the old palace of the Alhambra, going again all over it, and finding fresh delight in its curious and beautiful remains. It is very slowly undergoing a restoration under the direction of an artist, said to possess great capacity for his work, Señor Contreras. The old treasury and tiles are very accurately replaced by new, and one or two chambers, especially those of the old Moorish baths, are vividly recolored in the exact manner of the original—the colors being blue, red and yellow, with a profusion of gilding. This Señor Contreras has a studio just below the gate of the Pomegranate, where he has executed a great many small mouldings in plates of composition which exhibit in miniature choice bits of the palace. The mouldings are in plain yellowish white, or in complete colors, according to the original decorations of the palace. He holds this work at high prices, which, however, it very readily commands from its excellence. We visit the studio and

have selected three pieces, for which I pay him fifty dollars. Two of them, chosen by M., are representatives of some of the old doorways of the Palace,—one of them in colors. I have made choice with E. of a bit taken from a gallery above the Hall of the Two Sisters, looking over the Court of Lions. It purports to be, and I have no doubt it is, an accurate copy of the three arched openings of the gallery with four small windows above, and a light cornice, showing the interior tracery and decorations,—and richly colored. It is about fifteen inches by twelve. For this I pay twenty dollars. The whole three pieces are carefully packed in a box to be taken with us to Granada, and to be sent thence, with some other articles we have left there, by our friend, the consul, by ship to Baltimore.

This Señor Contreras, I hear, is employed by the Emperor of Russia to superintend the embellishments of an Alhambra that he thinks of building at St. Petersburgh.

Within a few doors of the studio, is an excellent photographic establishment by Mr. Dubois. Here we find quite a large collection relating to the Alhambra, and the Alcazar at Seville and some others. I make a selection of several, as do the ladies, and we get back to our lodging well supplied with souvenirs of our visit to Granada.

We find at dinner Mr. and Mrs. H——, from the United States, and two English gentlemen,—at present all the company in the hotel. Yesterday Mr. N—— and his daughter, from Boston, added two to this little society, but they set off this morning for Malaga, and will be followed to-morrow by Mr. and Mrs. H. This is not the season when travellers ordinarily come to Granada for pleasure, and it is probable when we go, as we propose to do on Wednesday, the Hotel Ortiz—"The Washington Irving"—its name on the eastern door—will be tenantless.

This hotel and another facing it, "The Siete Luelos" (which stands immediately under the ruined walls of that old tower from which it takes its name—the tower of the Seven

Floors) are the only ones within the Alhambra, and are a good half hour's ascending walk from the city,—though much short of a mile in distance. The ascent is very steep, and from the Gate of the Pomegranate, is conducted up a beautiful road shaded by a forest of elm trees, the gift of the Duke of Wellington. In the winter, and at all times, by travellers who come to Granada on business, the hotels in the town are preferred; but I learn that during the summer months those within the precincts of the Alhambra are generally full.

Tuesday, January 28, 1868.—Splendid day. Drive to the Gypsy Quarters, where some hundred families of these curious tribes live in caves, literally dug out in the face of the steep hill, which is divided from the cliffs of the Alhambra by the Darro. We get beautiful views of the town from this hill, visit one of the gypsy caves, which we find to be three rooms deep, and inhabited by a family. It appears to be kept quite clean and is very primitive in its furniture. We are followed in our whole course by a crowd of beggars of all ages, who pursue us in increasing volumes, and with a perseverance that no denial can subdue. We came prepared with handfuls of copper; but no supply short of a continual shower can meet the demand. We give, and laugh and push forward through all opposition. Above the Gypsy Quarter is the church and old monastery of St. Michael, where we drive to get a fine panoramic view, and the best one of the Alhambra on the opposite hill.

In the course of our drives we yesterday made an interesting visit to the Cartaja,—the old Carthusian Monastery, now deprived of its monks. It lies just outside of the town, and appears to have attached to it a large lot of several acres, bounded by a high stone wall. This establishment has had a rich foundation, and the church and sacristy give evidences in their construction and decoration of a most lavish expenditure. The marbles of the church are exquisite, and the sacristy is a perfect bijou of beautiful workmanship. All the doors, drawers and closets are of the rarest woods and inlaid with ivory, tortoise shell and ebony. Every part of both these structures

have selected three pieces, for which I pay him fifty dollars. Two of them, chosen by M., are representatives of some of the old doorways of the Palace,—one of them in colors. I have made choice with E. of a bit taken from a gallery above the Hall of the Two Sisters, looking over the Court of Lions. It purports to be, and I have no doubt it is, an accurate copy of the three arched openings of the gallery with four small windows above, and a light cornice, showing the interior tracery and decorations,—and richly colored. It is about fifteen inches by twelve. For this I pay twenty dollars. The whole three pieces are carefully packed in a box to be taken with us to Granada, and to be sent thence, with some other articles we have left there, by our friend, the consul, by ship to Baltimore.

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CHAPTER VI.

BACK TO LONDON AND IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

Dean Milman and the Charity Children at St Paul's; The House of Commons; A conversation; Spurgeon; Voyage to Christiana; Stockholm; St. Petersburgh; Moscow; Weisbaden; Homburg.

London, June 7th, 1868.—We had received an invitation from Dean Milman, before we left London, to come to the great Exhibition or Annual Festival of the Charity Children in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, which, this year, is on the 4th of June. This invitation was accompanied by another to lunch with the Dean and Mrs. Milman after the service was over, and we were furnished with special tickets that would admit us at the Dean's private door, and give us seats in his own pew. This is a great occasion in London, and as we knew, from having seen this celebration twelve years ago, was not to be neglected; so we rose early on Thursday morning, breakfasted and set off in the London train at nine. We had some of our friends of the evening before with us, and came pleasantly to town by half-past ten,—arriving in time to drive to Dover Street, and thence to St. Paul's by twelve. Every thing went well. We found seats in the Dean's pew, and had a most satisfactory share in the whole service. There were five thousand charity children in their quaint, old-time costume,—that of the boys somewhat modernized since we saw the celebration in 1856,—the whole array a mass of children arranged in ascending tiers of seats, between and against the buttresses of the great dome in such an order or distribution as to give the idea of a huge bouquet of various assorted colors. The regular service of the day was performed according to the liturgy, the chants with choral re-

sponses by the whole five thousand of these little songsters, who also united in the hymns selected for the occasion. The hymns were printed and distributed among the congregation, and I observed, were of the old version known to the church. The music, of course, was rather strident and sharp, with such a multitude of infantile voices as to suggest to a listener the fancy of an immense concert of insects on a summer night, singing marvellously in tune a grand old church melody, Luther's hymn or other sacred song. The Bishop of Ely preached the sermon, and the Dean, who is now most distressingly bowed or bent by some weakness of the spine,—sadly increased since I met him on a former visit,—gave the benediction, and we all moved out of the church. There was an amusing amount of display and importance in the exit of the Lord Mayor, whose coach, with its bedizened footman, stood at the door, and everybody was warned by a great beadle-like functionary to "give place to the Lord Mayor," who, in an astounding magnificence of attire, and preceded by the enormous mace of office, borne by a great and brilliant somebody,—swept like a stage monarch through the admiring crowd, and took his seat in the incomparable Coach of State, beside the Lady Mayoress, and drove off with the ponderous gilded mace sticking out of the window. There was a second carriage of the same "tenor and effect," into which some very well-got-up aldermen of the grandee species, ascended and followed his lordship. Having seen this part of the pageant, I went over to the Dean's, where E. and M. had gone before me, and there found the company seated at table.

London, June 7, 1868.—E. and M. got front places in the Gallery to which Mr. P—— conducted them. I got a seat in the lobby, and forthwith, as if a most interesting interlude had been gotten up expressly to show off the two leaders of the House, a sparring match between D'Israeli (the Prime Minister) and Gladstone (the leader of the opposition) arose upon a taunting motion of Inquiry, proposed by Sir Thomas Bateman, addressed to the Premier, "to know if there was any au-

thority for the assertions of a certain letter lately published in Worcestershire, and which had influenced the election there;" which assertion imported that the Government meant to propose to endow the Catholic churches of Ireland and to establish a Catholic University there, to be supported by a tax upon the nation. This letter was written by Gladstone, and the question of the Premier was intended to expose what was alleged to be the falsehood of the charge against the Ministry. D'Israeli answered in a sneering way, that "looking upon this letter as an electioneering squib or hoax, and indeed not executed in the author's usual happy style, he had given it no consideration whatever."

This was a pretty beginning for a spirited fencing match which occupied the next hour, bringing out sharp and characteristic speeches from each side, with a few auxiliary hits from the seconds—Lord Mayo for the Government and Cardwell for Gladstone, and ending, at last, in a neat triumph for the opposition, in which the latter was fully vindicated. The whole scene was enlivened by the alternate "hears" and "cheers" and "noes" and "groans" by which party debates are always accompanied in the English Parliament.

The performance was just long enough to be amusing, and to allow us to get home to dinner at seven.

London, June 12, 1868.—I was introduced to Mrs. G. to take her into dinner, and so played the beau to her all the time. I learn that she is exceedingly rich, and from my short acquaintance, I am sure she is given to a generous hospitality. She confessed to having been very much against our cause in our war,—taking sides with the rebels; which, she said, she discovered was altogether unjust to us, and that she, with a great portion of the English society who had been opposed to us in the beginning, soon "got right," and was heartily glad at our success. She said they were misled on the subject, entirely misapprehending our position, and that when they came to understand the true state of the case, almost everybody came over to the side of the government. I note this little in-

cident of conversation, because I have reason to believe, from my intercourse with society here, that this relation of Mrs. Gibbs explains the feelings and conduct of a large circle of the upper classes of England. I have met with no person yet, who has conversed with me on the subject of our rebellion, who does not express gratification at the issue by which the integrity of the nation has been maintained.

E. and I take a cab this morning and drive over to the Surrey Side on the Newington road to the Tabernacle, to hear the celebrated Spurgeon. It is about three miles from Dover Street. We find a large crowd awaiting the opening of the doors. A policeman meets us at the carriage door, inquires if we should like to get seats, and lets us understand that by making a contribution to a poor box in a small room near the entrance, we can get the privilege of admission in advance of the crowd. We are glad to meet this condition and are ushered into the great area of the Hall, which is enormously large and beautifully arranged with two light galleries above the floor, broad and well supplied with comfortable seats. On a level with the first gallery, and, in fact, forming a projection from it, at the upper end of the hall, is a platform furnished with a desk, chairs and a sofa,—this being the stage from which the service is performed. Just under this platform is another, some five feet higher than the floor, which is enclosed by a rail, and which is provided with a table and about a dozen chairs,—now filled almost altogether with men, who I suppose, are the elders or other governors of the congregation. Among those at the table is one who is there to report the sermon, as we find in the course of the service, he being a stenographer with his book and pencil.

The prayer with which the worship commenced gave me a pleasant foretaste of what was to come. It was exceedingly beautiful. Then a hymn read audibly by the preacher and sung with marvellous accuracy and fine effect by the great mass of this congregation, now amounting to about six thousand persons. Another prayer, as striking and as impressive

as the first. A reading of a chapter from the Psalms with a most copious and pertinent comment upon its several verses. A second hymn, Mr. Spurgeon distinctly heard in the singing of it,—a chapter from the New Testament with comments as before,—and then the sermon closing with the benediction; the sermon very masterly and particularly strengthened in its character by its extempore and improvised composition. It was powerful in its argument, new and ingenious in its theory, and at times very eloquent in language,—the whole set off and fortified by a fine, clear elocution and an excellent voice,—though in regard to this,—the voice,—I have heard a better. I thought, perhaps, that a slight cold may have reduced its compass and made it occasionally a little husky.

We came away with a most favorable impression of the preacher. He is a man of unquestioned genius,—earnest, bold and true in his vocation, and is, I doubt not, doing a great deal of good. He is utterly free from rant, from false pretensions, from the tricks of the stage, or those devices by which a charlatan is wont to pursue popular applause. I was most agreeably disappointed, as I went to hear him with some fancy that I should find an actor of a good deal of skill, but without honesty or truth. I found a man of great power, devotion and well-deserved authority over the minds of an intelligent and eager congregation, which numbered its thousands to the hundreds of the other congregations of the city.

Wednesday, June, 22, 1868.—On board the *Kronprinzessin* Louise at twelve—a fine boat—quite a crowd of passengers. A pleasant day and a delightful sail out of the harbor and along the Danish coast, passing Elsinore about five o'clock. This is an old castle and fortress on a projecting point of land, with a broad seaward view. The castle has some resemblance to the Escurial near Madrid. The sea through the Categat has been very smooth, and we get on well. The dinner is at two, and supper about seven,—the service very clean and neat. At eleven, being still daylight, I go to my berth from which I get up at two in the morning to look at Gotheborg, where we have stop-

ped to land passengers, freight, etc., and to take in a new supply of both. One half of our complement go ashore here. We remain till three, all the time broad daylight. This city has a fine, thriving appearance from the water. The anchorage or harbor extends along the shore line for a mile, and many ships are moored here. The buildings in view are of the best and most substantial kind. Back of the town and quite near, are rocky mountains, and the country beyond is covered with forest. I retire again to my berth at three,—the sky in the northeast being ruddy with the rising sun,—and soon get to sleep. We are now in the Skager Rack, an open sea which is very rough. Everybody is sick except myself and a few other good sailors. Poor E. and M. are in dreadful grief. I sleep till nine, when I come on deck and find Mr. and Mrs. B—— there very doleful. The weather has changed and we have a harsh wind with rain,—making the deck uncomfortable, while the saloon is still worse with the moans and groans and other unnameable irregularities of the wretched men and women who are stretched out on the sofas. About six or seven in the evening we enter the Christiana Fiord, stopping first at Fredericksvern, at the entrance, and in our progress up the Fiord at Sandesund Tonsberg, Moss and other villages. The scenery is exquisite —a long bay studded with islands, and the shores presenting every variety of landscape which the alternation of mountains, cliffs, rocky ledges, thick and luxuriant forests, cultivated fields and neat and comfortable farm-houses, could create. I am struck with the general resemblance I find between this country and our own northern or New England sea-coast. Though the weather is still harsh, with cold wind and occasional showers, the sea of the Fiord is smooth, and allows sick companions to get on their feet again. We have taken in and put down at the several landings, numbers of the inhabitants, which gives us a fair specimen of the people resident here. It is quite curious to observe how much, in general appearance, costume, manners and deportment, they are like our own people. They differ but little in this casual observation of them from the

travelling parties we generally notice entering and leaving the steamers at the towns on the North River.

Stockholm, Friday, July 3, 1868.—A very hot day. Quite equal in its summery character to this day in Baltimore. At twelve, we set off on a tour of sight-seeing, and spent the day till three, at the Museum of Northern Antiquities,—the Gallery of Sculpture and Casts, and the Picture Gallery—all in the same building. The museum is very interesting for its series of relics belonging to the earliest period and to the successive ages up to the present. This includes a fine collection of armor and weapons of war, many of them belonging to Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII. and others; and also an admirably arranged cabinet of coins and medals of all countries. We dine at four, and at six drive to the Mosebacke, where we have a fine view of the city; after this to the Deer Park, a beautiful woodland in which is the little palace of the Queen Dowager. As we come near this palace we observe a crowd of persons in the rear of the mansion where a band of music is playing some fine tunes. We get out of the carriage and walk to the spot, and are surprised to find ourselves in the presence of a party of ladies and gentlemen, who are sitting on the gravel walk and esplanade, upon which this front of the palace opens, and apparently taking coffee. This party, some fifteen or twenty in number, we are informed, is the royal family.—The King, Queen, the Dowager Queen, the Princess, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen belonging to the Court, all of whom had just come from dinner in the palace. We remark the easy and unpretending character of their reunion, and the simple style of their dress, differing nothing from any ordinary assemblage of a private party in the country, without insignia of rank, or indeed any thing to distinguish them from the *élite* society of the city. We are struck, too, by the freedom with which they exhibit themselves to the observation, and almost to the contact of the casual crowd, who had gathered around to hear the music. This free and unostentatious deportment of the royal family is in keeping with the general habit of Swedish society, as well as that of

Norway and Denmark. These northern nations, I learn from persons qualified to speak of them, are notably simple and unaffected in their forms of life and association,—plain but neat in dress, sociable with each other through all grades of society, and largely exempt from the spirit of *caste*. In fact they are a free people with a just and dignified appreciation of their freedom. They strike me, as an honest, good people. They are industrious, and, therefore, very comfortable in their conditions of life. I see but little beggary, and find that the cities abound in useful public institutions. Another remark I have to make is, that their cities are generally exceedingly neat and beautiful, with fine buildings and superb parks. These observations apply to nearly all the cities we have visited since leaving Cologne. I set a great deal of this characteristic down to the predominance of the Protestant faith, which seems to have diffused a higher *morale* and a more general recognition of duty in the sense of culture and industrious pursuits of the arts of life.

Sunday, July 4, 1868.—Very hot day. At breakfast we meet Col. R—— and his wife and her sister, whom we had met last winter in Rome. They are just from St. Petersburgh. Mr. N——, an American gentleman residing here,—he is a New Yorker and married a daughter of Grinnell,—comes to introduce himself, and tells me that the Americans now in Stockholm propose to dine to-day at the Hapbacker, and he invites me to join in the celebration, which we agree to do. We employ the morning in visiting the Royal Palace, which we find very superb. Then to the old church near to it, where we see the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus,—a very interesting memorial of a great man. Here is also the tomb of Charles XII., and a large number of sovereigns of inferior note,—surrounded apparently by their old courtiers, knights and squires of *high* degree, of all of which sights the guide-books here are full. At seven we drive to the Hapbacker for our dinner. Here we find a restaurant prettily situated on the margin of the Deer Park. The rooms appropriated to us are spacious, and a Swed-

ish friend of our country has supplied us with a portrait of Washington, which we find looking over the dinner-table from the shelter of our national flag. Our company,—ladies and gentlemen in equal numbers,—amounts to fourteen, among whom we have Col. and Mrs. R——, and her sister Miss Harris; a Mr. and Mrs. S——, from Ohio, I think; Mr. N——, Mr. P——, the United States Consul, Col. L. J——, Mr. C——, Mr. P——, and a Swedish gentleman whose name sounds like Overbeck. We have also F—— K——, of Providence, and Miss K——, his sister, and one or two others I cannot name, besides E., M., and myself. I think we began with fourteen and increased our number some three or four before the evening was spent. The whole affair was quite improvised and suddenly got up by Mr. N——, who ordered the dinner. He requests me to preside, which I consent to do.

Our dinner is delicious. I have seldom seen a better on such an occasion,—good dishes and admirable wine. In due time I make a little speech, and offer a toast to our "country," with an appropriate sentiment. This sets the tide of convivial humor flowing, and we have in succession a number of toasts and efforts at speech-making,—and the day goes off pleasantly, not without some vivid exhibitions of the taking qualities of our wines. We get back to our hotel about eleven, all the better for our good cheer and pleasant memories of the day. Our country has a hold upon the affections which can only be fully estimated by those who are called to remember it in a foreign land.

Friday, July 10, 1868.—A very hot morning. We leave Wyborg at 8, with a large addition to our passengers. Just below Wyborg, we pass the Russian fleet of Monitors and Ironclads which are gathered in a small bay near Strouthein, I think it is called. A pleasant run of four hours more brings us into a full view of Cronstadt, which presents a large show of vessels of war in the docks, and a grim circle of batteries around the town, that stretches a mile along the island shore. Two hours later we enter the Neva and have our first sight of

the long perspective of St. Petersburgh, with its stately palaces and public buildings rising above the level water line, and its rich gilded domes and spires flashing back the rays of the evening sun like constellations of fire. We glide beautifully into the broad highway of the river where it divides the city, and, running a long space between the opposite ranges of shipping that line the solid quays of the river we come to our mooring nearly as high up as the Admiralty, when our voyage of four days is brought to an end. We find a man at the landing to tell us that we have rooms at the Hotel de France. Here we take leave of our friendly Captain Nerstrom,—pay the servants, who have been very attentive to make us comfortable during the voyage and part with *compagnon de voyage*, several of whom we have found very kind, but whose names we have never learnt. The Kings go to Miss Benson's, an English House on the Quai Anglaise, and we drive off to our hotel, where we find a suite of large and well-furnished apartments, drawing-room, dining-room and four chambers, for which we are to pay twelve rubles a day. The ruble is, I believe, about 65 cents of our money.

Saturday, July 11, 1868.—This is a fête day here in St. Petersburgh—the fête of Peter and Paul, and we are told there is to be something worth seeing at St. Isaac's. So we go there at eleven. The building is of granite, with a gorgeous dome, apparently of polished brass, but, as I learn, gilded at the cost of a million of rubles. It is like all these Greek churches,—in the shape of the Greek cross,—very large, occupying a great square, and built of dark stone, with porticos, friezes, and a circular colonnade around the dome, of porphyry. The whole exterior is loaded with statuary. There is a crowd going in and out,—mostly *men*, I observe. Peasants, soldiers, mechanics and people of higher degree. It is very odd,—this Greek form of worship,—to one who has never seen it before. The service is a continued series of chants, splendidly performed by boys, and contralto singers of more age, without organ or other instrumental accompaniment. There is an occa-

sional interpolation of a prayer, or something in prose, by the priest. The dresses are magnificent and the Church gorgeous with gold and paintings, beyond any thing I have ever seen. There are wonderful pillars, large and tall, one each side of the screen which conceals the altar, six in number, of rich malakite, and two of lapis lazuli. The money laid out here is an incredible sum. There are no seats or pews, and the worship of the congregation seems to consist in a never-ceasing repetition of quick and laborious bows, with rapid crossings on the breast and face, and prostration on the pavement touching the floor with the forehead. This is constantly repeated in the most energetic way. I notice some well-dressed females,—ladies I should call them,—who have gone down to the ground five times in rapid reiteration, without a moment's interval, and looking over the crowd from where I stand, I am sure I could count fifty who are going through this exercise at the same moment, while the service at the altar—or the screen, for the altar in the Greek church is screened from the public view—is heard only in a succession of chants. What is remarkable here, in contrast with Rome, is that the church is filled with *men*, who appear extremely devout and earnest. In Rome, on the contrary, the men seem to be, and I believe are, nine out of ten, perfect infidels to the Roman faith. The clergy of the Greek church are allowed to marry. They are therefore neither so egotistic as the Roman priests, nor so inaccessible to the influences of human sympathy. They are, I am told, altogether superior to the priesthood of Rome,—good pastors, kind men, and honest teachers,—which the predominant class of the priests of Rome certainly are not. I walk all through the church during the service, and observe many small shrines, with pictures of the Madonna, before which there are clusters of thin and meagre wax candles, which are burning and dripping and flaring away in rapid consumption, but not too rapid for the eager supply, which is furnished by offerings from the crowd who purchase them from two or three depositories or places of sale conveniently established within

the Church. Before these shrines the same bowing, crossing and prostration, which I have noticed in the larger service, are going on, all the time from numbers of zealous worshippers.

We get away from this scene soon after twelve and drive to the quiet cathedral of Kazan, where we see a smaller attendance, but equal earnestness of worship. Thence to the church of St. Peter and Paul, where we find the tombs of the reigning family from Peter the Great down to the late Emperor Nicholas and several of his family. These tombs are of milk white marble, highly polished, and each having a bright fresh-gilded cross upon the upper slab. Almost every tomb is decorated with bouquets of flowers deposited apparently within a few days, and the whole exhibition is one of extreme neatness and decency of arrangement. This church seems to be under the special guardianship of a military post hard by, and at every turn we find ourselves in the presence of old soldiers who are posted as sentinels, or put on duty as guides to conduct the visitors, of which there seems to be many, to the different objects of interest it contains. The pomp of these tombs, the careful preservation of personal relics belonging to the deceased which are here exhibited, the shrines constructed with especial reference to the memory of the dead,—indeed the whole aspect of the church,—seem almost to amount to a deification of the royal family, somewhat like that of ancient Rome. In driving from this church we halt at the gate of the Winter Garden,—that next the River,—where a shrine is built,—a beautiful little chapel,—to commemorate the escape of the present Emperor from the attempt of a peasant to take his life. Here we observe an almost constant succession of worshippers in the crowd who pass this spot, the greater number of whom stop to make the crossings, the bows, and many of them the prostrations which we have seen in the church. The Czar is popular with his subjects, and notwithstanding the cruel injustice of his treatment of Poland, he is said to be an amiable gentleman and has certainly illustrated his reign by noble acts of statesmanship;—in the emancipation of the

Serfs, in the encouragement of popular education, and in a liberal zeal for the improvement of the moral and political condition of his people.

Leaving the garden and this shrine, we drive to the cottage of Peter the Great,—a little log-hut of three or four small rooms, —situated on the banks of the Neva, and said to be the first house built in St. Petersburgh. Here is exhibited his working tools, writing-desk and furniture, all of the simplest kind. Outside of the cottage is a boat built by Peter himself, which he was accustomed to use on the river. The cottage is now converted into a little chapel, with its altar and priest, and here are crowds of people, to-day,—men, women and children, making their orisons with the same gesticulation that we have observed everywhere else.

Sunday, July 12, 1868.—We go to the English church, a beautiful room in one of the old palaces rented by the English Factory here. Service by a regular established, and, I am told, well paid clergyman. I am struck at the change of date in the office of the day, which I have, for the first time remarked; the psalm is of the 30th day of the month. The Calendar in Russia is unchanged, and the dates are reckoned in the old style. This, therefore, is the 30th of June here in St. Petersburgh.

The congregation to-day is not large, and the sermon rather dull. After this we visit the Winter Palace. To-day is one of the few days in which it is open to the public. We spend two hours going through it. I will not describe it further than to say that it has eight hundred rooms and is gorgeous with gold and malakite and lapis lazuli, with bijouterie and objects of virtu, with pictures and statues, with flowers and fountains beyond any conception by one who has never seen it. It strikes me as one of those great absurdities which custom has commended to the toleration and even to the respect of the world, —an exhibition of the vanity which is engendered by wealth and irresponsible power, and which is considered not only pardonable but meritorious in monarchs.

Monday, July 13, 1868.—We spent a large part of to-day in visiting the Hermitage, which is open from ten till three. This is eminently imperial in its character and is a most gorgeous and magnificent contribution to the improvement of art. The Hermitage is an immense palace, full of statuary, paintings, curious relics of the past in jewelry, furniture, coins and medals and things indescribable belonging to the illustration of history,—forming a museum of the richest kind in Europe. The collection of paintings is very large and very choice and arranged with singular neatness and adaptation to study. Murray gives so full a description of these paintings and indeed of the whole contents of the Hermitage, as to leave nothing to be said to give an idea of the value and beauty of the collection.

Tuesday, July 14.—I call this morning on Mr. Cassius M. Clay, our minister, and sit with him an hour, and in the evening about seven, he makes us a visit at our hotel, and takes me on a drive with him to "The Islands,"—a favorite resort for the fashion of the city on summer afternoons. This drive extends to the further end of the Island Telagin,—about five miles, passing along a road embellished with beautiful villas and palaces, and through a fine park, pleasantly diversified with little lakes or ponds. Numbers of carriages are driving to the same destination. We halt at the further limit of our course, amid quite a crowd of the pleasure seeking inhabitants of the city. Here we meet Mr. W——, formerly of Baltimore, to whom Mr. Clay introduces me. We had passed his house on our drive,—a very pretty villa on the roadside, about three or four miles from town. At this villa, as we drove by,—Mr. C—— called my attention to a gentleman sitting on the lawn in front of the house, who he said, was Mr. L——, of Baltimore. Mr. W—— now informs me that this is Osmun L——, son of my friend J. H. B. L., and who has been with him here in St. Petersburgh, for some six months or more.

Mr. Clay, having some engagement to spend the evening with Mr. W——, begs me to drive back alone in his carriage, which I do, conducted to my lodgings by a chasseur, who is

seated on the box with the coachman, very conspicuous for his chapeau and tufts of various feathers, and rather striking military uniform and air. This chasseur decoration being, I observe, somewhat characteristic of the more pretentious members of European diplomacy.

Thursday, July 16.—Yesterday E. and M., after an hour in the Hermitage, made a visit by the steamer to Peterhoff, and returned after about three hours there, by the railroad, reaching the hotel between seven and eight. I did not go as the wind was high and cold, and I was not very well. According to the account they gave of the palace and grounds there, the Imperial magnificence of this summer residence must exceed even that of the Winter Palace in town. To-day we all set out at one o'clock, to visit Tzarskoe Selo, by the railroad, and arrive in three quarters of an hour. Take a carriage and drive to the palace. Unluckily the Emperor arrived here this morning, and we are told that we cannot gain admittance while he is in the palace. This is a great disappointment, as Tzarskoe Selo is one of the wonders of the world for its magnificence, and, I might add, for its folly. We, however, have a good drive through the village, which is a pattern of rectangular propriety, and through garden begirt villas, and are even allowed to enter the sacred precincts of the grand court-yard of the palace, which is about two hundred yards long, very bizarre and grotesque in its architecture, and very grand in its show of splendor or rather in the relics it has of an ancient magnificence. Its front is covered with dark-looking bronze-like ornaments, which the history of the palace says were once covered with gold, but of which the gilding has worn away and never been repaired. For a full account of this palace and its splendor, see Murray, who dwells with a sort of typographical rapture upon the details of its wonderful wealth.

After passing along the whole front and making our exit at the opposite gate, we enter the great park, where we drive for more than an hour, visiting the armory or museum of warlike equipage,—which, by the by, is very beautiful,—and, after

this the monument of the Princess Alexandrina in the park, and then the farm-house:—and finally we come to a halt at the station, where we find a buffet and get some refreshments. At five we take the train and get back to St. Petersburgh in time to dine a little after six. Frederick King and his sister come up in the evening and spend the evening with us, and we appoint to-morrow to set out with them on our route to Moscow.

Moscow, July 20, 1868.—We got up for a cup of tea at eight, in order to reach the great cathedral of the Kremlin at nine, to witness the celebration of the Fête of the Virgin of Kazan, which is held to-day. We arrive in time to hear mass and see the extraordinary devotion of the people in the church, and, after this, the procession from the cathedral to the church of Kazan outside of the Sacred Gate,—of the Metropolitan and the whole Hierarchy of Moscow. There are some hundred of these venerables in magnificent array,—many in vestments covered with pearls and precious stones, and followed by some fifty great heavy standards of pure gold or silver with the painted figures of saints;—these standards so massive and heavy that three stout men stagger under the weight of each. All these form a procession from the Cathedral to the Kazan, which winds its way through an enormous crowd of eager votaries who are gesticulating with bows and crossings in a manner that an ignorant spectator might imagine to be a contagious and universal frenzy. The sun shines with intense fervor on this crowd,—but everybody is bareheaded, and the greater number of men and women enthusiastically devout. This Greek or Russian church seems to inspire an intensity of religious devotion greatly above any thing I have seen at Rome. Here the *men* are not less earnest or numerous than the women, and it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of such worshippers, a point in which they very significantly differ from the crowds who are found in the churches at Rome.

The procession here to-day,—notwithstanding the richness of its apparel and accompaniments, makes no other impression upon me, than that of an unmeaning and vain display of church

millinery,—which, measured by the rules and teachings of the gospel, or even by the judgment of a manly common sense, I can only regard as a tawdry pageant. There is something frivolous and puerile in the best of these displays, as I have seen them in Rome and elsewhere,—but here, this is even worse, from the singular variety and diversity of vestment, and the motley character of the crowd by which it is surrounded.

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Moscow, July 30th, 1868.—We drive to the Monastery of Simonoff, about five miles out of town. It is a very curious old establishment of the 14th century,—famous for its connection with Russian History. It has six churches within the walls, quaint, parti-colored, garish with bright paint, and full of gilded domes, belfries and towers. These are all surrounded by a high wall that has the air of a fortification. We are shown through this pile of buildings by the Superior, who wears the square black cap and gown of a bishop. He is a kind, genial old monk, who takes great pleasure and pride in showing us all the wonders of the monastery,—the enormous gilded screens in the numberless chapels,—the shrines, the rude paintings, the pictures of the thousand saints, in which the Greek Church abounds. He shows us the vestments, old and new, with their incredible wealth of gold embroidery, jewels and precious stones, and with these, the golden bound copies of the Gospels, the Missals, and other sacred books, with beautifully painted or enamelled figures on the cover. On his opening one of these volumes for our inspection, I perceive it is printed in the Russian characters and language, and I make out to read two or three words which so delights our venerable guide, that he pats me affectionately on the head and then kisses me. I find I grow more and more in favor as we continue our intercourse, and he repeats the kissing half a dozen times before we are through. Just before we part I delight him by showing off a little more of my very little Russian, in asking him his name, "kak vass zavoot," to which he replies, "Melchisideck." He conducts us to the kitchen and refectory where he orders us a

glass of beer, and after drinking his health, I say to him, "Spasseebo," which, I believe, is a kind of religious salutation, something like "Pax Vobiscum." This brings me another kiss on the cheek. Then, following him to a chamber in the monastery, which was once the lodging of the Emperor Alexis, I believe,—we take our leave with a shake of hands all around,—our valet de place, Victor, who has been in our service through our whole visit to Moscow, gives our friend, the Bishop, a ruble, as the established fee for the privileges we have had,—which, I hope, goes to some purpose of charity. We get into our carriage and drive away, remarking very kindly, the quiet, simple and humble demeanor of the old monk of Simonoff.

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We spent an hour or two before starting on this last expedition to the monastery, in the exploration of the famous Treasury of the Palace, of which no description I have time to write here can give any just idea. There is a great deal about it in the Guide Books,—but even they, in their account, come short of the mass of strange sights which this museum of wonders presents. The wealth accumulated there is not to be computed at less than many millions, and the curious forms in which it is invested, more resemble the fables of the Arabian Nights than any thing real, except to those who have visited these great chambers. The collection is composed in great part of the tributes which, in the guise of presents, have been made to the Romanoff family. These presents are, in great part, Oriental, though mingled with grand offerings from Christian Sovereigns. There are crowns and sceptres, jewels, plate of richest gold and silver, weapons, horse equipments, massive statuary in the precious metals, and wonderful works in glass, in crystal and in the rarest minerals, that altogether constitute a treasury which suggests the thought of an accumulation of wealth that, better spent, might make generations happy, but which here only testifies to a wicked luxury.

St. Petersburgh, July 22, 1868.—I go with E. and M. to visit the Imperial Library here, to which I have a special ad-

mission, obtained for me in my absence by Meyborne, our valet de place, who has been magnifying me to the authorities. Mr. V. Sobolstichikoff, the Librarian, meets us at our entrance, and is exceedingly kind and attentive in opening to us all the treasures of the establishment. Before parting he gives me his card, and a pamphlet he has written on a censorious attack made upon him by the "London Athenæum," a few years ago. This library is very large, containing some five hundred thousand volumes, and is beautifully arranged in a manner to make it singularly accessible to the student in any department of learning. The Librarian takes great pains to explain to me his system of cataloguing, which seems to be very perfect. We have great pleasure in looking at the manuscripts which are very numerous and rich, and in regard to Oriental literature the collection is unrivalled.

Wiesbaden, August, 1868.—Our time has passed pleasantly. The town is pretty, abounding in shops, book-stores, hotels, and all the means of amusement for idle visitors. There is a large crowd of these just now, filling every hotel. A theatre is open every evening, and the gambling-tables, at the Kursaal, are driving an immense business with the men and women that cluster round it from morning to night,—a spectacle which only loses its disgrace in its disgusting popularity. Four of these tables, two of Rouge et Noir, and two of Roulette, are in constant play from eleven in the morning until eleven at night. The apartments in which they are kept are splendid as the gala rooms of a Palace. A dozen attendants in conspicuous liveries are always at hand for the service of the visitors. The most perfect order and decorum are maintained everywhere in this large establishment, and the utmost fairness in the management of the tables and the conduct of the games is observed. Nothing could be better in the administration of so mean a function. There is something so unusual to us Americans, so strangely incongruous with our idea of propriety, in fact so *incredible* until we see it, in this promiscuous assemblage of men and women, young wives and young maidens

grouped around a gaming-table; some sitting, others standing, from hour to hour, all day long, intent upon this shabby pursuit of gain;—that we can hardly believe there are respectable people of good society and of *tolerable* morals. Yet here we see princesses, duchesses and all sorts of people, even to the notabilities, and, still lower, the *un*notabilities of the *demi-monde*,—jammed elbow to elbow, and in ranks two and three deep all round the table, in a *vicious circle*, where honest and dishonest, rude and polished, high and low of both sexes, congregate upon equal terms, under the inspection of a sharp police, ever on the alert to detect roguery.

There is no conversation;—not a smile on any face. A singular monotony reigns over the scene. Every one seems to be swayed by the same passion, absorbed by the same thoughts, and impressed with the same conviction that their business requires constant and keen attention and profound silence. All day long they hear nothing but that low, murmured professional direction, which incessantly recurs like a measured refrain, uttered by the Tailleur, in French, "Messieurs faites votre jeu." Then, after a brief interval, "Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus." These few words are followed by the same monotonous recurrence of the raking in of the moneys won by the table, and the flinging out of coin to the fortunate player who has gained his stake. We, the bystanders, are struck with admiration at the expertness of the croupiers in performing this complicated duty, and reflect how true it is that "practice makes perfect." The brief and smothered ring of the florins and napoleons, as they fall upon the green cloth, and the low racket of the rakes that bring the handfuls of coin to the bank, only seem to measure the silence that prevails throughout these splendid saloons.

The oddity and the interest of this scene for a while gave it some attraction for me, but this soon wore out, and I found but little amusement in repeating my visit to the tables.

But we have a splendid resource in our drives through the neighborhood, and in lounging through the shops of the town. The grounds of the Kursaal, too, are very pretty, and the

crowds that assemble there every evening to take their coffee, and hear the music of the band, which is very fine, have a cheerful aspect, which, to my eye, is much enhanced by the enjoyment these people manifest in this German out-of-door form of social gathering,—so little known to us at home.

We have formed here some pleasant chance acquaintances.

Homburg, August, 10, 1868.—The occupations and amusements of the place are monotonous in routine, though not without attraction. The grounds are very beautifully laid out and embellished with fine grass-plots, rich flowers and magnificent trees. The company is large and makes a pleasant display in the morning at the Springs; the music which we have there from six till nine, and again in the evening at the grounds of the Kursaal, is excellent, and the gaming-tables as full and as earnestly occupied as if they were not only the most fascinating, but also the most virtuous centres of social life. We have dined several times at the table d'hote of the Kursaal, where the *menue* is very good, but where there is the strangest gathering of individuals that one may meet in any part of Europe. The whole gamut of morals, from the base to the top of the scale, has its responsive notes repeated over and over in the medley presented by the association of the table; and it is amusing to see what a general varnish of gentility pervades the assemblage and runs down the very different materials to an apparent equality of virtue.

Homburg, August, 16, 1868.—At two o'clock to-day the King of Prussia arrived, and had a bustling if not a brilliant reception from the town. The streets are hung with enormous long flags,—black and white,—the Prussian colors—very ugly. There is a splendid band which, I believe, is sent from Berlin, and at the station a company of girls ranging on womanhood, —about one hundred, dressed in white, with light blue scarfs, were assembled to sing a welcome and scatter flowers, or present bouquets to the king,—a ceremony which, I learn, his majesty disappointed by giving them the slip and hurrying off in his carriage before the greeting could be made. He was

not aware, I suppose, of what was intended, and so frustrated the plan of the little drama. We got a position in the window of Mr. and Mrs. Killoughby's apartments on the Louisen Strasse, and saw the king and his suite drive rapidly up from the station, and through the bannered and tapestried arch erected across the street, at a swinging trot, which carried him past our window in a few seconds,—and after a while, at some distance behind, we saw the troops of discomfited virgins, hastening as fast as the dense mass of followers would allow, in the direction of the palace to which the king had driven. The heat of the day was intense, and the luckless maidens were forced to endure its fervor unbonneted, and without even a fan to make a shadow. The king was dressed in the Prussian uniform, with the spiked and glittering helmet of the infantry, and looked the most jocund and good-natured of kings, as he returned the salutation of the crowd. The affair was soon over, and struck me as rather disproportioned in its brevity to the magnitude of the preparations.

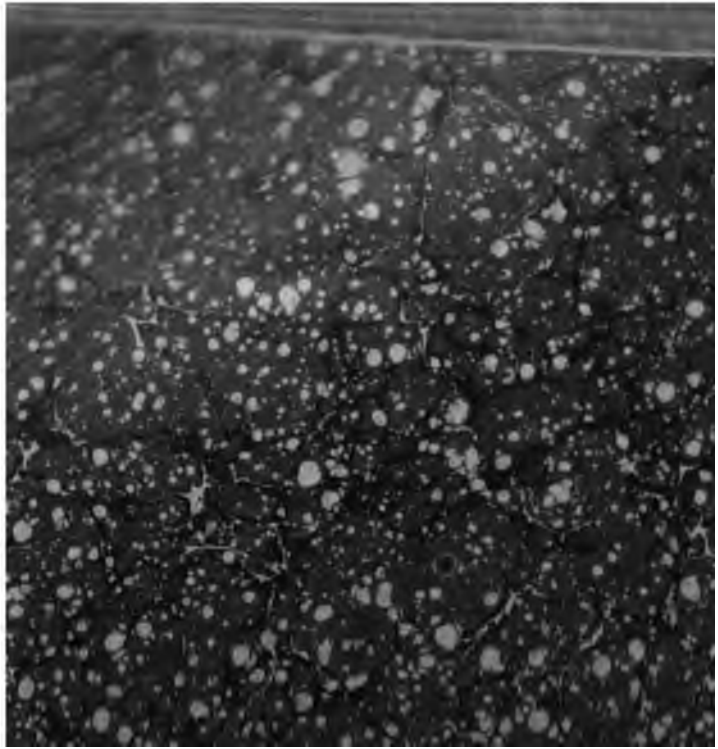
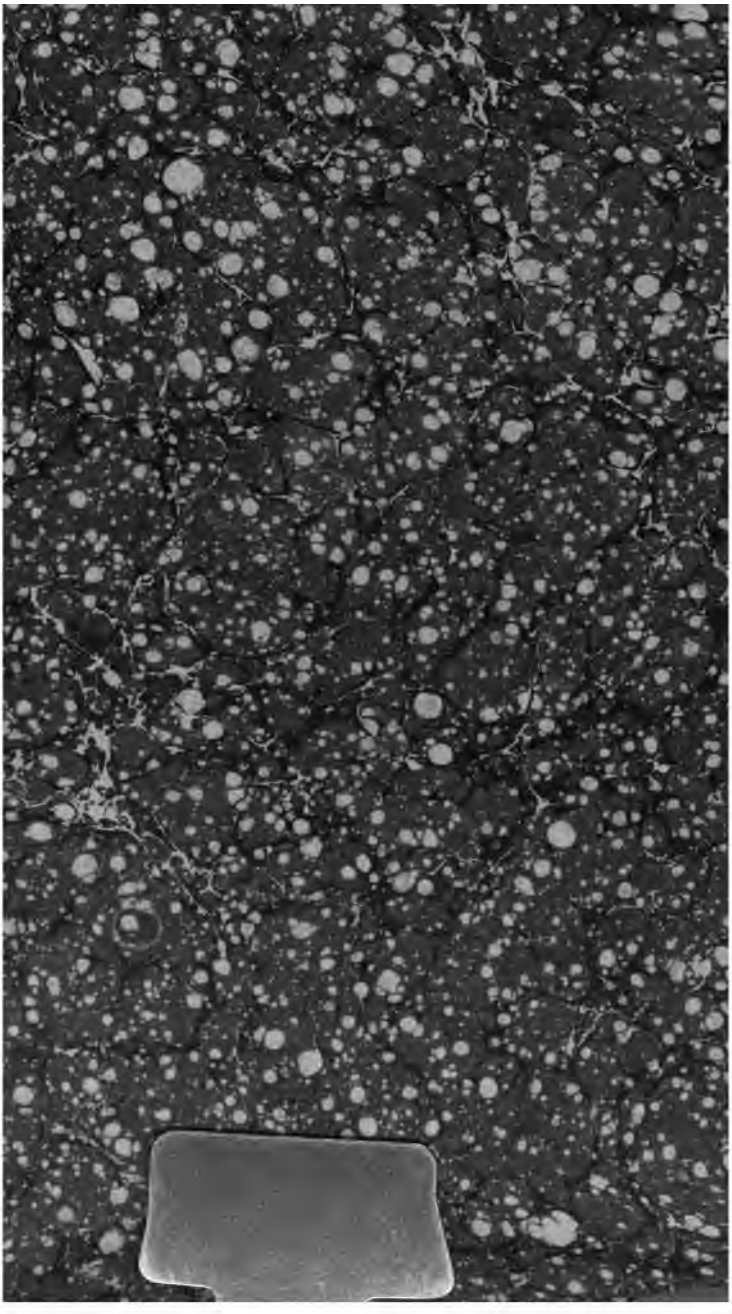
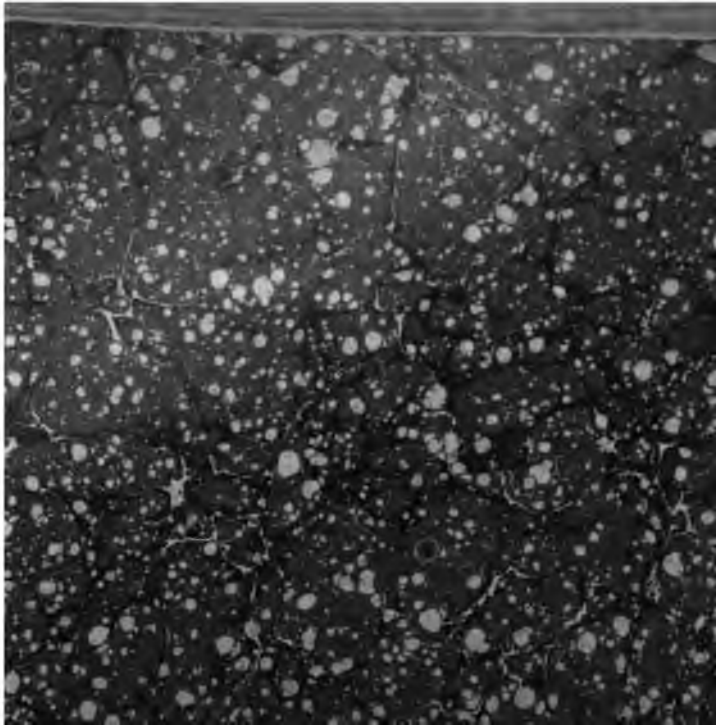
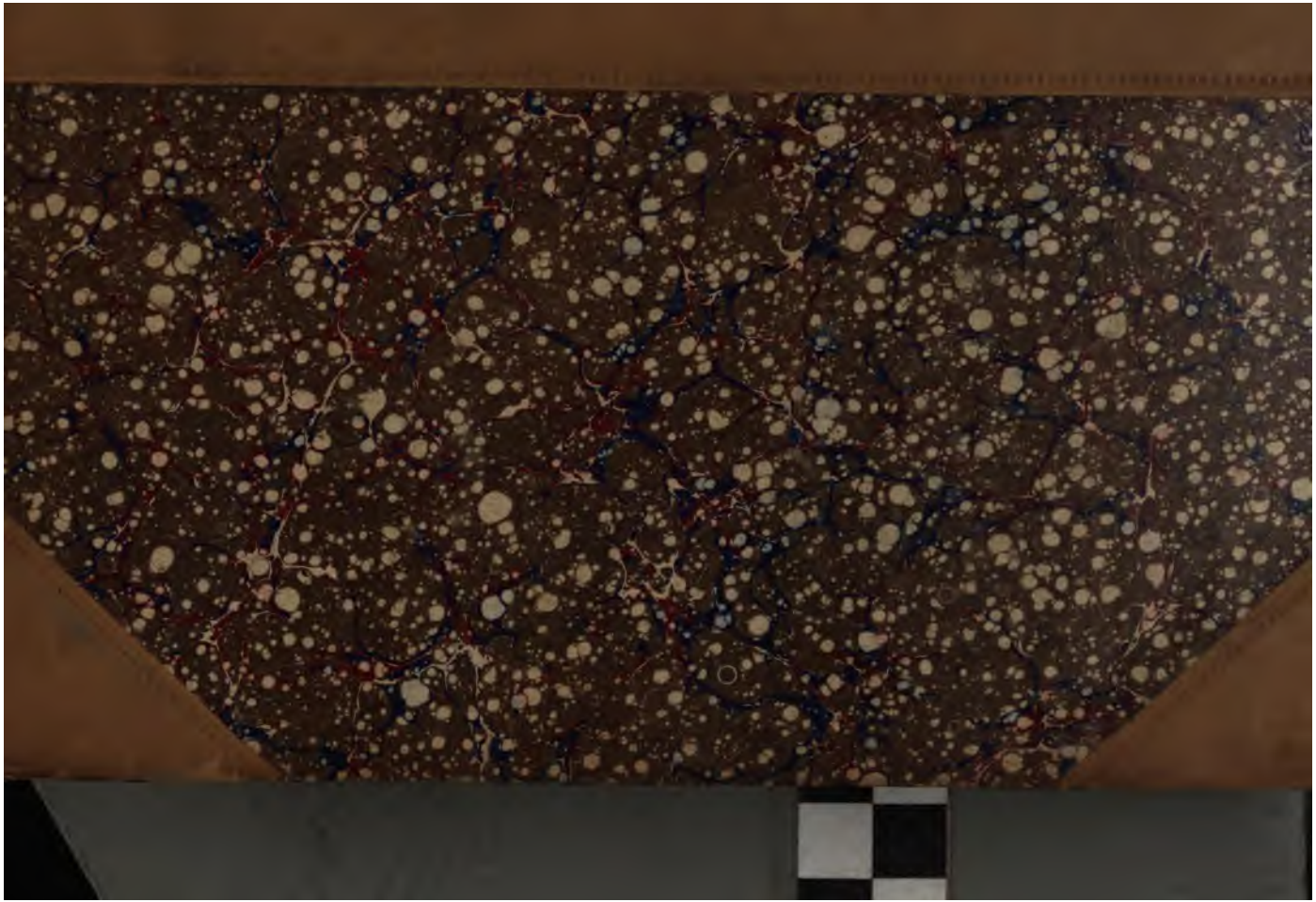
Homburg, August 22, 1868.—E. and I do not fail to make our visit every morning to the spring. We go about seven, and remain long enough to get back to breakfast at nine. We are now at the height of the season, and find our morning exercises very pleasant as well as healthful. The oddity of the display on the promenade and around the springs increases with the growth of the crowd in which we have every type of fashionable life, as that is understood to belong to the German "Bad." Bad enough some of it is. In the populous tide that ebbs and flows through the long strait between the Elizabeth and the Kaiser, I remark every morning, among many notables, a very tall figure, little less, I should say, than seven feet, which I am told, is that of a Russian prince. He is attended by an inseparable companion, a delicate, slight, rather pretty woman enveloped in queer wrappings, who keeps pace with his long step, by a mincing trot upon a pair of high and sharp heeled shoes. I see the same figures in the evening in the gambling-room of the Kursaal—she, then, in splendidly

rich costume. The scandal of the place says he has left a wife somewhere, and that the little figure that follows him like a pet dog, is an actress. How many cases of this kind are in the public eye here I can't guess, but this is not a solitary one. Notwithstanding the report, the tall gentleman may not be a prince, nor the little mignon on the high heels an actress; but the common belief in the fact, and the *nonchalance* with which it is mentioned, and still more, the little comment made upon it, I think more worthy of note as an index to the prevalent ethics of this part of the world.

We have another prominent figure that occupies—to use a phrase not altogether original—"a considerable space in the public eye"—a jolly, bluff middle-aged bachelor, tall and stout, with a partially bald head, on which he wears a stiff semi-spherical drab hat; a sandy moustache and whisker, and a good-natured intelligent face. He is generally dressed in a light gray sack and gray trousers, loose, and consulting comfort at the expense of show. His walk is firm and brisk, with the step and partial swagger of a boy, and very often in companionship with a succession of friends or acquaintances who seem to seek his society, and with whom, as I detect in his conversation while he passes by, he speaks alternately in English, French or German, apparently with equal fluency in all. Most frequently we see him with one or more pretty women,—some of them of high quality and very aristocratic bearing,—some not so obviously remarkable on this score. This is the Duke of Cambridge, who, I believe, is an *habitué* of this place. He was here last summer, and has been this season ever since our arrival. He has a cortége, or bevy of rather common looking lords,—chiefly English,—who seem to attend him and take their turn in the walk. This morning we saw him, very kindly I thought, devoting himself to the entertainment of his brother-in-law, that poor Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, who is blind, and who has just arrived to spend a part of the summer here, as he did last year.

The Duchess of Montrose is another of our present ce-

lebrities—now a stout and ruddy complexioned woman, very different from the languishing, luxurious and capricious lady we saw on the little steamer on Loch Lomond twelve years ago.

Homburg, Friday, Sept., 13, 1868.—Two weeks more at Homburg. I have drank the waters regularly with great benefit. These Springs are exceedingly valuable, *almost* equal to our Saratoga. I wish our Saratoga could boast of the same beautiful embellishments—and had the same arrangements for furnishing apartments and restaurants to visitors. The grounds are superb in grass, foliage and flowers. The Kursaal is magnificent,—the finest, it is said in Europe,—and the gambling is carried on in the most sumptuous and most decorous and luxurious style. We have a host of grandees here in existing and mediatized princes and all the suite and following of the *haute noblesse.* I note among the loungers and peripatetics of the Springs every morning,—that poor fellow, the Duke of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, who is stone blind; an amiable and simple gentleman who shows a most *noble* submission to the severe affliction cast upon him. Here is also the bluff and rather sturdy and rough looking Duke of Cambridge. The Duke of Manchester is also on the promenade in a kind of tunic of brown velvet,—rather dandyish and below the standard of a man of his rank,—if in fact,—which I do not see—this matter of rank has any standard. This duke does not strike me by his *dukely* quality, and I suppose is not much more than a quiet, ordinary man of no pretension to talent. His wife, the duchess, is here, and very pretty she is. We have a dozen others of these gods and goddesses of the upper sphere, whose names I do not remember—and there is the most extraordinary collection of ugly women—especially German, that I have ever met.

THE END.